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ART. I.—*Cathedra Petri: A Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate.* By THOMAS GREENWOOD, M. A., Cam. and Dur., F.R.S.L., Barrister-at-Law. London: C. J. Stewart, King William Street, Strand.

THE author's object in the above work is to give an historical account of the rise and development of the Papacy: of that idea which, based on and springing from the words of our blessed Lord to S. Peter, has, by degrees, become consolidated into the dogma, that the latter is the one original Bishop and governor of the whole Church, and her final standard of appeal; that her unity depends exclusively on him; and, consequently, that out of her communion there is no known salvation. The time discussed in the present volume, is from the birth of our Lord to the close of the fifth century. Mr. Greenwood has narrated, with great care and very elaborately, every ecclesiastical event of importance during that period, which in any way bears on the subject. There is an air of thorough sincerity in his pages, and often a candour even hurtful to his own cause; but our present task would be easier and far more agreeable, were his statements in all cases such as we could admit, and his opinions those which we could thoroughly adopt, and to which we could heartily assent.

The first question to be settled, of course, is whether the words of our Lord referred to above, really bear the exclusive meaning and application which modern Romanism gives to them. If so, to establish Rome as the centre of all union through S. Peter, it must evidently, in the second place, be decided that he really lived and died as Bishop in particular of the Church in that city; and, lastly, that he had Bishops, successors in his office, to whom as such, his own powers and prerogatives descended. Mr. Greenwood treats these points in order.

On the subject of S. Peter's power and position in the Church, Mr. Greenwood takes the same view as Andrewes,

Branhall, Bull, Barrow, and others of our greater divines, with more than one of the continentals, particularly of the Gallicans in the seventeenth century. While he admits that S. Peter had a personal superiority over the other Apostles, on the score of his greater zeal and energy, he proves that the address to S. Peter in S. John xxi. 15—17, does not contain that exclusive commission to him, as the ruler and governor of the whole Church, for which the ultramontanists contend; since the same powers were also bestowed on the other apostles, as related in S. Matthew xviii. 18, S. John xx. 20—23. The exact practical meaning of the force of our Lord's words, as far as they were addressed peculiarly to S. Peter, must be determined, he says, 'by those who were the personal witnesses of these addresses; who must be presumed to have best understood his words: who must have seen his gestures and felt his emphasis at the time of uttering them:' and he shows that they were not acted on by the rest of the Apostles, as if they understood them in the Romanistic sense, or conceived themselves to be under the control of S. Peter as a superior. He conceives that in the words of our Lord, in S. Luke xxii. 24—30:

'The question of the mastery or primacy among the disciples in their special character of ministers of Christ is expressly raised; and the existence of any such power is *primò facie* as expressly negatived as words could convey it. Upon the whole bearing, therefore, of these declarations we conclude that, as ministers of the Gospel, our Lord meant that no single member of the Apostolic College should, either in His earthly or in His heavenly kingdom, enjoy any pre-eminence of rank or power over the rest.'—P. 11.

And this conclusion he conceives to be strengthened; first, by S. Paul's rebuke to S. Peter; secondly, by his emphatic denial to the Galatians, that the other Apostles gave him any authority as an Apostle; thirdly, by his declaration that his apostolic gifts were from no man, but from God alone; and, lastly, by the fact that in the Apostolic Council at Jerusalem, S. Peter took no such especial place as he would have done had he possessed any precedency or extraordinary authority.

What, then, is the meaning of the promise made, and the gift which S. Matthew states to have been given to S. Peter on so remarkable an occasion, and in so solemn a manner; 'and I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?'—S. Matthew xvi. 18. Mr. Greenwood shall here speak for himself:—

'In the *exclusive* addresses of our Lord to Peter which we have had occasion to consider, that Apostle is described as, in some undefined sense, the *rock* or *foundation* upon which the Church of Christ was to be erected. The term "foundation" is, however, used by the sacred writers in a variety

of senses. We may therefore ask : which of these significant correspondences best with the facts recorded of him and his ministry? Sometimes the term is used to signify a spring or source. Again, Christ Himself is described as the Rock or Foundation. Then, again, it is applied to one who has made a good or successful beginning in the work of the Gospel ; or it is used to designate persons of distinguished merit in the establishment of the Church. In the two latter applications of the metaphor there can be no doubt that Peter was evidently a "foundation" of the Church. At his first appearance as a public minister of the Gospel, he converted 3000 persons in one day ; and immediately after that signal triumph a Christian Church was, as it were, born into the world. The same apostle may, perhaps with some propriety, be regarded as the beginner of a Church among the Gentiles, by the conversion of the Centurion Cornelius, his family and friends ; and to the merit, if we may so speak, of this transaction, he himself lays claim publicly, and without contradiction before the Council assembled at Jerusalem.

'In the sense, therefore, of a beginner, or first builder of the Gospel edifice, Peter, his faith and his labours together, were in exact conformity with the standard of merit set up by Christ himself, the foundation or rock upon which the Church was built ; and for this task he was especially qualified by the strength of his faith, the ardour of his zeal, and the natural activity of his character. He, therefore, took the lead in the great work in hand ; and the post was assigned to him with gratitude and reverence by his colleagues and fellow-labourers.

'It may, perhaps, be contended that these acts of St. Peter were in fact the acts of a chief and leader ; and that inasmuch as they were done in the face of the whole Church, and with the full concurrence and approbation of the Apostolic College, they raise some presumption of an acknowledgment of a leadership or primacy in him ; and *that* in such a way as to connect their conduct in this respect with the words of Christ, 'Thou art Peter ; and upon this Rock will I found my Church,' &c., and thus to furnish such a practical exposition as would suffice to invest him with the character of an acknowledged chief or primate.'—P. 15.

He continues with the following comparison of the relative labours of S. Peter and S. Paul, and their results as bearing on the question at issue, in which, although he has said more than due reverence for S. Peter and that divine inspiration of which he was the subject can approve, the main substance of his remarks remains.

'On the other hand, it will be observed, that although St. Peter took the lead in the first construction of a Church, he did not insist upon that lead afterwards. When St. Paul stepped in, another "master-builder" appeared upon the scene—a man of equal energy and greater steadiness of purpose—one whose convictions were equally strong, and whose learning and powers of address were incalculably greater.¹ When, therefore, Paul claimed his exclusive mission for the conversion of the Gentiles, Peter put forward no claim to interfere with that branch of the work in hand, on the score of his own initiative act in the same cause. Again, neither in the extant works of any of the apostles, nor in those of St. Peter himself, is any claim to such a primacy alleged on his behalf. It is not probable that any

¹ This, at least, is opposed to what St. Paul tells us of himself : 'His bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible.'—2 Cor. x. 10.

such a claim had been known to, and admitted by the apostles, it should thus have remained unnoticed. This neglect could not have arisen from want of occasions, during his and their lifetime, for bringing it forward and affirming it. We cannot presume that—acting as they did, under the direction of the Holy Spirit—they would, if it had been known to them, have wilfully disregarded, or sinfully suppressed it. Perhaps still less should we be justified in supposing, that if the apostle Peter himself had been conscious of so great a trust reposed in him, and so high a duty cast upon him by his Lord, he would have shrunk either from the assertion of the one, or the performance of the other.—Pp. 16, 17.

With regard to the second question, of S. Peter's personal residence in Rome, we decidedly differ from our author. Mr. Greenwood is among the few who hold that S. Peter never was at Rome¹ at all. Consistently with this view, he rejects the opinion of those who conclude from Eusebius that the Babylon where he wrote his first epistle was Rome; and, like Salmasius, Dupin, and a few others, he contends for the original Babylon of Mesopotamia.¹

'In the age of the apostle Peter, the Babylonian settlement of the Dispersion was probably the most important colony of the nation. The mission of that apostle was to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," a designation especially applied by Christ to the Jews of the Dispersion, denoting their final severance from the land of promise. Conf. Gal. ii. 6—9. It is reasonable to believe that, with this special mission on his mind, his attention would be turned principally to this most appropriate field of labour; and when we find the same apostle afterwards dating a letter to his converts of the immediately adjoining provinces from that city *by name*, it would be difficult to persuade us that it was written from a city between two and three thousand miles off, where he had little business connected with his peculiar mission, and where, in fact, his colleague Paul was labouring with so much assiduity and success.'—P. 243.

But these reasons seem historically insufficient. We know that in the age of Strabo, Babylon was already much deserted; *ἐρημία μεγάλη ἐστὶν ἡ μεγάλη πόλις*.² In the reign of C. Caligula, happened the defeat and death of Anileus, the Jewish governor of Babylon, and the consequent ill treatment of the Jews by the Babylonians which drove them to Seleucia. There they were almost exterminated in a massacre; the few who escaped fleeing to Ctesiphon. But Ctesiphon being near Seleucia, and the Jews still fearing the Seleucians, they finally

¹ To these Mr. Greenwood adds Valesius (p. 245), but in this he is in error. — Valesius, as might be expected, is express on the other side—his words are 'Sunt qui in dictâ Petri Epistolâ, Babylonis nomine non Roman, sed Babylonem ipsam, quæ caput fuit Assyriorum, designari contendunt. Verum hi omnium veterum Patrum testimoniis refelluntur,' &c.; and he proceeds to argue out at length that it could have been no other place but Rome. *Annot. in Euseb. Hist.* li. xv. Nor is Peter de Marca as decided on the question as Mr. Greenwood thinks: he concludes with the words 'utunque se res habet,' though no doubt he does, of the two, prefer the opinion above ascribed to him.

² Pearson's *Opusc.* Ed. Churton, li., Diss. i. cap. viii.

betook themselves to the cities of Neerda and Nisibis.¹ It seems clear, therefore, that there could have been no sufficient number of Jews at Babylon, in the time of S. Peter, to induce him to go thither. We agree with Bishop Pearson, that there were probably at that time more Jews at Rome than in Babylon: 'for the account of Josephus seems to imply,' as the Bishop says, 'that all the Jews, then of those parts dwelt not in Babylon, but either in Ctesiphon or in Neerda and Nisibis.'

We think, with Bishop Pearson, that the Babylon in question was the Babylon in Egypt, near Heliopolis, of which the names of the Bishops are found appended to the acts of the Councils of Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon. That this is so, is rendered more probable by the mention in the first epistle of S. Mark, who, we know, certainly visited Egypt, and founded the Church in Alexandria. Bishop Pearson supposes him, after his rejection by S. Paul, to have gone straight to S. Peter at Antioch, and with him to have travelled into Egypt, and there, *after* that apostle's death, to have written his gospel. But it may be objected to this, that Eusebius states, both in his *Chronicon* and in his *History*, that S. Mark was martyred in the 8th of Nero, *before* S. Peter. But as the Alexandrian Chronicle puts it in the year 67, the 13th of Nero, and Tillemont, among the moderns, not without cogent reasons, in '68, the best date, on the whole, perhaps, of S. Peter's death, we cannot depend implicitly on the account of Eusebius, which not only has the above authority against it, but is, besides, inconsistent with other events of the history.

But Mr. Greenwood conceives the internal evidence of S. Peter's first epistle to be against such a view.

'If,' he says, 'the genuineness of the second epistle of Peter be taken for granted (though it be admitted that up to the middle of the fourth century doubts were still entertained upon that point—(*Euseb.* lib. iii. c. 3),—that apostle, when he wrote it, anticipated not only his speedy martyrdom, but foretold the manner of it, "even as the Lord had showed him." (2 Pet. i. 11.) This Epistle contains, moreover, an intimation that it was intended for the use of the same persons, and that it was written from the same place, as the first Epistle. (2 Pet. iii. 1.) If, therefore, Peter did not die in the Mesopotamian Babylon, he must have quitted it very shortly after he wrote this second epistle; and in the short interval between the writing of that epistle and his own death, he must have travelled to Rome to honour that city by his martyrdom.'

We answer, that if for the 'Mesopotamian' Babylon he reads 'Egyptian,' there is no reason why this order of events may not have held. What precise space of time the words *ταχινή ἐστιν ἡ ἀπόθεσις* may have embraced we cannot say. Mr. Greenwood would, we think, make the author's death follow the

¹ Josephus, *Antiq.*, book xviii. chapter 9.

writing of that letter more speedily than there is any necessity for; and he thinks both events happened in the same place, Babylon of Mesopotamia. But there is no reason why S. Peter may not have written his first epistle in Babylon of Egypt, and soon after have travelled to Rome; there have written the other, and suffered in the persecution of Nero, as history relates. It is true that S. Peter addresses his second epistle to the same class of persons to which he had written the first: the circumcision dispersed throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia: but there is nothing in this epistle to prove that it was written immediately after the first, or from the same place.

However this may be, it is certain that S. Peter is personally connected with Rome by the explicit declarations of the fathers from S. Ignatius and S. Irenæus inclusive, and by the universal tradition of the Church. This, Bishop Pearson and Cave have proved almost to demonstration. Mr. Greenwood, too, is quite aware of the number of witnesses on this side of the question, for he has dedicated nearly a chapter and a half to their consideration; but with a strange want of appreciation of the weight of their evidence—unanswerable in the case of some, and overwhelming in the whole—he sums up, and finally decides against them.

We know that at the outset, there are great difficulties in the chronological part of the question; yet, as these difficulties can extend but over a few years, twelve at the most, (*i. e.* from A.D. 54, to 66, our date of his martyrdom); and as they are, in part at least, the result of our ignorance of S. Peter's life and acts, they are, if any evidence at all, a merely negative one; and as such, few, we presume, will think them sufficient to set aside the positive testimony of so many independent witnesses, from almost the very time of S. Peter himself.

One of the arguments on which Mr. Greenwood relies for the support of his opinion, is contained in the following passage, which we insert as we find it, with every wish to do justice to himself and his statements:—

‘It is manifest that Peter was not at Rome when Paul, very shortly before his own death, wrote his second epistle to Timothy; for it is inconceivable that, if he had been there at that moment, the latter should have omitted all notice of so eminent a colleague, not only in the body of the letter, where he mentions several of his fellow-labourers by name, but also in the salutations he sends to his disciples from their common friends at Rome. (2 Tim. iv. 21; Conf. Macknight on the Epistles, iv. 153). But Peter and Paul are said both to have suffered about the same time; neither is it improbable that they did; yet we think it extremely doubtful that they suffered in the same place. And when we take into the account that Peter's mission was to “those of the circumcision,” as Paul's was “to those of the uncircumcision,” it is most natural to suppose that both bore

their testimony where, it was most likely to conduce to the providential purpose—the conversion, to wit, of Gentiles by Paul, and of Jews by Peter.’—P. 241.

And then—

‘We cannot, therefore, help thinking it far more probable that St. Peter suffered in the Mesopotamian capital than that he travelled at the latest period of his life to Rome to partake the honour of martyrdom with his colleague St. Paul.’—P. 245.

It might be true that S. Peter was not at Rome when S. Paul wrote that letter to S. Timothy, and apparently such was actually the case: if so, the Romish tradition that he was bishop of that city for twenty-five years is greatly endangered, if not quite destroyed. But Mr. Greenwood seems to conclude that S. Paul’s death followed almost immediately on that letter being written. On the contrary, that S. Paul had no such expectation when he wrote it, is clear, or he would not have sent to Ephesus for S. Timothy to come to him: and there seems no reason why S. Peter may not have arrived during the interval which must have elapsed between the despatch of S. Paul’s letter and the arrival of S. Timothy.

Eusebius in his *Chronicon* says that S. Peter came to Rome in the 3d of U. Caligula [A.D. 39,] (which is too early, and is clearly a mistake), founded the Church there, and remained Bishop of the city twenty years: but, in his *History*, he puts this visit a few years later; about the 2nd of Claudius [A.D. 42]; and states that its specific object was the detection and punishment of Simon Magus. The Alexandrian Chronicle puts it still later; in the 7th of Claudius A.D. 47, but the statement of Eusebius, with the account in the *Chronicon* of his martyrdom in the 13th year of Nero, has given ground for some Romish writers to maintain that he was Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years: but they have been unable to answer the objection that, in A.D. 42, S. Peter had not left Judæa; for he was in that country during the whole of Herod Agrippa’s reign, which did not terminate till the 4th of Claudius, A.D. 44; nor have they given any satisfactory solution of the difficulties arising from the fact, that when S. Paul wrote to the Romans, in A.D. 53, no apostle had then visited them—for he says expressly that he would build on no man’s foundation; and that in the letters written by him during his first visit to the city (60 to 62), Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Philemon, not only is there no mention made of S. Peter, but in Colossians iv. 10, 11, he expressly confines the number of his *συνεργοι* to ‘Aristarchus, Marcus, and Jesus surnamed Justus.’ There is, however, one fact which may be thought in some degree to support their view. Eusebius says, from S. Clement Alex. (and it is generally received), that S. Mark wrote his Gospel at the request of

S. Peter's converts at Rome, and that S. Peter gave to it his approbation; and in his *Chronicon* he puts S. Mark's arrival at Alexandria in the 1st (2d) of Claudius [A.D. 41—42.] This could easily have happened had S. Peter, as he had before stated, visited Rome in A.D. 39; but this, we have seen, is impossible, and indeed the whole series of dates given by Eusebius in his *Chronicon* for the acts of S. Peter and S. Mark, though self-consistent, are clearly too early. Valesius follows the Alexandrian Chronicle which puts S. Peter's visit to Rome in the 7th of Claudius [A.D. 47], and he makes S. Mark to have arrived at Alexandria in the 9th [A.D. 49.] We still think that S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans proves this date to be too early, but if Eusebius's account, in itself, of the composition of S. Mark's Gospel be true, which may easily be the case (the impossible *date* which he assigns to it alone being rejected), S. Peter must, of course, have gone to Rome some time before his martyrdom, and most probably after S. Paul's first visit there; and as he was not in the city when S. Paul wrote his second epistle to S. Timothy, he may have left it again in a short time. Accordingly it has been held by some of both sides that S. Peter visited Rome more than once; at an earlier period (whether in the year 44, as Eusebius says; or 47, according to the Alexandrian Chronicle; or, as we think, not much either before or after A.D. 62), and again when he returned to suffer martyrdom with S. Paul in the year 66. That S. Peter came to Rome in pursuit of Simon Magus, rests chiefly on the original authority of Arnobius, the Clementines, and the Apostolic Constitutions: and if we could be sure that Eusebius had taken his account from them, the whole tradition would probably be thought of little value. But that he visited the city during the reign of Nero, and was martyred there with S. Paul, was the tradition of the whole Church. The *time* of his arrival thither we would place, as we have said, after the second epistle to Timothy was written.

Mr. Greenwood says that 'there is no evidence for S. Peter's presence in Rome, in direct and positive terms, by any extant Christian writer of the first three centuries.' We cannot understand these words by the side of the ample list of authorities he has subsequently given for this very thing. Bishop Pearson, in his posthumous work '*Dissertationes*,' &c., published among his *Opuscula* by Archdeacon Churton from Dodwell; and Cave in his life of S. Peter, have also treated largely of this question. Among their list of authors are the names of S. Ignatius, Papias, S. Dionysius of Corinth, S. Irenæus, Tertullian, Caius, Origen, S. Cyprian, and others.

We cannot in our limited space discuss the whole of this

cloud of witnesses, but we will say a few words on some of the most important amongst them. Those whom we shall cite lived at a time when these facts must have been universally known; they represent different branches of the Church, in each of which existed the same tradition on the circumstance; and the works of each were composed independently of the others. Their testimony therefore, would, by the laws of evidence, barring any reasonable suspicion of forgery or corruption, be deemed conclusive.

S. Ignatius, in his epistle to the Romans—in a passage, by the way, the genuineness of which is disputed by none—says, ‘Not as Peter and Paul διατασσόμεαι ὑμᾶς. They were apostles, I am condemned; they were free, I am even now a slave.’ Mr. Greenwood translates the passage as follows: ‘I am not, as Peter and Paul were, your teacher; for they were apostles, I am a condemned man; they were free-born men, but I am a slave even to this time’ (page 24); and he observes on it that it may be merely an allusion to S. Peter’s general epistle, directed originally to the circumcision of Asia, but by that time brought also to Rome. His mistake lies in the meaning he has given to the word διατασσόμεαι. It means much more than this rendering would ascribe to it. It means, as used in Holy Scripture, to set in order as by a personal agency and presence—conf. S. Mat. xi. 1, 1 Cor. ix. 14, and especially xi. 34, τὰ δὲ λοιπὰ ὡς ἂν ἔλθω διατάξομαι. And the antithesis between the Apostles as free men, and S. Ignatius as a captive, would be wholly lost if there had been no free presence of S. Peter in Rome to contrast with, and give point and meaning to, the captivity of S. Ignatius. The two things would not have been capable of comparison. Properly rendered, we consider the passage conclusive of the belief at least of S. Ignatius (who could not have been mistaken in the matter of fact) that S. Peter had been in Rome; and we think our readers will desert Mr. Greenwood, and agree with Bishop Pearson, who asks, ‘What can be clearer from these words than that the most holy martyr held the opinion that S. Peter, not less than S. Paul, preached at Rome and suffered there?’ ‘Assuredly,’ he continues, ‘S. Chrysostom seems to have had this passage in view when he said of Rome, “Peter and Paul, and after them he (S. Ignatius), were all offered as sacrifices there.”’ (Opusc. Dissertat. I, cap. vii. sec. 2.)

Our next testimony shall be that of Papias. He was at latest a contemporary of the followers of the Apostles; and he has left it on record that S. Peter wrote his first epistle at Rome (Euseb. ii. 15). Mr. Greenwood, indeed, objects to him that he was, as Eusebius describes him, a man of but slight intelligence; but surely this very thing would render it impossible that he could

have related such a plain matter of fact, if it had not been the universal belief of the time.

Eusebius has preserved an extract of S. Dionysius of Corinth to the same effect as the above. S. Dionysius, in addressing the Romans, says, 'By means of this admonition you have mixed together that plantation of the Romans and Corinthians which was effected by Peter and Paul: for both of these (apostles) have planted us also in our (city of) Corinth, and taught us in like manner; in like manner also, having taught in Italy as well, [ὁμόσε διδάξαντες,] in the same place, they suffered martyrdom, about the same time." Bishop Pearson translates the words 'ὁμόσε διδάξαντες *audacter docentes*, and he refers to Suidas for that meaning of the word ὁμόσε; 'sic ὁμόσε,' he says, 'exponit Suidas,' ἐξ ἐναντίας, σφοδρῶς, θρασέως; but Suidas also allows, and indeed prefers the sense we have given above, as appearing to us, on the whole, in better harmony with the context. He says, ὁμόσε, ὁμοῦ εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν τόπον, ἢ ἐξ ἐναντίας, κ.τ.λ. 'Nihil hic igitur,' says Bishop Pearson, 'huic Dionysii testimonio objici potest, quod non facile refellitur.'¹ Mr. Greenwood, on the contrary, thinks that—

'It would be no easy matter to determine whether the "teaching" mentioned in this passage was oral or by writing. Paul had instructed the Romans in both modes; and it may be said of Peter that he had taught all the churches by his written addresses. Still the mention of Corinth and Rome, as the joint plantation of both apostles, would, in the ordinary sense of the words, imply a joint or several presence of both in the churches they are said to have *founded*. But the terms used by Dionysius are extremely vague; and it is to be noticed that this is the first and only intimation of a participation of Peter in the planting of the Church of Corinth we meet with in ecclesiastical history,—that Church being otherwise universally regarded as the sole foundation of the Apostle Paul. If it should be doubted whether Peter had any personal share in the planting of the Church of Corinth, there would also be the same reason to question his presence in Italy as the personal associate of Paul in that country.'—P. 30.

Exactly: and we may bear in mind Bishop Pearson's words *e converso*, 'If Peter were at Corinth, who will deny that he was also at some time in Rome? But it is most certain that Peter, not less than Paul, was at Corinth, and that before S. Paul wrote his first epistle to the Corinthians; for thus says the Apostle: "Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas (1 Cor. i. 12)."' (Pearson, Diss. I. cap. vii. sec. 3.)

In the same chapter as that in which Eusebius gives the above extract from S. Dionysius, and immediately preceding it, he brings others from Tertullian and Caius. The former relates the martyrdom of S. Peter and S. Paul at Rome by Nero, as a

¹ Diss. I. cap. vii. § iii.

tradition (all it could be to him); but a tradition confirmed, adds Eusebius, by their title still remaining in the cemeteries of the city. In his *De Baptismo* he compares the baptism of John in Jordan with that of S. Peter in the Tiber (chap. iv).

Caius, himself a presbyter of the Roman Church, was born about the beginning of the third century, in the pontificate of Zephyrinus. He says much the same as Tertullian, viz., that the trophies of both the Apostles were remaining in Rome in his time, and that both suffered martyrdom together. The authority of Papias, Tertullian, S. Dionysius, and Caius, appear quite sufficient to have caused Eusebius himself to believe, as he assuredly did, that S. Peter had been at Rome.

Our last authority shall be S. Irenæus. It must not be forgotten that he had been the disciple of S. Polycarp, and was sent from the martyrs expectant of Lyons to Rome, with letters to the Bishop, Eleutherus, about the year 177, and, therefore, that he could not have escaped the knowledge of the tradition of that Church as to her founder. His great work was written about the year 180,¹ and consequently, after he had been to Rome. In the third chapter of the third book, which treats of 'The Traditions of the Apostles, or of the Successors of the Bishops by the Apostles in the Churches,' having said that he could enumerate those who had been named Bishops by the Apostles and their successors even to his own time, he confines himself on account of the length of such a work, to the successors of the most ancient and the universally known Church; the Church founded and constituted by the two most glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul at Rome. 'That Church,' he continues, 'which has her tradition from the Apostles, and her faith announced to men through a succession of Bishops, reaching even to us. These blessed Apostles, when they founded and built up this Church, committed to Linus the service of its episcopate.' (Grabe pp. 200—202.) The Greek of the latter passage has fortunately been preserved by Eusebius.

Mr. Greenwood, it is true, thinks that S. Irenæus does not suppose a personal presence of the Apostles necessary to the founding and building up of a Church; and that the real meaning of this passage may be that—

'Some one or more of the Jewish visitors, or "strangers from Rome," present in Jerusalem at the great feast of Pentecost,—and perhaps, also, some of those who were afterwards scattered abroad by the persecution which occurred in the days of Stephen,—carried back with them the glad tidings of the Gospel; and so became the "first beginners" of a Christian Church at Rome. It can hardly be doubted that Peter's converts on the former of these occasions returned to their homes with a profound

¹ Burton Lectures.

reverence for the wonderful person whose words had so deeply affected, and so greatly comforted and enlightened them. The earliest and the strongest convictions of the Christian congregation at Rome would thus become intimately connected with the name and person of Peter; in such a state of mind his doctrine would be readily identified or confounded with the preacher himself, and in this form both would be handed down in conjunction to their successors in the faith he had preached; and in this way, naturally enough, an anchoring ground would be obtained for any tradition which would serve to bring the object of their reverence and affection into closer personal relation with the body of his grateful converts "P. 36.

But our readers will scarcely admit such a mere hypothesis as this as an explanation of the very plain and emphatic words of S. Irenæus. They will remember that the 'personal convictions,' the 'confusions,' and the 'identifications' of individuals, do not form the foundation and the edification of a Christian Church. They will think that if *this* had been S. Irenæus's meaning, he would have said *it*, and not what he did say. If Mr. Greenwood's theory be the true one, S. Irenæus must have felt when he wrote what he did, that there would be the utmost risk of no one ever rightly apprehending his meaning; as in fact no one before Mr. Greenwood ever has done, and but for him no one ever would have done. *Θεμελιώσαντες καὶ οἰκοδομήσαντες* are the words of S. Irenæus; and we would ask Mr. Greenwood what words he could have used to express more clearly and forcibly the whole work of the building; or what Mr. Greenwood would have accepted as stating that S. Peter did found and build up that Church, which S. Irenæus, not foreseeing the questions that would be raised in after ages, could possibly have written.

Our readers will differ too, as we think, from Mr. Greenwood in the idea that apostolic presence was not requisite for the *θεμελιώσις καὶ οἰκοδόμησις* of the Church in that city; for they will call to mind the parallel case of the Church of Samaria in the eighth chapter of the book of Acts, where that which Mr. Greenwood very reasonably supposes to have happened at Rome—that persons went thither from the miraculous Pentecost—actually did take place, and something more too, namely, the visit of the deacon Philip. Yet, because he was only a deacon and not an apostle; and an apostle was required to found, or at any rate to build up the church, S. Peter and S. John were expressly sent thither to that end. For in truth it is a very grave and serious fact, and one which Mr. Greenwood has hardly fathomed, that a Christian Church is not called into existence by oral exhortations or doctrinal teaching of letters, by whomsoever written or delivered, even though by apostles; but is founded and endowed by God the Holy

Ghost, through the agency of the laying on of hands; and we know that the bestowal of that stupendous gift of Divine mercy and condescension was confined to the apostles and their successors alone; and was not vouchsafed to ordinary Christians. That, then, which Mr. Greenwood considers to have been the means of the founding of the Church at Rome, is in itself essentially insufficient to that end, and could not have produced it.

Mr. Greenwood indeed, we should state, is doubtful of the sufficiency of his own theory, though not for the reason that forms our objection to it; nor can we assent to the latter portion of the following extract:—

‘But the reader is reminded, that this explanation of the enigmatical notices in the earlier Christian writers respecting St. Peter’s presence in Rome as the founder of that Church, is not offered as a conclusive solution of the doubts which those notices must give rise to. All we say of it is, that it is at least equally probable with that which presumes the apostle to have resided in Rome, and to have independently established a Christian Church there.’—P. 38.

In a word, there is at once a great diversity of witnesses to this fact, and a wonderful unanimity in their traditions. S. Ignatius and Papias prove that it was received in the East; S. Irenæus holds it in Gaul; S. Dionysius mentions it in Corinth; S. Clement shows it to have been known in Alexandria; Tertullian states it as the belief of Africa; Caius records it at Rome: so that we may well say with Cave,—

‘And now I would fain know what one passage of these ancient times can be proved either by more, or by more considerable evidence than this is; and, indeed, considering how small a portion of the writings of those first ages of the Church has been transmitted to us, there is much greater cause rather to wonder that we should have so many witnesses in this case, than that we have no more.’¹

Let us conclude with Pearson’s emphatic summary of the whole question:—

‘Since by so great a consent, almost from the beginning, it was delivered that St. Peter preached the gospel at Rome, and in the same place suffered; and since no one has ever said that either Peter or Paul received their crown of martyrdom elsewhere; since, lastly, Christ Himself signified with sufficient clearness that He should be crucified: I think that faith may with sufficient safety be given to this history. For who will believe that so great an Apostle could die so obscurely that no one should ever remember the place in which he died? Who will believe, when other countries claimed each for itself its own Apostle, that no city, no country, no Church declared itself to be ennobled by the blood of St. Peter? And when Christ Himself, with so great force declared to St. Peter, “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou shalt be old thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not;” and

¹ Life of St. Peter, chap. xi. Appendix.

long after his death, St. John the apostle wrote that Christ signified by these words by what death he should glorify God: who will ever suppose that no Christian whatever had any knowledge by what kind of death he suffered, but that all rather were ignorant how he glorified God; or at least that God in his providence was unwilling that it should be known to posterity? Yet in these two last ages there have not been wanting learned men who when they saw so many upholders of the pontifical power glorying chiefly in this succession, doubted at first of this succession itself, and soon even plainly denied that Peter ever was at Rome.—*Dissert.* I, vii. v.

But although compelled to differ from Mr. Greenwood on the historical fact of S. Peter's presence at Rome, we thoroughly agree with him in rejecting the exorbitant claims, built on it, of the Romanists. It does not follow, even though S. Peter did with S. Paul personally found that Church, and was its first bishop, as S. Epiphanius says, and did die there, that the Church of Rome should henceforth be the mistress of churches; and we may in historical fact very well hold the one opinion without the other, as the early fathers actually did.

'Plain it is,' (says Cave,) 'that they who set themselves to undermine this story, design therein to serve the interests of the Protestant cause, against the vain and unjust pretences of the see of Rome, and utterly to subvert the very foundations of that title whereby they lay claim to S. Peter's power. This indeed, could it be fairly made good, and without offering violence to the authority of those ancient and venerable sages of the Christian Church, would give a mortal blow to the Romish cause, and free us from several of their groundless and sophistical allegations. But when this cannot be done without calling in question the first and most early records of the Church, and throwing off the authority of the ancients, *non tali auxilio*, truth needs no such weapons to defend itself, but is able to stand up, and triumph in its own strength, without calling in such indirect artifices to support it. We can safely grant the main of the story, that S. Peter did go to Rome, and came thither *ἐν τέλει* (as Origen expressly says he did¹) about the latter end of his life, and there suffered martyrdom for the faith of Christ: and yet this is no disadvantage to ourselves; nay, it is that which utterly confounds all their accounts of things, and proves their pretended story of S. Peter's being twenty-five years bishop of that see to be not only vain, but false, as has been sufficiently shown in the foregoing section. But to deny that S. Peter ever was at Rome, contrary to the whole stream and current of antiquity, and the unanimous consent of the most early writers, and that merely upon little surmises and trifling cavils; and in order thereunto to treat the reverend fathers, whose memories have ever been dear and sacred in the Christian Church, with rude reflections and spiteful insinuations, is a course, I confess, not over ingenuous, and might give too much occasion to our adversaries of the Church of Rome to charge us (as they sometimes do, falsely enough) with a neglect of antiquity and contempt of the fathers; but that it is notoriously known, that all the great names of the Protestant party, men most celebrated for learning and piety, have always paid a most just deference and veneration to antiquity, and upon that account have freely allowed this story of S. Peter's going to Rome, as our author, who opposes it, is forced to grant.'²—*Life of S. Peter*, chap. xi. Appendix.

From this point Mr. Greenwood proceeds to consider, as bearing of course on his main question, the original Church constitution; tracing out its growth and increase, as he conceives, from the first germ planted by the apostles, with its gradual development, down to the close of the fifth century. His remarks extend over so many pages (they may, in fact, be said to take up the whole work from the third chapter), that to give a brief and concise synopsis of them, will be matter of no small difficulty:—

‘Our subject,’ (he says,) ‘deals with a highly organized and complicated hierarchical scheme, springing from very unapparent and simple beginnings. We have therefore to examine those beginnings with a view to ascertain, if possible, the birth or first appearance of principles of outward government and polity, of which we have no apparent intimation either in the works or the acts of the primitive preachers of the gospel. We say “apparent intimation,” because it cannot be denied that if a consistent series of declarations and acts proceeding from the first followers of the Apostles were found unequivocally leading to a single construction upon their words and acts, with reference to a particular outward form of church-government or polity, we should probably find it difficult to deny that the *germ* at least of such a form of outward government and polity is traceable to the sources of Christian tradition; though the discovery might not materially affect our view of the religious obligation, as applicable to ourselves, of a scheme framed probably upon considerations of immediate and temporary expediency. And it is perhaps as well to state in this place, that we cannot evade the inquiry into the origin of that *hierarchical* principle which gradually pervaded the whole framework of Church government. We cannot avoid asking, when did the first sharp severance of the ministering from the non-ministering sections of the Church—the great distinction between clergy and laity—take place? Can we discover when and how the first pretensions of the clergy to a properly *sacerdotal* commission were known and received by the Christian world? And how did they at length work their way up to the altitude of a sacrificing and mediatorial priesthood? We have here nothing to do with any speculative development. Our duty is only to examine facts; and, in the first instance, to ascertain, as well as we can, what was thought, said, or done by the apostles and their immediate followers in relation to these questions; and whether in point of fact any specific provision was made with a view to that complicated scheme of church-offices and government which gradually grew out of the simple unorganic directions left behind them by the Apostles—or perhaps, to speak more properly, by S. Paul, in his Epistles to Timothy and Titus.—Pp. 55, 56.

Thus, Mr. Greenwood considers the Church to be merely a human body, ‘a strictly voluntary association,’ as he defines it; having originally few, if any, laws for its government, and a discipline anything but strict or well-defined. In some places (as Philippi) he considers that the governing body was a college of presbyters; in others (as in Asia), that it was the Bishop, with presbyters and deacons. But we must not lay too much stress on what are not intended to be dogmatical assertions: but are merely inquiries on which the author’s opinion may yet undergo change, and on which, indeed, he is not always con-

sistent with himself. Thus we are told at page 6, that we hear of no Bishop of Rome till long after the death of S. Paul; from which—

‘We must conclude either that the office did not exist at all, or that it was held by some person of whom no notice is taken in the Christian Scriptures, or in any other contemporary record.’—Page 6.

While, on the preceding page, he had said that at no great distance of time after S. Paul’s Epistles to Timothy and Titus, few Churches were found without Bishops; and further on, that—

‘The Roman congregation had adopted episcopal management long before the death of S. Paul. Immediately afterwards, we find it under the superintendence of two bishops, Linus, and Cletus or Anencletus.’—Page 78.

We hold that it did not belong to the Roman congregation, in themselves, either to adopt or to reject any form of Church government; but that they received that which it pleased the Apostles to give them.

Mr. Greenwood, then, as we have seen, denies that our Saviour Himself, or His Apostles either, introduced or observed any proper form of Church government; and he continues, further on, as follows:—

‘If the views we have adopted of the government of the Church in the apostolic age and that which immediately followed it be correct, we are justified in concluding that the church-constitution of that period was not grounded upon any properly hierarchical principle. The power imparted, whatever it was, called for no other than a voluntary and spontaneous obedience; and put forth no claim to any external means or appliances for its support. We do not regard it as a definitive or unalterable provision, or, like the Levitical priesthood, invested with that “divine right” which attaches to ordinances of positive precept. It was, in short, inchoate and preparatory, and expressly calculated to leave a wide margin for future adaptation—a free scope for all such changes as the state of the Christian world might from time to time require.’—Page 76.

Both these assertions we are compelled to deny. Our blessed Lord instituted His Apostles to be the governing members of His Church, in symbol of which he gave them the keys; and they instituted others in their room. As afterwards, so in the canon of Holy Scripture there are three orders; Apostles, in the first, and under them that class termed presbyters or Bishops; and lastly, deacons. What obscurity there is in the question, arises less from any difficult passages of the inspired writings, than from their silence. We find an order mentioned there sometimes under the title of Bishops, at others under that of presbyters: and we do not know in each case whether they held the first rank in the Church, or the second. But the mere fact of these different titles having been applied to the same

offices during the life of the Apostles, proves nothing more to a candid mind, than that the two titles, since distinguished, were then used synonymously. It does not show that there was *no* office of 'ordinary Apostle,' or angel, or (as since termed) Bishop, like that of S. Timothy and S. Titus; under the Apostles, but above the presbyters. Indeed, nothing can be concluded from the mere titles used in the New Testament: for the Apostles themselves are termed presbyters by S. Peter, 1 Pet. v. 1; and deacons by S. Paul, 1 Cor. xiii. 5; and Bishops, Acts i. 20. And others than the twelve are called Apostles: S. Barnabas, Acts xiv. 4, 14; Andronicus and Junia, Rom. xvi. 7; Epaphroditus, Phil. ii. 25; Titus and others, 2 Cor. viii. 23; and the presbyters are termed Bishops, Phil. i. 1; Titus, i. 7, and elsewhere. Hence we may judge of the intrinsic worth of the conclusion of Salmasius from the word Bishops or overseers, in Acts xx. 28; 'That the Church of Ephesus was then governed exclusively by a collegio of presbyters (called Bishops), and that there was no particular Bishop over them with peculiar authority;' or that because the presbyters laid hands on S. Timothy, and, as he admits, 'presbyteri simplices' have not power so to do, therefore that these presbyters were, as it were, Bishop-presbyters, or presbyters who *could* lay on hands; according to his twofold distinction elsewhere laid down, of presbyters who could and who could not ordain; or that, lastly, because S. Paul sends greetings, in his Epistle to the Philippians, only to Bishops and deacons, therefore there was no order of Bishops proper, these Bishops being presbyters. Salmasius, and those who have argued with him, have overlooked the fact, that even if it could be proved that the term *ἐπίσκοπος* is in every case applied to the priesthood alone, there were at that time Apostles over them, who formed that first order, which after their generation was filled by those who were first termed angels and then Bishops.

But there are certain documents of the apostolic age, which bear witness to a state of things very different to that which Mr. Greenwood's sympathies and theories lead him to consider the true one. Thus S. Clement of Rome describes the orders of the Church in his time, both as prescribed and settled by Divine authority. He commences his epistle by exhorting the Corinthians to be subject to their rulers, *ἡγουμένοις*, and to pay due honours to their presbyters. By the former term, he would surely mean those who succeeded the Apostles in the first rank of ecclesiastical government; in fact, the Bishops. And in a later section of the epistle he says (tracing the manner in which, so far, the Christian Church was a continuation and fulfilment of the Jewish Church):—

'Unto the high-priest are assigned his own services, and to the priests their particular place is appointed; and upon the Levites are laid their special ministrations; the layman is subject to the ordinances respecting the laity. . . . Now, the Apostles preached the Gospel unto us from the Lord Jesus Christ; the Lord Jesus Christ himself preached it from God. Therefore, Christ was sent from God, and the Apostles from Christ; and both (commissions) were given in regular order, by the will of God. Having received his commands . . . they (the Apostles) went forth, announcing the kingdom of God. And having then preached in the villages and in the towns, they set up the firstlings among themselves to be Bishops and deacons of those who should believe. Neither was this a new institution; for many ages back Bishops and deacons are written about; it is said in Scripture, "I will establish their Bishops in righteousness and their deacons in faith."

'Observe, moreover, that our Apostles knew from Jesus Christ that contentions should arise about the title of Bishop; and for this cause they, of their perfect knowledge, constituted Bishops and deacons, and after that banded down a series of future succession, in order that when they should depart, other tried persons should take their office. We deem it therefore unlawful that persons appointed by them, or afterwards by other excellent persons with the assent of the whole Church, and who have blamelessly ministered to the flock of Christ, walking humbly, peaceably, and not grudgingly, and have for a long time received a shining testimony from all persons, should be expelled from their ministry.* For it will be no trivial sin, if we eject from the episcopate those who in holiness and blamelessness offer up holy gifts.'—*Greenwood*, p. 57.

But to these words, none plainer or more emphatic than which, we should think, could have been used, Mr. Greenwood objects that S. Clement is setting forth the Jewish Church merely as an illustration of—

'The principles of order and subordination indispensable to the existence of every human association, more especially of those formed for religious purposes, which have always been found liable to split into as many parties and factions as there are shades of opinion among the members.'—P. 58.

It does not occur to him that there has been, and is but one Church of God, and that that Church, which he purchased with His own blood, is a divine and *not* a human institution; consequently, he does not see that the Gospel is the developiment of the law; that the Christian is the ancient Jewish Church, with the addition of the gift of the Holy Ghost; and was in one sense fulfilled, not first founded by Christ in the days of his humanity. There was always to be a priesthood and sacrifices, though not those of Levi. The priesthood, the offerings, the ordinances, are done away as types, and where they are merely carnal; but are fulfilled and continued in spirit and essence. If there are no laws of Church polity in the New Testament, it is not that there is no polity; but that, having been already fully laid down in the Old Testament, there is no room for a repetition of laws on the same subject in the New. The Church is God's kingdom upon earth; a mighty, visible kingdom, not

indeed of things carnal, but of things spiritual; as the prophets ever foretold that the Church should be, when Christian and catholic, instead of Jewish and local. 'And kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers; they shall bow down to thee with their face toward the earth, and lick up the dust of thy feet.' 'Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.' In this kingdom the government is, and has from the first been given to some, and not to others.

In fact our author sets out with a theory or assumption, that there was at one time,—though, perhaps but for a moment, as it were—no *Christian Church* or priesthood at all; until it pleased the early converts by mutual union to form one: and whatever opposes this idea must be got rid of by him. S. Clement at the outset is greatly in the way; but since his existence and writings cannot historically be denied, his words must be explained away. The writings of S. Ignatius and S. Cyprian, who repeat S. Clement in substance, are assumed to be forgeries. The original cause of this peculiar treatment of history, and the great fault of Mr. Greenwood's whole work, is, that in his view of the Church he omits to make due mention of the *spiritual* element: and finding this element, which is strange to his own mind, so largely developed in the early writers, the latter appear to him untrue, and present him with difficulties from which he can only escape by denying them in some manner or another. Thus when he calls the Church a 'strictly voluntary association,' he forgets its divine origin, and its hidden and mysterious operation—that it is not that men merely banded themselves together (for some purpose not ascertained, nor easily to be conceived according to our author's theory), but that 'the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.' Again when he affirms that changes of views and opinions based on or supported by forged documents 'transformed a strictly voluntary association into a severely organized political corporation, armed with powers greatly transcending any of the objects contemplated by the first preachers of the gospel' (p. 63)—we must be allowed to reply that so far as the church of the Western Patriarchate did at any time pursue merely political ends, she did not *exceed*, but she *perverted*, the objects of her foundation by her divine Author and Head. These objects were purely spiritual, and to 'transcend' them would have been impossible, being, as they were, nothing short of our final salvation, and inheritance of the celestial abode, and fruition of the Divine Presence.

But Mr. Greenwood would support his own theory of church

¹ Isaiah xlix. 23.

² Psalm xlv. 16.

government and constitution by telling us (like Blondel and Salmasius), that the idea of the Bishops having been the substitutes of the Apostles at all is a fallacy: for that in many churches, not only were there at first no Bishops, but it is not even certain if there were (for whatever purpose) so much as any separation of clergy and laity. In his opinion, it is probable that in the times of S. Ignatius and S. Polycarp, 'many Churches, *e. g.* those of Corinth and Alexandria, were not yet episcopally constituted.' (P. 68.) At any rate he seems to say that 'neither our Saviour nor the Apostles themselves left any proper form of government,' and 'that the object of the association was the propagation of a religious opinion or faith,' which is exactly what we deny. The object was, by the laying on of hands of those duly qualified by Christ to bestow the Holy Ghost, to give men ability to receive, and grace to believe that which was not 'a religious opinion or faith,' but the one body of Divine truth revealed to the world by its Divine author.

We have said that such *seems* to be Mr. Greenwood's idea: for here again there is a want of consistency, which makes it at times difficult to ascertain what are his real and final opinions. He admits that S. Clement did contemplate a church in some degree resembling that of the Jews, and on the whole much what is described by S. Ignatius and S. Cyprian, and is found in history. * Even while saying that S. Clement of Alexandria is the first to mention clergy and laity as separate constituents in the Christian body, he adds (p. 63, note u) that S. Clement expressly declared that S. John the Apostle went round the neighbourhood of Ephesus ordaining Bishops and clergy; and therefore, of course, both recognising and acting on such a distinction; as S. Paul had done in ordaining S. Timothy and S. Titus; and S. Peter in his advice to the Bishops of the Church, in the fifth chapter of his first Epistle. Having there called himself, who was an Apostle, *πρεσβύτερος*, he exhorts the *συμπρεσβύτεροι*—i. e. those, we must conclude, who were not indeed apostles, but in the place of apostles, as rulers of the Church—not to oppress *οἱ κληροί*. Both in word and in fact, then, this distinction must have been known to S. Peter, for it is on the surface of his words; and to S. Paul, for he acted on it in the cases (two among many others surely) of S. Timothy and S. Titus. Thus, we think, from Mr. Greenwood's own pages, an answer is afforded to his question, 'when the first severance of the ministering from the non-ministering sections of the church, the great distinction between clergy and laity,

'took place;' and the same distinction is seen to have continued in the days of S. Clement, S. Ignatius, S. Polycarp, S. Clement of Alexandria, S. Cyprian, and others downwards.

The writings of S. Ignatius meet with much the same treatment at Mr. Greenwood's hands as the words of S. Clement. He agrees with Mr. Cureton and Chevalier Bunsen in rejecting the Greek and upholding the Syriac version of the three Epistles. Here again, however, he is in some measure at variance with himself. He tells us at page 66, that the Syriac is 'probably the only authentic version.' On the following page we are assured that 'it is established as such beyond contradiction.' In a word, because the Syriac is simply shorter than the Greek, it is assumed that the latter is interpolated; and having been so assumed, it is therefore treated as proved that the former is the only true version. In support of this opinion, we are merely reminded (at page 71) of the audacity of the forgers of the third and fourth centuries (at p. 248, it is those of the fourth and fifth); and are informed that Eusebius was in error when he mentioned the four rejected epistles (those to the Magnesians, Trallians, Philadelphians, and Smyrniacans) as genuine. Thus we are peremptorily required by Mr. Greenwood to believe that the four above-mentioned Epistles were entirely forged during the fourth or fifth centuries (or, as they were in existence in Eusebius's time, we suppose we must say in the third or fourth), and that the other three are much enlarged and corrupted; so that we are to reject the four entirely, and all of the three which is not in the Syriac.

This question is continually being treated by the upholders of the Syriac version, as if it had been really and unanswerably, and by the consent of all parties, decided in their favour. But many of our readers will know, and others will believe us, that the Syriac version has not one recommendation of any kind, internal or external, of its genuineness over the Greek. They will remember that Eusebius, who lived scarcely two centuries after the martyrdom of S. Ignatius, expressly says that he wrote seven epistles, the addresses of which agree with the extant Greek; and that his statement is repeated by S. Jerome. Five of these seven (including two of those rejected by the champions of the Syriac) have been quoted by Origen, S. Athanasius, S. Chrysostom, and Theodoret. It is almost a moral impossibility that these writers, learned as they were, and men of deep research, should all have been mistaken and imposed upon by some nameless forger. This positive testimony, as has been already urged, ought, upon all principles of critical evidence, to be decisive against the negative argument for the exclusive authority of the Syriac text, for which there is no

external evidence whatever but that of the two individual copies from which the version is derived. The great probability is, that these are an epitome or abbreviated version of the original Greek, the work of some monophysite. 'This is the external evidence—putting the strongest construction upon it, it is that two copyists, transcribing in A.D. 700 and 600, wrote out three epistles and no more of S. Ignatius; therefore all the rest are spurious. But even that is an assumption. We do not know that either of the copyists did not write out more epistles; it might have been the compiler or collector who omitted, if any were omitted; or the rest might have been lost.' Such are the words of the late lamented Professor Hussey, who, in the preface to his *Sermons*, has given a most complete and crushing exposure of Mr. Cureton's arguments for the Syriac; showing, in truth, that they are no arguments at all, but the merest assumptions. The Professor's conclusion in favour of the Greek and in rejection of the Syriac is held also by Dr. Wordsworth, Archdeacon Churton, and other eminent scholars at home and abroad.

Mr. Hussey indeed offers good reasons from the text for believing that Mr. Cureton's three epistles are really *four*; and he shows from Dr. Petermann, the probability that the Syriac version originally contained thirteen epistles, and not three (or four) only; and, in consequence, that the assertors of the genuineness of the Syriac may at any moment be compelled either to give up their advocacy of that version, or to uphold against the rest of the world the genuineness of the whole thirteen. What the Syriac has really done, is to give as far as it goes, indirect evidence of the genuineness of the Greek, as received and cited by the ancient fathers before mentioned, and as made known to modern times from the Medicean and Colbert MSS.

In truth, the champions of the Syriac have not got the better of their opponents, but have been defeated by them. They have *not* answered the arguments of those who contend for the genuineness of the Greek, nor have they overturned the authenticity of any word or line of it. All they have done has been to offer a version which no effort of theirs can substantiate as genuine, and to which they have been unable to give even the appearance of authenticity.

Let Mr. Greenwood, if he can, *prove* his position, or at least offer some kind of argument for it; when this is done, we will gladly and readily become his pupils. If he succeed in establishing the Syriac to be what he asserts, we will be the first to admit that the victory is with him, and will abandon the Greek for ever. But till then, it is a mere assumption

on his part to speak as he does of the Syriac; and we must decidedly protest against such a manner of dealing with the subject. We beg our readers' pardon for entering at so great length on the subject, but these confident assertions of Mr. Greenwood leave us no alternative but to repeat much of what has been more ably stated by others. It is not possible to deal particularly with Mr. Greenwood himself on the subject, for he gives no *arguments* of any kind for his opinion. With him it results (as he almost admits in terms, page 74 and note 2) that the Greek must be rejected, and the Syriac received and considered genuine, because the former makes mention of ecclesiastical officers, which he considers in advance of S. Ignatius's times; and contains statements opposed to his own and Chevalier Bunsen's views as to the nature of the constitution of the early Church.

The Syriac being then worthless and untrustworthy, and the Greek confessedly against him, we might here leave S. Ignatius and pass on to other authors. But we maintain that even this imperfect relic of its author, as far as it speaks at all on the subject, is against Mr. Greenwood's theories on the original constitution of the Church, and in essential harmony and agreement with S. Clement of Rome, S. Irenæus, S. Clement of Alexandria, and others of the early ages: for S. Ignatius in his epistle to Polycarp addresses him as Bishop, condemns separation from, or even opposition to the Bishop as a sin, and speaks of presbyters and deacons:—

‘If a man have made himself notorious, apart from the Bishop, he has corrupted himself; for it is becoming to men and women who are married that they be married by the counsel of the Bishop, that the marriage might be in the Lord, and not in lust. Let every thing therefore be for the honour of God. Look to the Bishop, that God also may look upon you. I will be instead of the souls of those who are subject to the Bishop, and the presbyters and deacons: with them may I have a portion with God.’

And the same doctrine is pointed at in the other two epistles of the version.

Mr. Greenwood refers, as might be expected, to the well-known passage of S. Jerome on which Blondel, Salmasius, and their followers have based their opinion in support of presbyterian as opposed to episcopal supremacy. S. Jerome certainly does say that there was a time when there was no Episcopate, and that it was instituted to heal the schisms and divisions of the Church.

‘The presbyter’ (he says) ‘is the same as the Bishop; and before that, by the instigation of the devil, heats were caused in religion, and it was said among the people, “I am of Paul, I of Apollos, I of Cephas,” the churches were governed by the common counsel of the presbyters. But after each

considered those he had baptized as his own, and not as Christ's, it was decreed throughout the whole world, that one of the presbyters should be chosen and preferred to the rest, to whom should pertain the whole care of the Church, and the seeds of schism should be removed.'

Bringing in favour of this opinion the second verse of the first chapter of Philippians, he comments on it as follows:—

'Philippi is one of the cities of Macedonia, and certainly in one city, more Bishops (as so called) than one there could not be. But since then the Apostle terms those Bishops whom he is also styling presbyters, he speaks indifferently of Bishops as of presbyters.'—*Comment on Titus*, chap. I.

In his letters to Oceanus the presbyter, and Evangelus (printed erroneously by Blondel 'Evagrius'), he says that the term 'episcopus' regards the office, and that of 'presbyter' the age. The saint however, in the latter epistle, implies that this idea is his own alone; for he proceeds to establish it by arguments, and does not claim for it the testimony of the Church. He also says that 'at Alexandria, from the time of S. Mark to the Bishop Heraclas and Dionysius, the presbyters always named 'one (chosen from themselves, placed in a higher grade) Bishop, 'just as the army might choose the Emperor, or the deacons 'select one of their own number whom they termed arch-deacon. "What," he asks, "except ordination, does a Bishop 'do that a presbyter does not do?"'

To this we may say that '*nominabant Episcopum presbyteri*,' whatever it does exactly mean, does not signify that the presbyters actually *ordained* their Bishop: and it will hardly be urged in support of S. Jerome that Eutychius, the Arabic historian of the tenth century, whose errors and self-contradictions are so gross and numerous, says 'that the presbyters of 'Alexandria laid hands on one of their own body and made him 'patriarch; a custom which continued to the time of Alexander, 'who first forbade the presbyters to make their own patriarch, 'and caused him to be ordained by Bishops;' and 'that there 'was no Bishop in all Egypt from Ananias to Demetrius, except 'only at Alexandria.'

But we must remember that S. Jerome's language is not all on one side, and his meaning has perhaps been incorrectly apprehended by Blondel and Salmasius. He says that in the Apostles' time Bishops and presbyters were one and the same. In the sense in which we have already explained this assertion, the words of Scripture bear him out; and many of our greatest divines—Andrewes, Beveridge, Bingham, and others—readily concur with him. And that such really was his meaning seems

very probable, for he also says plainly and repeatedly that there were three orders in the Christian Church as in the Jewish; an admission in which neither Blondel nor Salmasius really follow him. He makes the Bishop equal to the High Priest; the presbyter to the priests; and the deacons to the Levites.¹ In his letter to Eustochium on the death of her mother, he calls presbyters 'priests of inferior degree;' ² and, in that to Heliodore, deacons 'the third degree.'

If S. Jerome really means that there is no apostolic authority for the order of bishops (which in the face of the above assertion we conceive to be impossible), it is to be concluded that, great as his name is in the Church, he is in error in that opinion. But he mentions no period of time for the rise of this order; and as the schisms he mentions began during the life, and in the very presence, of the Apostles, he may easily mean that *they* then placed bishops at the head of the churches for the objects specified. There is, however, clearly no reason why we should necessarily prefer his authority to that of the whole Church, or to any competent witness of her doctrines or discipline. Theodoret, for instance (his own contemporary), says: 'They formerly called the same persons both presbyters and Bishops, and those now called Bishops they used to call Apostles.' There is no historical difficulty in this view; whereas S. Jerome's, *as explained by Blondel and others*, is clearly attended by more than one. But these writers extract from his words a meaning which is not only not to be found in them, but which, when well considered, appears actually opposed to them.

Against the presbyterian writers, and unrefuted by them, we have the decisive testimony of S. Clement of Alexandria, that S. John placed Bishops, not presbyters, over the churches of Asia. We have the apostolic canons (of S. Clement's age, or earlier, as Bishop Beveridge thinks) clearly and carefully distinguishing between the ordinations and offices of Bishops and of priests, and laying down stringent laws to prevent the ordination of the former from being at any time invalidated. Nor do we ever find any single church after the Apostles' death, to have been governed by a presbytery alone. The ante-Nicene Councils, Antioch against Paul of Samosata, Neocæsarea, and Ancyra, in the East; and Arles and Elvir, or Illiberis, of Spain, in the West, show this as far as they go; and especially the great Ecumenical Council of Nice, with its 318 Bishops gathered from all parts of the world, without a single presbyter among them presiding as such over a church, seems to prove the same almost

¹ Cont. Jovin: lib ii. pp. 220, 226.

² Ep. lxxxvi. p. 687.

³ Ep. v. p. 10. This distinction allowed by S. Jerome, or possibly the necessity of the case, may have given rise to Salmasius's twofold division of presbyters.

to demonstration. For is it not utterly impossible that every trace of presbyterian government should have entirely vanished from every country so speedily, had the Apostles really established it in any one? Nay, it *could* not; for it would then have been the apostolic *depositum*, which the church to whom it was given was bound to have retained. Such a church would have had no right to reject presbyterianism for episcopacy, merely because other churches had done so, or because some temporary need (such as S. Jerome states) had arisen to cause them to think that episcopacy was better for them. Had presbyterianism really been instituted, or even allowed by the Apostles, it must have continued. Its non-existence at every time and in every place is the most unanswerable moral proof that it was never at any place so instituted. Mr. Greenwood's unconscientiousness of this shows a great defect in his appreciation of the sacredness of apostolic institutions.

A glance at the early history of the Church will confirm our readers in the belief of the non-existence in those times of presbyterianism. In Eusebius iv. 22, we are told of an ancient writer, Hegesippus, who lived in or near the time of the Apostles, and travelled from place to place in search of ecclesiastical knowledge. He wrote a work in five books. He informs us that he stayed some days at Corinth, with the Bishop Primus, on his way to Rome. Here he compiled an account of the succession of that church to the time of Anicetus.¹ Now then, if presbyterianism had been originally allowed by the Apostles, equally with episcopacy, does not Hegesippus tell us something of it? It may be answered, that we have only the extract given by Eusebius from his work. But we maintain that that extract is decisive of this question. He might have failed to state that there were differences in the mode of government of the churches, if there had been any, or Eusebius might have omitted to record his statement; but as it is, he states positively that there were *none*. As it was at Rome, so he had found it in all other places: there was one, and but one, succession and doctrine everywhere, and his words are too plain to be mistaken, too definite to be explained away.

Again; Papias, another cotemporary of the Apostles and Bishop of Hierapolis, says of himself, that he had been a diligent hearer of, among other apostolic men, the presbyter John.²

¹ The reading of the passage has been made doubtful by an alteration in the text of H. Savile, to which Bishop Pearson justly objects. We have followed the original reading as sanctioned by Bishop Pearson.—*De Successione primorum Romę Episcoporum*.—Dissert I. chap. v. § ii. and following.

² Eusebius, Book III. chap. xxxix. 'Papias Asianus, forsan Hierapoli natus, S. Joannis erat auditor, et Polycarpi sodalis. Eusebius quidem non Apostolum,

This might have been the Apostle and Evangelist; and although Eusebius gives it as his own opinion that it was not, and mentions it as a report, that two Johns had lived at Ephesus, and that there were two tombs of theirs in the place, it is by no means certain that he is correct; for S. Irenæus seems to know of but one John, the Apostle himself. If it be so, as S. John is here called presbyter by Papias, others so called may have been in the first rank of ecclesiastical officers, or (as we should now say) Bishops, though bearing an appellation since appropriated to those of the second rank only. At any rate the uncertainty that does exist that John the elder was not the Apostle is a point worthy of observation, as a proof of the fact that, not only in the canon of Scripture itself (as we have already shown), but also in the early uninspired history of the Church, from the mere title applied to ecclesiastical officers nothing can be inferred any way.

Subsequently to these times, and to the same effect, there are the histories of Ischyra and of Aërius. S. Athanasius was accused by the Arians at the Council of Tyre, of having profaned the church of Ischyra, and destroyed the sacred furniture. The charge was admitted by Ischyra himself to be false in fact. There was, in truth, no church in the place, and Ischyra was confessedly no presbyter at all, having been ordained only by Colluthus, who himself was known to have lived and died a mere presbyter. How could such a charge, at that date, have fallen to the ground, and that too before S. Athanasius's bitter and most unscrupulous enemies, if presbyterian government had ever been established in any place; especially if the Patriarch himself of Alexandria, as Eutychius says, was ordained by presbyters till the time of Alexander, the immediate predecessor of S. Athanasius in the see? We conclude, therefore, that S. Athanasius' report of this matter (for we have it from himself) is a positive proof of the falsity of that statement of Eutychius.

Again; still less possible would it have been that Aërius should in the same century have been (as he was) condemned as a heretic, not in any particular country, but throughout the whole Church, and noted as such by S. Epiphanius and S. Augustin, because among other things he denied the difference between Bishops and presbyters. How could that opinion have passed in so short a time from an admitted opinion—

sed Joannem presbyterum, seu seniofem, intelligit. At Irenæus, et longo post eum agmine scriptores cæteri illum Joannis Apostoli fuisse discipulum diserte satis innuere videntur. Immo utriusque discipulum vero non absimile est, et post Joannis Apostoli mortem Joanni presbytero se adjunxit.—*Cæc. Hist. Litt. ad verb. Papiam.*

perhaps, even, an apostolic rule—to a heresy? Aërius has, in fact, anticipated the arguments of both Blondel and Salmasius; arguments for which these require to be considered as teachers (and the only teachers) of truth, but for which he was condemned as a heretic. S. Epiphanius, against Aërius, well observes that S. Timothy could not have had the power given to him to judge, a presbyter, unless he had been superior to a presbyter; and that no presbyter has power given him to rebuke S. Timothy. This power did not of course depend on his age. (1 Tim. iv. 12).

Salmasius also has alluded to the case of Aërius, ‘wondering what error Aërius held in saying that presbyters were of equal rank and privileges with Bishops.’ This is the very point on which both S. Epiphanius and S. Augustine insist as a conclusive proof of his heresy. Our view, as stated above, of S. Jerome’s meaning in identifying Bishops and priests, is so far supported by the history of Aërius as that S. Jerome does admit the three degrees of priesthood, and is held a father of the Catholic Church; while Aërius denies them, and is therefore condemned and cast out of her pale.

Salmasius’ argument, indeed, here as elsewhere, is fatal to itself. He thinks that Aërius could not have been so commonly ignorant as to deny that the power of ordination had been peculiar to Bishops alone, since the Council of Ancyra in 314, though allowed to presbyters before: an assumption which, if we were in controversy with him, could easily be exposed.

Blondel has offered a catena of witnesses to prove that the original opinion accorded with that which he imagines S. Jerome to have held, and which considered a Bishop and priest as one and the same ecclesiastical order; but none of his witnesses *do* prove it.

This question is clearly one of much weight with reference to Mr. Greenwood’s particular subject. For if presbytery were equally with episcopacy the order of the apostles; and a presbyter headed, or might have headed, the Church of Rome; there is at once an end of any claim, not merely of superiority, but even of existence, on the part of the Bishop of Rome. But an argument which proves too much is always a fundamentally bad one; and error may always be refuted without the destruction of essential truth. As far as regards the historical part of the argument, we have endeavoured to show that Mr. Greenwood’s theory has not the testimony of history in its favour, but rather is opposed by it. We have dwelt on this at more length, perhaps, than will be agreeable to our readers: but familiar and primary truths require to be restated from time to time, as fresh denials of them are spread abroad.

For the abstract part of the question, we shall do well to consider the forcible and pertinent words of Bishop Pearson :—

‘ Our opponents confess that, about 140 years after Christ, the Episcopate was universally received, and churches throughout the whole world flourished under Bishops truly so called. When they grant this, it is according to reason that they should confess that this episcopate flowed downwards from the Apostles. For no other way could ever be thought of by which one form of government was impressed on all Christian churches. There was at that time no general Council in which all might at once unite in the admission of the same order; nay, there was no Council at all before Bishops; none but by Bishops. Let, then, these innovators tell us by what machinery the episcopal chair was introduced into all presbyteral consistories. In truth, if all other arguments should fail, this one alone, invented by themselves, would deter all religious minds from all opposition to Bishops. For if the episcopate were received by all the churches agreeing together at once (as they would have it), it is right that it should not be rejected except by the agreement of all the churches together; which doubtless will never be done unless also that promise of Christ be made of no effect; “ I will be with you always, even to the end of the world.” ’

In a word, to this original idea of ecclesiastical discipline, not only is there the great and fatal objection at the outset, that it is contrary to the testimony of history; but there are continually rising up minor difficulties that must be accounted for and explained; and any or all of which are very apt to prove fatal to the whole idea.

S. Peter, then, according to history, having certainly visited Rome, and there died; and a Bishop (as the word is now understood, *i. e.* an officer of the first grade, an Apostle ordinary) having succeeded him; and so much depending on that succession, as Mr. Greenwood admits: we will now, to leave no link of our chain imperfect, inquire briefly into the order and chronology of that early succession. Mr. Greenwood, after some hesitation, admits that there were Bishops at Rome immediately after the Apostles; but if he have once proved that presbyterian government was the authorized order in some churches, his mere opinion that it was not such in any particular church will not suffice to prove it. Chevalier Bunsen’s opinion appears to weigh with Mr. Greenwood more than that of any other individual; not to say of all history. And hence, when he expresses his own sentiments of the manner of government of the early Church, he varies, and concludes differently in different places. And it is only when supported by the Chevalier that he seems finally to admit that the Roman Church was governed by Bishops.

Chevalier Bunsen pledges himself, as Mr. Greenwood tells us, to settle, in a forthcoming work, more than one of the great

questions as to the order and chronology of the early Bishops of Rome, which have hitherto proved to the historian invincible perplexities. The want of contemporary records has surrounded the subject with impenetrable obscurity; and where such men as Baronius, Patavius, Pearson, Pagi, &c., have laboured so long and so diligently, and yet, overcome by the sheer impossibility of the task, have been compelled to leave the subject hardly less confused than they found it, we hope we may be pardoned if we express a doubt as to whether it is destined to receive the solution of its many and intricate difficulties from the Chevalier. That gentleman may, and, we doubt not, will succeed in redeeming his pledge to his own satisfaction and that of his admirers: but we question whether the world at large will receive the conclusions at which he may arrive, as final and decisive; or be inclined to repose in them with a reliance at all proportioned to the confidence with which he offers them to its acceptance.

There were no records kept of the Bishops of Rome who immediately succeeded the Apostles; and the little we know of their order and chronology that is really trustworthy, is derived from a few scattered passages of the early writers. S. Irenæus, Eusebius, S. Epiphanius, S. Jerome, S. Augustine, and a few others, have left us catalogues of their names and the order of their episcopate; but on the subject of the dates of their succession they are unfortunately silent. These are, therefore, involved in obscurity. It happens, too, to complicate the whole matter still more hopelessly, that even on the order of their succession itself, there have arisen in later times, questions which, settling nothing, have had only power to shake men's confidence in what does seem trustworthy. Bishop Pearson thinks that Fabian, the successor of Auteros, collected the Acts of the Martyrs about the year 236, after the brief Maximinian persecution; and he says that from that time forward there was kept a record of such of the Bishops of Rome as received the crown of martyrdom; to which were added (about the age of Julius, he supposes) the names of the rest.¹

The difficulties of this subject then belong first, to the order, and secondly and chiefly, to the chronology of this succession. Ancient records and modern, and East and West, differ from each other on both points. These difficulties can now only be stated: their solution is beyond the power of any one; except, indeed, (as he himself thinks,) of Chevalier Bunsen.

S. Irenæus, every way a trusty witness, writes as follows:

¹ 'De Successione primorum Romæ Episcoporum.'—Dissert. I. ch. iv. §§ 4, 5.

'The Apostles committed the Church to Linus, (of whom S. Paul makes mention in his First Epistle to Timothy,) and to Linus, succeeded Anacletus; after him, in the third place from the Apostles, came Clement, who also saw the Holy Apostles . . . to whom succeeded Evarestus.'¹ The same order is given by S. Epiphanius,² and S. Jerome.³ S. Augustine in his letter to Generosus, in the printed edition of his works, puts Anacletus after Clement; but in one of the Vatican MSS. he gives the same order as the others here cited.⁴

But there is another class of authorities which gives the succession differently. The missals and breviaries make five popes before Evarestus; their succession is—Peter, Linus, Cletus, Clement, [or Clement, Cletus,] Anacletus, Evarestus: and the question, which will probably never be solved, but on which much that closely affects the subsequent history turns, is whether Cletus and Anacletus are one and the same person, or two different persons. The testimony of the ancients is, as we have seen, decisive of the former opinion. The moderns are divided on the point. Baronius, Petavius, Pagi, and others, admit both Cletus and Anacletus. Valesius, Cotelierus, Natalis Alexander, Tillemont, and Pearson, consider the two names to belong to the same Pope. Bishop Pearson thinks the cause of the confusion to have been that S. Cyprian, following S. Irenæus, said that Hyginus was the ninth Bishop *including S. Peter*; but that those Latins who had no knowledge of S. Irenæus, and had been used to consider Linus as the first Bishop, were compelled to place seven Bishops between him and Hyginus to make the number correspond; and this obliged them to add the name of Anacletus to that of Cletus.

Whether this, however, is cause sufficient to account for the spread of the mistake—for such it appears to be—and whether any Latins could be ignorant of the true succession, may perhaps be a question. Indeed the mention of them as distinct persons in the rude lines of the ancient poem against Marcion, composed about the time and published under the name of Tertullian, may suggest a doubt whether the idea be not possibly more ancient than S. Cyprian. Bishop Pearson rejects the statement of the missals and breviaries, as being founded on the '*Liber Pontificalis*,' a work, in his opinion, of too doubtful authority to be set against the assertions of the early writers, especially of S. Irenæus.⁵

On the other hand, it may be urged in favour of considering

¹ Lib. iii. cap. 3.

² De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis.

³ Dissertationes II. cap. i. § vi.

⁴ Her. 27.

⁵ Epist. liii. tom. ii. Ed. Bened.

them to be different persons, that they have two days given them in the martyrologies, and quite different histories, which could not have been derived from one source originally common to both. Cletus' day is April 26th, and he is described as a Roman by birth; Anacletus' is on July 13th, and he is said to have been a Grecian, and native of Athens. But, as Bishop Pearson asks, 'Who can suppose the family, the country, and the death-days of those Popes to have been known to any one 400 years and more after their time, on which nothing is known to have been written by any of the ancients?'

Chevalier Bunsen's promise appears to us of no real value in itself, if for no other reason, yet from the fact that in the glimpse Mr. Greenwood has given us of the manner in which it is to be performed, we detect at the very outset a flaw which must vitiate and render null and worthless the whole undertaking. He pledges himself to establish, among other things, his opinion that Linus and Cletus, the two Bishops who immediately succeeded the Apostles, sat together. This is, of course, the very idea we should expect from him on the subject, for it is that which he has already maintained in his 'Hippolytus;' yet it is one wholly unsupported by ancient authority. It began, says Bishop Pearson, with Rufinus in the fourth and fifth centuries, and it was certainly unknown to S. Irenæus or those who more immediately succeeded him. The ancients, as we have seen, agree in stating the order of the Bishops, and they also state decidedly that they succeeded each other, not that they were contemporary Bishops. We reject, then, the idea that there were two Bishops sitting at Rome (or anywhere else) at once: nor can even the labours and the learning of Baronius or Pagi convince us that Cletus and Anacletus were different persons; for the opinion is modern, and however imposing the authorities on which it rests, they are (with the one exception of the poem ascribed to Tertullian) mediæval and not ancient, and thus are not entitled to displace the express statements of S. Irenæus and other early writers who could not but have known the truth, and who are therefore the true sources to which we must look for a decision of the question. Eusebius, in the dates he assigns to S. Clement and his predecessors in his 'History' and 'Chronicon,' is not quite consistent with himself; yet we see no difficulty in accepting his general statement, (which agrees with that of S. Irenæus, and is supported by S. Jerome, in his 'De Script. Eccles.,') that, before S. Clement, there had sat two successive Bishops, whose united episcopates carry us down to the close of the first century. But because S. Clement, in chapters xl. and xli., seems to speak as if the service of the

¹ Ibid. cap. i. § 7.

Temple at Jerusalem were still in existence, it has been concluded that he wrote that epistle, and therefore sat as Bishop of Rome, if not in A.D. 66, yet at latest before the destruction of the Temple in A.D. 70.¹ His words, however, as Cotelierius and others have observed, are not conclusive, or necessarily to be received in a literal sense. And if we may infer anything relating to questions of chronology from a document which is in no way concerned with such subjects, but is occupied with matters entirely different, we might rather perhaps bring up S. Clement as a witness on the other side of the question. For, further on in his Epistle, he complains that those whom the Apostles had ordained were unlawfully deprived of their offices, although they had, for a long time, been well regarded by all.² He says, that S. Paul wrote to the Corinthians 'in the beginning of the Gospel.'³ He speaks of the martyrdom of that Apostle and S. Peter as if it had taken place some time back.⁴ These, as Tillemont justly observes, are not the expressions of one who is describing the events of three or four years ago merely. All, therefore, that can be really decided on the question is, that at the latter end of the century, either in A.D. 70, or from 90 to 100, S. Clement was sitting in the see of Rome as its Bishop. We should not omit to state that Bishop Pearson, from his own calculations, supported by the authority, such as it is, of Eutychius, (for we conceive it will be readily agreed that of the two, Pearson would rather support him, than that he could give authority to any statement or conclusion of that great scholar,) gives a much earlier date to S. Clement, concluding his episcopate A.D. 83, some years before Eusebius and S. Jerome begin it. But among other difficulties to which his scheme gives rise, the Bishop is thus compelled to give S. Clement fourteen years, instead of the period from six to nine ascribed to him by ancient writers: that is, if it be fair to infer anything from an incomplete chapter of a posthumous, and perhaps unfinished work. At least those best entitled to decide, tell us that S. Clement died at the end of the century, and was succeeded by Evarestus; from whose time, whatever merely chronological difficulties there may be, the succession itself is without dispute.

But we will no further inflict on our readers a dry chronological dissertation on a subject which has charms for few; which, with the scanty materials afforded by history, can never

¹ 'The perpetual sacrifices, whether of prayers, or for sin and error, are not offered everywhere, but in Jerusalem alone, and not in every place there, but before the Temple, at the altar, and the offering is examined by the chief priest and the forementioned ministers.'

² Ep. § xliv.

³ Ib. § xlviii.

⁴ Ib. § v.

be settled, and to enter fully into which would require a volume rather than a few pages.

Mr. Greenwood rejects, or at least greatly suspects, the works of S. Cyprian, thinking that they uphold too strongly the claims of the see of S. Peter.

'The Cyprianic theory coming so soon after the opinions expressed by Tertullian, Hippolytus, and Origen is indeed too sudden and abrupt not to startle the student of ecclesiastical history: Cyprian himself shines out like a meteor—no one knowing whence it came, or whither it vanished—in the Christian atmosphere; and if we may take Tertullian as in any respect the mouthpiece of public opinion of Africa in his day, or Origen as the exponent of the Alexandrian Church upon the "Tu es Petrus," it must indeed surprise us, within thirty years of their times, to hear a voice from Africa not only re-echoing the broadest claim of the Bishop of Rome to the heirship of Peter, but boldly presenting him to the world as the representative of that sacramental unity beyond whose pale there is no Christian life here below, and no hope of salvation hereafter. Yet throughout the whole of the third century the hierarchical and monarchical principles appear to have proceeded *pari passu* towards that fulness of pretension we find them to have arrived at in the fourth. And, indeed, it is believed that the Cyprianic writings, or those among them which are most open to suspicion, must have seen the light before the close of the latter era—probably within the same period of time which gave birth to the Clementine and pseudo-Ignatian fictions.'—P. 110.

Like the works of S. Ignatius, they contain a different doctrine to Mr. Greenwood's own on the subject of the Christian priesthood; and they therefore meet the same fate—rejection. He decides peremptorily and at once—in a tone and manner, we must say, the least likely of any that he could well have adopted to influence the opinion of his readers—that they were produced 'certainly not earlier than the fourth century,' and by some 'writers' of that age—he unfortunately neglects to tell us whom. If this be so, we can only submit that S. Basil greatly needed Mr. Greenwood at his side, when he cited the opinion and custom of S. Cyprian with regard to the Novatians and other heretics,¹ expressed only in the writings hitherto thought his own, but now ruled otherwise. And S. Gregory Nazianzen was very much in the dark when he dedicated an entire oration to his life and doctrines, even selecting him as especially worthy of commemoration above other martyrs: *σὺ δὲ μοι Κυπριανὲ τὸ τιμιώτατόν μοι καὶ πρᾶγμα καὶ ὄνομα πλέον ἢ κατὰ τοὺς ἄλλους μάρτυρας. κ. τ. λ.*² We must either side with these and other like authorities, as they have been considered, or with Mr. Greenwood.

To us there seems nothing extraordinary in the history of S. Cyprian. He was the first Bishop of note and the first martyr-Bishop of Carthage.³ A Bishop who was a man of

¹ Vol. iii. pp. 269, 270. Ed. Bened.

² Orat. xviii.

³ See his Life by Pontius. •

energy and ability might easily, one would think, gain for his see, during his life, a notoriety and an importance to which it had no intrinsic claim, and which it would lose on his death; without presenting any very great phenomenon in ecclesiastical history, much less necessitating his every act being questioned, and at last his very existence, against all common sense and reason, denied: yet this is in brief the case with S. Cyprian. It is very true that his works are garbled and disfigured by Romanist additions and interpolations; but a little care in the study of them will suffice to put the reader on his guard. Most of these blots have been introduced into the text since the time of Minucius, and they rest on the authority of one, or at the most, two MSS. only; ¹ and Bishop Fell, in his edition of the martyr's works, has carefully noted at the foot of each page all that is not genuine or trustworthy. One cause of Mr. Greenwood's condemnation of an author whose actions and writings have as a whole as good testimony to authenticity as those of any primitive writer, is, we think, his having put too much faith in the Benedictine edition of his works. Thus he mistrusts the '*De Unitate Ecclesiæ*,' on account of what he considers its undue development of the hierarchical system, and the prominent manner in which it enforces the claims of S. Peter. But the fact is, he has admitted more than one forged interpolation for a genuine reading. His extract from this piece is too long to be transferred to our pages; but we cannot avoid pointing out one or two instances in which the expressions that offend him, are not those which were written by S. Cyprian himself.

Thus, for the Latin, '*Super illum unum ædificat Ecclesiam suam, et illi pascendas mandat oves suas*,' which Mr. Greenwood translates—'upon him (Peter) singly, He builded His Church, and to him He commits His sheep to be pastured'—read '*super unum ædificat*,' and omit the whole of the latter clause. And in the following passage, the italicized words, which are most emphatic against the dogma of Petrine supremacy as held by modern Rome, he totally omits, '*Episcopatus unus est, cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur*.' Hence, Rigaltius admits that nowhere in the '*De Unitate*' is the primacy or the supremacy of S. Peter treated of, but the unity of the Church. 'Nay,' he continues, 'the primacy destroys the unity; for he who is one, is not first nor last, but is the only one.'² Considering how S. Cyprian himself, in another part of his writings, comments on the words in S. Matt. xvi. 18, which he quotes here; saying—'Hence, through the changes of time and of successions, the order of Bishops and the course of the Church flow down, that the Church may be placed upon Bishops, and every act of the Church be governed by those same præpositi;' and remembering

¹ See Fell's S. Cyprian, p. 76, note 2.

² Fell's S. Cyprian, p. 77, note 1.

also his emphatic repudiation, at the opening of the Council of Carthage (which discussed the subject of heretical baptisms), of any one Bishop making himself an 'episcopus episcoporum,' or compelling his colleagues to obey him through fear; and his assertion of the inalienable right which every Bishop has to judge and decide for himself: we think that there are, indeed, few writers of the early Church whose testimony is more adverse than his to claims such as those of modern Rome.

Our limited space compels us to pass over much that we should have wished, if possible, to notice. We must, therefore, confine our remaining observations to Mr. Greenwood's account of some of the chief movements and events of the Church. The chapters which contain the history of the Arian controversy are well and vigorously penned; but even in these the author's tendencies to mistrust occasionally peep out. He tells us in a brief note that the Œcumenical character of the Council of Nice is very doubtful; but gives us no reason for that opinion. Again, he says that its creed was signed by two hundred out of three hundred and twenty Bishops. Three hundred and eighteen is the mystical number commonly stated to have been present, of whom Socrates says that five, and Sozomen that seventeen only, refused to sign the creed. Even Philostorgius, who would of course make the best he could of the matter, says that the number of recusants was at first but twenty-two; and afterwards, when threats of banishment were held out against them, that two only, Secundus and Theonas, were found to remain firm to the cause of Arius. So, too, say Theodoret, Gothofred on Philostorgius, Cave, and others.

There are in this portion of the work one or two other inaccuracies of less note, such as the inadequate translation of a canon admitted and undoubted by Mr. Greenwood, of the (according to him) questionable and doubtful Council of Sardica: a Council which is, in fact, as well attested as any other event of the times. In his translation (p. 205), he omits the *εἰ δοκεῖ ὑμῶν τῇ ἀγάπῃ*—If it please your charity. The result of this omission is to make, so far, the cause of the Bishop of Rome better than it really is.¹

But when we come to his account of the Pelagian and Nestorian heresies, we find much, especially in the latter, from which we are compelled to dissent. If we may judge from the little he has said, he seems to think that the truth in the former question lay with the semi-Pelagians rather than with S. Augus-

¹ Mr. Greenwood appears not to have consulted with much attention the work 'De Concordiâ Sacerdotii et Imperii,' of the great and learned Peter de Marca, Archbishop of Paris. In the fourth and following chapters of his seventh book, he would have found much tending to strengthen his view; as also in the first volume, page 48 and following, of the 'Historia Conciliorum' of Richer.

tine or with the Pelagians; for he considers Divine grace to be not the *sole*, but merely the *principal* efficient cause of our salvation, after the sacrifice of the Cross; which, of the three doctrines then held on the subject, is, in essence, that of the semi-Pelagians. And we think that he is somewhat unjust to S. Augustine, when he says that 'he (Augustine) succeeded in obtaining from the two synods of the Numidian and Mauritanian provinces of Africa a formal and unqualified condemnation of the alleged heresies' (p. 285). The account of those Councils shows no other influence used by S. Augustine on the component members, than that which would inevitably be exercised by one of so great name and power over ordinary persons. And we strongly object to the terms in which Mr. Greenwood suffers himself to speak of the great S. Jerome, a doctor to whom the whole Church owes so much. At one time (p. 269), he terms him 'an atrabilious eremite,' and now he says, 'the fierce Jerome fixed his talons into the Pelagians,' &c.

He errs too, most seriously and most remarkably, when, throwing the onus of the Nestorian heresy on S. Cyril and the Church, he says that men 'had exalted the Virgin Mary to the eminence of Divinity, under the title of Theotokos' (p. 326); and that it was this object of religious veneration before which, by this time, almost the whole Christian world had bowed the knee, which Nestorius attacked. Mr. Greenwood forgets that it was not above fifty years, at the furthest, since S. Epiphanius had written his piece against the Collyridian heresy, in which everything approaching to worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary is expressly and indignantly forbidden, as a form of idolatry; and in which he says so emphatically—*Ναὶ μὴν ἅγιον ἦν τὸ σῶμα τῆς Μαρίας· οὐ μὴν Θεός. Ναὶ δὴ παρθένος ἦν ἡ Παρθένος, καὶ τετιμημένη, ἀλλ' οὐκ εἰς προσκύνησιν ἡμῖν δοθείσα, ἀλλὰ προσκυνοῦσα τὸν ἐξ αὐτῆς σαρκὶ γεγεννημένον ἀπ' οὐρανῶν δὲ ἐκ κόλπων πατρῶων παραγεννόμενον.*¹

But we can scarcely wonder if his account of the Nestorian heresy is somewhat confused; for, to him, the doctrine of S. Cyril is 'scarcely intelligible;' and that of Nestorius himself involves a 'mystical and unexplained combination of the humanity and divinity.' He leans throughout to the side of Nestorius, in whom he sees only the victim of an attempt to remove a crying abuse. With him S. Cyril 'revels in mysticism;' is 'a teacher of a new and peculiar dogma;' 'is calculated only to entangle and perplex his adversaries;' is 'one who filled the Christian world with pamphlet clamour.'

The truth is, that the dignity of the Blessed Virgin Mary was in no manner the subject of this controversy. Nestorius

¹ Collyrid. Her., lxxix. § 4.

was condemned not for endeavouring to put a period to her worship, but for striking at the root of the doctrine of the Incarnation. The question between the Church with S. Cyril, and Nestorius was, whether Christ was merely a man inhabited by the personal Son and Word of God dwelling in him the personal Son of Mary, as He dwelt in S. Paul or S. John; or whether the union of the Godhead and manhood were personal, and made one Son and one person only: whether it were merely an inhabitation of God in man, by a mere moral union, or 'union of honour;' or whether it were a personal oneness of God and man. Denying the hypostatic union, Nestorius inevitably denied the Incarnation; and to this his heresy tends. The word 'Theotokos' had been in use long before the days of Nestorius, as Suicer would have shown Mr. Greenwood, had he consulted his pages. There was, too, an Arian taint in, and in connexion with, this heresy, as has been shown by more than one of its historians: and thus it was no mere hair-splitting, but the denial of at least one vital doctrine of Christianity, against which S. Cyril was called on to stand.¹

Mr. Greenwood also reflects on S. Cyril as having acted in an arbitrary and one-sided manner in the Council of Ephesus; and instead of condemning the irregular conduct of Nestorius' ally, John of Antioch, for pretending to hold a Council by himself, and for his presumption in taking on him to excommunicate S. Cyril, he sees in him 'the only right-minded leader on either side.'

¹ We remember the words of the deepest and most earnest teacher of the truth of this profound mystery which the later Church has seen, and which show us, in their fullness and rich abundance, the poverty of almost everything else that has been said on the subject:—'Some things He doth as God, because His Deity alone is the well-spring from which they flow; some things as man, because they issue from His mere human nature; some things jointly, as both God and man, because both natures concur as principles thereunto' 'A kind of mutual commutation there is, whereby those concrete names *God* and *Man*, when we speak of Christ, do take interchangeably one another's room, so that for truth of speech, it skilleth not whether we say that the Son of God hath created the world, and the Son of Man by his death hath saved it; or else, that the Son of Man did create, and the Son of God died to save the world. Howbeit, as oft as we attribute to God what the manhood of Christ claimeth, or to man what His deity hath right unto, we understand by the name of God and the name of Man, neither the one nor the other nature, but the whole person of Christ, in whom both natures are. When the Apostle saith of the Jews that they crucified the Lord of Glory, and when the Son of Man being on earth affirmeth that the Son of Man was in heaven at the same instant, there is in these two speeches that mutual circulation, before mentioned. In the one, there is attributed to God, or the Lord of Glory, death, whereof Divine nature is not capable; in the other, ubiquity unto man, which human nature admitteth not. Therefore, by the Lord of Glory we must needs understand the whole person of Christ, who, being Lord of Glory, was indeed crucified, but not in that nature for which He is termed the Lord of Glory. In like manner, by the Son of Man the whole person of Christ must necessarily be meant, who, being man upon earth, filled heaven with His glorious presence; but not according to that nature for which the title of Man is given Him.'—*Hooker*, book v. chap. liii. §§ 3, 4.

We should wonder at this favour shown by Mr. Greenwood to the defeated Heresiarch, and the aversion he manifests to S. Cyril, did he not, in many other places of his work, betray that characteristic of the school to which he belongs, of sympathising with heretical teachers, and casting opprobrium on their opponents. It seems to be considered by those who allow themselves in this custom to be more profound and original, to enunciate views and give relations of events quite different to those of previous historians; as if the latter had been wholly mistaken, and it were now the privilege of their more happy and clear-sighted followers to put them right.

And, as might be expected, S. Cyril, who finds so little favour with Mr. Greenwood in relation to his conduct in the Nestorian heresy, is to be made responsible for that of Eutyches. We prefer to follow the forcible and true view given by Hooker :

‘ But forasmuch as S. Cyril, the chiefest of those two hundred Bishops assembled in the Council of Ephesus, where the heresy of Nestorius was condemned, had in his writings against the Arians avouched that the Word or Wisdom of God hath *but one nature* which is eternal, and whereunto he assumed flesh again, forasmuch as the same Cyril had given instance in the body and soul of man no farther than only to enforce by example against Nestorius, that a visible and invisible, a mortal and immortal substance may united make *one person*, the words of Cyril were in process of time so taken as though it had been his drift to teach, that even as in us the body and the soul, so in Christ God and man make but *one nature*. Of which error, six hundred and thirty fathers in the Council of Chalcedon condemned Eutyches.’¹

It seems to us impossible to doubt that S. Cyril did not hold anything like Eutychianism. He had to do with heretics who held two natures without union, and therefore two persons. To repress this, as far as in him lay, S. Cyril had necessarily to lay all possible stress on the fact of the *oneness*: he seems indeed to extend this oneness from the person to the natures; but whether (as Hooker in the above passage, and others, think) he meant ‘person’ by ‘nature’ or not, he is clearly opposed to the peculiar tenet of Eutyches; for he says, ‘ Each remains ‘ in its natural propriety, and being unspeakably made one, ‘ there is one nature, but incarnated;’—‘*Ἐν ιδιότητι, τῇ κατὰ φύσιν, ἐκατέρου μένοντος τε καὶ νοουμένου,*’² is as far as it goes equivalent to, and expresses precisely the same doctrine, as the grander and more developed words of S. Leo in his letter to Flavian:—

‘ Agit enim utraque forma cum alterius communione, quod proprium est. Verbo scilicet operante quod verbi est, et carne exsequente quod carnis est.’

¹ Book v. chap. lii. § 4.

² Epist. post. ad Success. The question is fully discussed by Petavius, De Incarn. Lib. iv. cap. vi. vii. viii.

And—

‘Ut agnosceretur in eo proprietas divinæ humanæque naturæ, individua permanere.’ (Chap. v.)

And lastly, in that to Julian—

‘Idem enim et sempiternus ex Patre, et temporalis ex Matre; in sua virtute inviolabilis, in nostra infirmitate passibilis: in Deitate Trinitatis cum Patre et Spiritu Sancto unius ejusdemque naturæ; in susceptione autem hominis non unius substantiæ, sed unius ejusdemque personæ; ut idem esset lives in paupertate, omnipotens in objectione, impassibilis in supplicio, immortalis in morte. Nec enim Verbum aut in carnem, aut in animam aliqua sui parte conversum est; cū simplex et incommutabilis natura Deitatis, tota in sua sit semper essentia, nec damnum sui recipiens, nec augmentum: et sic assumtam naturam beatificans, ut glorificata in glorificante permaneat.’—P. 246.

S. Cyril, in the first part of the sentence quoted above, expressly denies any such confusion of the humanity with the Divinity, or conversion into it, or cessation of the natural properties of each nature, as Eutyches taught. In the first clause he teaches the ‘*utriusque naturæ proprietates*,’ afterwards denied by Eutyches; and, in the second, he opposes the doctrine of Nestorius. It was no fault of his if afterwards, Eutyches, relying upon words and expressions, perverted his true and essential meaning. Whatever that Heresiarch or his followers may pretend, he has not ‘the Doctor of the Humanity’ for his master; and we cannot, for our own part, doubt, that could S. Cyril himself have been appealed to on the question, he would have indignantly repudiated any fellowship with the doctrine he is supposed to have originated.

The last point we can notice is the account of the life and acts of S. Leo. The chapters given to these are by far the best in the book, and form a truly valuable addition to ecclesiastical history. There are indeed one or two statements, as regards the doctrinal part of the subject, to which we can hardly assent. Mr. Greenwood does not see, as he did with S. Cyril and Nestorius, merely one Bishop persecuting another for a point difficult of comprehension, and of little or no moment in itself, in which, perhaps, the condemned was more right than his judge: he acknowledges that the Eutychians were heretics, and that their doctrine did require to be suppressed; but he hardly seems to have apprehended rightly S. Leo’s own doctrine or duty in the question. He says that S. Leo took the task on himself ‘of so framing a theory of the Incarnation, as to steer a middle course between the Nestorian and Eutychian doctrines of the two natures in Christ.’ (P. 492.) The Church’s truths are not formed by the theorizing of her individual Doctors; and S. Leo’s duty was not to construct any opinion or system merely his own (which would necessarily have been rejected as such), but to declare authoritatively what was the teaching of Holy Scripture

and the Church on the subject; and this he has most effectually done. Again, when Mr. Greenwood says that—

‘S. Leo contended against the hypostatic union, and had easy work in refuting the opinion that the Son of God had not been born, lived, suffered, and died as God manifest in the flesh,’ (p. 494,)

he seems, unless there is some strange mistake in the print, to make him hold opinions contrary to each other. On the one hand, to oppose the hypostatic union would be to commit himself to Nestorianism: and, on the other hand, to maintain that the Son of God was born and died, was to assert the Catholic faith against that heresy; in fact, to teach, not to oppose the hypostatic union. And he is in error, too in thinking that S. Leo, in his letter to Flavian, ‘uses the word *forma*, as synonymous with *persona*.’ (P. 493.) If so, in the following passage of that letter he teaches pure Nestorianism,—

‘Sicut enim Deus non mutatur miseratione, ita homo non consumitur dignitate. Agit enim utraque forma cum alterius communione quod proprium est. Verbo scilicet operante quod Verbi est, et carne exsequente quod carnis est.’¹

The context clearly fixes the meaning of ‘*forma*’ as synonymous with ‘*natura*,’ and not with ‘*persona*.’ We take the ‘*utraque forma*’ here to be equivalent to the ‘*utraq̃ue naturā*’ in the following passage, which forms the commencement of the next chapter of the Epistle.

‘Propter hanc ergo unitatem personæ in utrāque naturā intelligendam, et filius, hominis legitur descendisse de cælo, cum filius Dei carnem de cā Virgine, de quā est natus, assumerit.’²

In fact, S. Leo’s ‘*utraque forma*’ has the same force as S. Paul’s *μορφὴν δούλου λαβών*; or as it is in the Vulgate, ‘*formam servi accipiens* :’ i. e., not having two personalities, but taking human nature.

Mr. Greenwood has, however, effectually proved his main point, that S. Leo greatly advanced the power and assumption of the see of Rome; partly, however, from the nature of the case, and partly from having been compelled to give so much space to prior and more important questions, we are under the necessity of referring our readers for proof of this assertion to Mr. Greenwood’s own pages. It would be an injustice too, both to his subject and to himself, to attempt to compress or give an abbreviated account of his able statements of the matter.

Before we adopt an author’s conclusions, we must be sure that we can accept his premises; and we regret that such has not always been the case with this, in the main, valuable and carefully written work. Whatever be Mr. Greenwood’s mistakes, or as we think his fundamental errors, his main point, we repeat, is proved: that the modern claims of the Church of

¹ Epistola ad Flavianum, Cap. iv.

² Epist. ad Fla. Cap. v.

Rome are not apostolic, and were not known to the early ages of the Church; and therefore cannot, of necessity, claim either our faith or obedience.

In parting from Mr. Greenwood, on the one hand, we are pleased to see that he has the application requisite for the production of some great work; and what is more, the faith to labour without looking for any reward, and the patience not to rush before the world with anything imperfect or unfinished, or written merely to sell; he can await the poet's prescribed period—

‘ ——— Nonumque prematur in annum,
Membranis intus positis;’¹

or if necessary, double the time, until he sees that his work is really perfect. But with all respect for his standing and achievements in a difficult field of literature, we would say, let him be on his guard against something in his pages not unlike self-confidence, that not seldom jars on his reader's mind; and an occasional tendency arbitrarily to lay down the law on dogmatic questions, which no single individual, even though he were a Doctor of the Church, can or ought to decide. In addition, he should cast off the undue influence he at present accords to the opinions of Chevalier Bunsen, and the, we must say, falsely called critical school, of which he has been allowed to become the coryphæus.

Lastly, let him bear in mind, that the Christian Church was never meant to be simply an arena for the contention of conflicting intellects, nor her faith a subject for mere logical and scholastic disquisitions. Without their wonderful grace to do and to endure, the ancient champions of the faith could never have attained the place they hold in the favour of God and the estimation of men; and a single good action done, or one injury borne, for the truth, is of more value in the sight of God than the most subtle and profound exhibition in her cause of the mere powers of intellect. The work of the Church is not done—it is, at best, but begun—when she has laid down her definitions and stated her verities.

Bearing this in mind, and perhaps a little subduing his tone in accordance with it, the continuation of his work which Mr. Greenwood half promises us, will, at least by us, be gladly welcomed; and the faults we have now ventured to point out being amended, we doubt not that the Church will yet give among her historians, a high rank to the Author of the ‘*Cathedra Petri*.’

¹ Horace, *De Arte Poetica*.

ART. II.—*The Illustrated Handbook of Architecture (with 850 Illustrations on Wood)*. By JAMES FERGUSSON, M.R.I.B.A. London: Murray. 1855.

FOREMOST among the books of modern days which have most enlarged our acquaintance with the aspect of other countries, stand those on physical geography. In them the accumulated wealth of ages of investigation and explorations, the results of patient study and deep research, are alike embodied and exhibited at one glance to the eye of the eager inquirer.

It may, indeed, have been in our memory from school days that the vine will not ripen its fruit northward of such or such a point—that the olive will not endure the cold beyond the valley of this or that river; but the facts float in the mind with the vagueness of a mere theory. Let us open the volume—the mists are dispelled at once. Those delicate lines which bend across the surface of Europe with the curving flow of a dishevelled tendril, once seen, will not soon be forgotten. Modified, it may be, by a thousand varying influences—here gliding down the course of a river—here hedged in by the wall-like ridges of some mountain chain—here yielding to the softening breathings of some ocean current, wafted from the islands of the tropics to fade away among the icebergs of Scandinavia—the line, gentle as its course may appear, is nevertheless inexorable as fate. It marks the limits of a decree, resistless as that which meted out the bounds of the ocean, determinate as that which fixed the duration of human life.

The service thus rendered by science to geography, Mr. Fergusson has now as ably performed for architecture. He is the Jussieu of what we may call the natural orders of his art. In his pages, it is the history not of the limits of tribes of plants, but of tribes of men, which is marked out by the forms of their habitations and temples. And often, as in geological diagrams, the original stratum is found strangely dislocated, or the monuments of inhabitants who dwelt on a surface, now buried fathoms deep by the irruption of some later formation, are reduced to a few fragments of bones scattered and water-worn. So here we may trace the influence of Assyria on India, again on Greece, and on Imperial Rome. We may learn how the passes over the Alps were as carefully garrisoned by the Romans as by the power which now grasps the north of Italy.

And in the south of Spain mark the influence which the volcanic invasion of the Moors exercised over the fierce spirits of the Iberian peninsula. There were manuals in abundance, and charts in abundance, before Mr. Fergusson's book appeared. Individual kingdoms had been carefully mapped and described; but no Englishman, up to his time, had ever truly taken all architecture to be his portion. From the east to the west, from the north to the south, no region of any importance is without an illustration from his ready pencil, or without a concise clever *résumé* of the leading features of the styles which prevailed within its boundaries. In central Europe we notice one omission alone of any importance. We could wish that the same knowledge which sketched out the history of Etruscan architecture and the extent to which it modified Roman art, had done as much for those Druidical remains which still linger among us, like the leaves on an oak into the late spring. It is true they have faded away, and left the world no copy. It is true that even in this age of universal plagiarism, no one has ever thought of raising a new Stonehenge. But yet the history of those scattered stones is not altogether to be despised. It is very singular to observe how the earliest inhabitants in Europe, as in Africa, were gradually driven up to the extreme edge of the land. The buildings they left are rough, it is true; but the great Dolmen of Pontigné, near Saumur, is far better preserved than the sepulchres of the Horatii and Curiatii on the Appian Way. The early British fortification which guards the wave-worn promontory of the Logan Stone, is as distinctly marked as the ruins of the Roman station on the corresponding spit of land at the entrance of the Morbihan, placed to curb the proud spirit of the Veneti. And the view of the sunset through the long avenue of grey pillars at Carnac—over that landscape, broken only beside by the undulations of the firm granite substratum, scarcely veiled from sight by the short thin grass, which slopes down to the blue waves of the ever restless Atlantic—may well deserve to remain in the memory, even by the side of those long ranges of piers of mournful aqueducts, which, like the bridge in the vision of Mirza, span with their broken desolation the solitude of the Campagna of Rome.

But the wonder is, far rather, at the enormous storehouse of material which this book contains. And here let Mr. Fergusson speak for himself. After recapitulating the works of those who have partially occupied the ground before—from worthy old Agincourt, with his Gothic emanating as a style from the ideas awakened in the mind by the crossing of a whale's jaw-bone, or the interlacing of the boughs of a forest, down to Mr. Gwilt—he very modestly says:—

'As these works have failed in utilising the immense mass of information now available (either from being published too early, or from other causes), it is believed that, there is still room for another attempt, which, without being too popular, should yet be intelligible in every part to the general reader, and without attempting to be scientific, should from its comprehensiveness convey, even to the professional artist, a certain amount of knowledge not easily accessible to all. It can, of course, make no pretensions to compete with the splendid monographies of individual buildings which crowd the shelves of an architectural library, nor even with the separate and detailed histories of local styles. The study of these is indispensable to a perfect acquaintance with the subject; but even this may be facilitated by a general *résumé* of the whole.'

The difficulties in arranging the materials are then summarily disposed of by the *mezzo termine* of a plan, partly chronological, partly topographical. India leads the way with a description of Buddhist architecture. We might, perhaps, be inclined to quarrel, on the very threshold, with an arrangement which starts with a style which cannot, on its own showing, go back to a period earlier, at most, than 250 B.C.; but the convenience of the plan outweighs other considerations. In the very first views, we are confronted with the Assyrian honeysuckle ornament. It is very interesting to meet a decoration domiciled here, which, *via* Greece, is now as completely acclimatized in Europe as in the land which originally adopted those graceful lines. The rock-hewn temples and monasteries succeed; the cave at Karli, on the road between Bombay and Poonah, stands first on the list. It seems perfectly clear that all these rock-hewn cave temples are imitated from constructed buildings—the long rows of columns, the wooden ribs in the curved ceilings, alike indicate this; and the plans and arrangement so closely follow far more modern structures, that it is scarcely possible to escape the conclusion that the ascribed date, A.D. 78, is decidedly earlier than the truth.

The caves and excavated temples of Ellora are next described. Mr. Fergusson has possessed the great advantage of having personally explored the buildings described in this section of his work, and he has largely availed himself of this advantage. But we can hardly forgive him for the remorseless accuracy of calculation with which he destroys at one unkind blow, unkind and perfectly irresistible, a treasured belief of our younger years, when the inspection of a glorious copy of Daniell's views in Hindostan was a rare treat, highly valued. In those happy days of ignorance the caves of Ellora held a place, *pari passu*, with the pyramids of Egypt in our fancy, and, we doubt not, in the imaginations of many more; but listen to Mr. Fergusson:—

'Considerable misconception exists on the subject of cutting temples in the rock. Almost every one who sees these temples, is struck with the apparently prodigious amount of labour bestowed on their excavation; and there is no doubt that their monolithic character is the principal source

of the awe and wonder with which they have been regarded, and that, had the Kylas been an edifice of masonry, situated on the plain, it would scarcely have attracted the attention of European travellers at all. In reality, however, it is considerably easier and less expensive to excavate a temple than to build one. Take, for instance, the Kylas, the most wonderful of all this class. To excavate the area on which it stands would require the removal of about 100,000 cubic yards of rock; but, as the base of the temple is solid, and the superstructure massive, it occupies in round numbers about one-half of the excavated area, so that the question is simply this—whether it is easier to chip away 50,000 yards of rock, and to shoot it, to spoil it (to borrow a railway term) down a hill-side, or to quarry 50,000 cubic yards of stone, remove it, probably a mile at least, to the place where the temple is to be built, and then to raise and set it. The excavating process would probably cost about one-tenth of the other. The sculpture and ornament would be the same in both instances, more especially in India, where buildings are always set up in block, and the carving executed in situ. Nevertheless, the impression produced on spectators by those monolithic masses—their unalterable character, and appearance of eternal durability—point to the process as one meriting more attention than it has hitherto received in modern times.

There is one objection, however, to this process being followed to any considerable extent—the comparative rareness of instances in which suitable rocks are found in suitable places for sites of temples, cathedrals, or even great national monuments. The mountain must be brought piecemeal to Mahomet, since in this case Mahomet cannot go to the mountain. We must not, however, tarry longer here, though the magnificent landing-places or ghâts, and the elegant balcony at Benares, the latest specimens of native art, compared with the bald mass which English designers have erected as the palace of the Governor-general at Calcutta, might suggest matter for curious speculation. No instance could be selected more confirmatory of the judgment, enforced by Messrs. Fergusson and Ruskin, that the imitative styles of modern Europe are destitute alike of truth and of vitality.

The characteristic features of the Chinese are happily exhibited in one short chapter; so few have been the changes of style in that land, the main stronghold of tradition. From China we are conducted at once to America. Here the labours of Messrs. Catherwood and Pentland are put into requisition. The singular straight sided arches at Uxmal, in Yucatan, are duly commented on. The hosts of theories which have traced the architecture of these lands to every source that was possible, and some that were scarcely so, are likewise chronicled. After which the common sense of the author wells out afresh.

'A far more tempting field of speculation is to trace the similarities which exist between this style and that of Egypt, of Pelasgia or Assyria, of China, Mongolia, &c.; and certainly there are striking similarities to many of these; the essential differences are, however, on the other hand so remarkable, that, though it is impossible to deny the coincidences, it is far

safer, for the present at least, to ascribe them to the common instincts implanted by Nature in all the varieties of the human race, which lead all mankind, in certain climates and at a certain stage of civilization, to do the same thing in the same way, or nearly so, even without any teaching, or previous communication with those who have done so before.'

The Peruvians rather excelled in engineering than in architecture. During the reigns of their last Incas they constructed a great road from their oldest capital, Cuzco, to Sinca.

'The road itself was, perhaps, the most extraordinary work of their race, being built of large blocks of hard stone, fitted together with the greatest nicety, and so well constructed as to remain entire to the present day, where uninjured by the hand of man.'

The fortifications of one of the termini of this great causeway, Cuzco, are very singular. They rival the works of mediæval Italian engineers, and go far to prove that their proverb, *Duro con duro, non fa buon muro*, is not of universal application.

'They are composed of immense blocks of limestone, of polygonal form, but beautifully fitted together; and some of the stones are eight and ten feet in length, by at least half as many in width and height, and weigh from fifteen to twenty tons; these are piled one over the other in three successive terraces, and are arranged with a degree of skill nowhere else to be met with in any work of fortification anterior to the age of gunpowder. To use a modern term, it is a fortification *en tenaille*; the re-entering angles are all right angles, so contrived that every part is seen, and as perfectly flanked in as the best European fortifications of the present day. It is not a little singular that this perfection should have been reached by a rude people in Southern America, while it escaped the Greeks and Romans, as well as the mediæval engineers.'

After these excursions, Mr. Fergusson, with whom we are rejoiced to turn from the New World to the Old, places us by the side of the cradle of civilized architecture which was first rocked on the banks of the Euphrates. Till within the last fourteen years, the whole architecture of Assyria was a blank. Recent discoveries have done much to fill up the gap, and we may now say that we know the head waters of the rills of Assyria, as well as of Egypt; their united streams are the sources of all European architecture. Mr. Layard's careful and conscientious transcripts give not only the groundwork, but, with Sir H. Rawlinson's essays, nearly the whole material of this section. We do not know whether we owe to their, or Mr. Fergusson's courage, the plan and elevation of Birs Nimroud, in which not merely the form of that now perfectly shapeless mass, from which every inch of original outline has been long since melted by the rain of centuries, is restored to it; but the colour also is assigned to each successive stage.

Persia, and the very interesting tomb of Cyrus, follow next. Syria, and the buildings of Solomon, form a chapter by them-

selves, though short as the history of the dynasty which he founded. 'How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!' While many walls of the palace of Xerxes yet stand, whilst sculptures from Nimroud, of far earlier date, are still perfect as the day they were first carved, one capital alone, doubtfully ascribed to the age of Herod; remains to attest the glory of those sacred buildings which once crowned the Hill of Sion.

Lycia is the next point on the panorama. The oldest structures are the tumuli of Tantalais, which, though wholly of stone, bear so strong a family likeness to those of Magna Græcia, that 'they seem as if left there most opportunely to authenticate the tradition of the Etruscans having sailed from this port 'for Italy.' Next in age, follow a remarkable series of monuments, which, whether rock-cut, or constructed, 'indicate distinctly a wooden origin'; in one instance 'all the mortices and framing, even to the pins that held them together, being 'literally rendered in the stonework.' Sometimes these tombs are surmounted with 'a curvilinear roof of pointed form, also in all its parts a copy of an original in wood.' Sometimes a flat roof is substituted, 'nearly similar to those common in the 'country at the present day, consisting of beams of unsquared 'timber, laid side by side as close as they can be laid, and over 'these a mass of concrete, or clay, sufficiently thick to prevent 'the rain from penetrating through,' but all hewn in the living rock. No other architecture of the Western world exhibits such distinct instances of petrified carpentry.

We are then conducted to Egypt. Mr. Fergusson, finding that the *best* authorities for the date of the great Pyramid differ between themselves for the trifling period of 2,400 years, wisely avoids the useless controversy, and contents himself with stating facts which can really be seen, and inferences which may fairly be drawn. He seems, however, bent on striking another of the prized wonders of the world off the list.

'The early Egyptians built neither for beauty nor for use, but for eternity. To this last they sacrificed every other feeling. In itself nothing can be less artistic than a pyramid. A tower, either round or square, or of any other form, and of the same dimensions, would have been far more imposing; and if of sufficient height, the mass being the same, might almost attain to sublimity; but a pyramid never looks as large as it is, and not till you almost touch it can you be brought to believe that its dimensions are so great as they are. This is owing principally to all its parts sloping away from the eye, instead of boldly challenging observation; but on the other hand, no form is so stable, none so capable of resisting the injuries of time or force, and none, consequently, so well calculated to attain the object for which the Pyramids were erected. As examples of technic art, they are unrivalled among the works of men, but they rank among the lowest if judged by the æsthetic rules of architectural art.'

The further Mr. Fergusson voyages up the Nile, the warmer, as it is to be expected, his feelings become. Though he sees little to admire in the gigantic structures of Memphis, he makes up for this hardness of judgment by devout admiration in the shrines of Thebes. The Rhamession receives much praise, but he fairly bows down and worships in the hypostyle hall, at Karnac. There are great outworks of colonnades; the hall itself is '340 feet by 170, and with its two pylons covers more than 88,000 square feet, a greater area than Cologne, the 'largest of all our northern cathedrals.' The general arrangement consists of enormous rows of columns, dividing the building into many aisles.

'But no language can convey an idea of its beauty, and no artist has yet been able to reproduce its form so as to convey, to those who have not seen it, an idea of its grandeur. The mass of its central piers, illumined by a flood of light from the clerestory, and the smaller pillars of the wings gradually fading into obscurity, are so arranged and so lighted, as to convey an idea of infinite space; at the same time, the beauty and massiveness of the forms, and the brilliancy of their coloured decorations, all combine to stamp this as the greatest of man's architectural works.'

If the earlier works of Egypt have a stronger hold on our author's admiration, the later structures appear to possess a greater claim on his sympathies. In describing the Ptolemaic temple on the island of Phylæ, he says:—

'No Gothic architect, in his wildest moments, ever played so freely with his lines or dimensions, and none, it must be added, ever produced any thing so beautifully picturesque as this. It contains all the play of light and shade, all the variety of Gothic art, with the massiveness and grandeur of the Egyptian style. It is true, it is far less sublime than many, but hardly one can be quoted as more beautiful than it is.'

Before bidding the Egyptians farewell, Mr. Fergusson vindicates their character from the imputation of ignorance of the use of the arch in construction. The strong desire that they and their works should last to the latest posterity, exemplified alike in their mode of sepulture and their tombs, appears to have caused them to decline to use this method of construction in all cases where, by so doing, the security of the building was rendered in the slightest degree doubtful.

From Egypt, Mr. Fergusson sails with the stream of architecture to Greece; and thenceforward with only a few short excursions, he abides in Europe altogether. The scanty relics of Pelasgic art proper are considered first. To attempt any argument from drawings merely, is alike difficult and extraliable to error; and the materials in this case are very scanty. But there appears to be a decided family likeness between the lions at Mycenæ, and their celebrated brethren who grimly

guard the entrance to the arsenal at Venice; the fiercest of whom bears those celebrated Runic carvings, the admiration and the despair of successive generations of inquirers. There likewise appears a decided generic resemblance between the decoration of the broken pillar in front of the Tomb of Atreus, and the recognised forms of Runic carving. What, if all these should really be contemporary? What if they should be the sole surviving relics in evidence of a time when the Scandinavian races dominated in the sunny regions of the south?

It is strange, yet a source of hope, to find that the style with which the Greeks started on that race which they ran with such pre-eminent skill and success, was an imported, we may truly say, a borrowed style. Strange, because at first sight one would conclude that those who could employ the style so powerfully must have been more than mere copyists; a source of hope to those who, like us, have to be content with borrowing, when we see to what glories of perfection even imitators may rise, when they consult precedents, not to fetter themselves with their weight, but simply and earnestly to employ those riches of the accumulations of ages the best way they can.

Mr. Fergusson proceeds to instance the models followed. In the history of architecture, as of other things—

—‘All experience is the arch wherethro’
Gleams that untravell’d world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever as we move.’

The origin of the style of the Doric temple at Corinth is referred to the rock-cut shrine at Beni-Hassan; what future Bruce or Fergusson shall discover for us the source whence that also ‘is most indisputably copied?’ The history of the various ‘orders’ follows, clear, concise, and intelligible. We miss, however, the ‘braids of hair,’ and the charming story of the basket and acanthus leaf. When we opened on the early Corinthian capital, entwined also with the honeysuckle ornament, we had hoped there might have been at least some delightful story to account for that elegant device; but no; ‘Les plus belles choses ont le pire destin.’ All these cherished traditions are summarily knocked on the head by the announcement that ‘the Corinthian order is as essentially borrowed from the bell-shaped capitals of Egypt, as the Doric is from their oldest pillars.’ However ruthless in this way Mr. Fergusson may be, he deserves the highest praise for the common sense with which he names his examples from the source whence they come, as, order ‘of the choragic monument of Lysicrates,’ order ‘of the Tower of the Winds, Athens; the fact being, we believe, as we shall see more clearly with the help of the greater number of examples extant at Rome,

that no two examples exactly correspond. The architect, dealing with a living style, in fact moulded each 'order' with reference to the individual requirements of the position and *entourage* of the site, or else invented what appears to us a caprice, to avoid monotony. Was it likely that a race of men who could devise a convex profile; of a very delicate hyperbolic curve, to the extent of $\frac{1}{160}$ of the whole height of the pillars of the Parthenon—who could carry the architrave 'upwards, so as to form 'a very flat arch, just sufficient to correct the optical delusion 'arising from the interference of the sloping lines of the pediment'—would confine themselves within the formal etiquette of a rigid mannerism? The want of these delicate attentions, it is most justly observed, cause that rigidity and poverty observable in all modern copies from these styles. Mr. Fergusson's hypothesis as to the manner of lighting the Grecian temples by a kind of clerestory, obtained by countersinking into the roof, so as in fact to form three ridges, appears to us ingenious as well as probable.

In Hellas, as well as in Egypt, the age of picturesqueness appears to have succeeded the age of grandeur. One of the latest works,

'the Erechtheium, consisted, properly speaking, of three temples grouped together, and it is astonishing what pains the architect took to prevent their being mistaken for one. The porticos of two of them are on different levels, and the third or caryatide porch is of a different height and different style. Every one of these features is perfectly symmetrical in itself, and the group is beautifully balanced and arranged; and yet no Gothic architect in his wildest moments could have conceived anything more picturesquely irregular than the whole becomes.'

With regard to the palatial and domestic architecture of Greece we can only join our regret to Mr. Fergusson's, that so few specimens of the manner in which they were treated remain. But the gap in the links of the chain is here utterly irreparable.

Mr. Fergusson approaches Roman architecture through the porch of Etruria. And very justly; for the influence that power exercised over the empire which subjugated and assimilated everything within the limits of its sway is most remarkable. To Etruscan architects the first buildings in Rome which aspired to be more than the hut of Romulus must be ascribed. The skill with which they constructed is attested by the fact that the Cloaca Maxima still ably performs the functions for which it was originally designed. And if, at this very day, you climb the long slope of the Aventine hill, and seek out the *Vigna del Collegio Romano*, and pass beneath the trellised vines, beneath whose shade the students and fathers

every Thursday take their weekly recreation, you may see, on the brow of the declivity which overlooks the Monte Testaccio and the pyramid of Caius Sestius, the stones of the walls, perfect as when first imbedded in the mortar, which were compacted into the form they still hold in the days of monarchical Rome. One thing is to be observed in all their early arches: the voussoirs were curved equally on both sides: as if these primitive builders thought there was some spell in the arch form, which could not hold good unless both sides of the stone were served alike. Though in Rome the 'orders' were a step further from their primary source, they were applied with the same dashing originality as in Greece. Mr. Fergusson appears almost bewildered by the *embarras de richesses* of his details. After speaking of the Corinthian order, and naming many buildings constructed in it, he continues—

'Besides these, there are at least fifty varieties of Corinthian capitals, either in Rome or in various parts of the Roman empire.'

The real explanation of which we take to be, simply, that so many more examples of Roman work being preserved than of earlier styles, we have exactly so many more modifications according to the requirement of each building. Every architect, in fact, varied his arrangements according to his own individual views—keeping just that general agreement to the required outlines of the style which was requisite to enable the building to be considered within its limits—to be ranked as the offspring of a free, not of a licentious architecture. Compare the portico of the Maison Carrée with that of the Pantheon, and scarce two details will be found to correspond. Compare again the proportions of the temple at Tivoli with the temple of Vesta at Rome. The one contains the 'stoutest' and the other the 'slenderest example of a Corinthian column known.'

'It may be, however, that this difference of style has no connexion with the relative age of the two buildings, but is merely an instance of the good taste of the age to which they belong. The Roman example, being placed in a low and flat situation, required all the height that could be given it; that at Tivoli, being placed on the edge of a rock, required as much solidity as the order would admit of, to prevent its looking poor and insecure. A Gothic or a Greek architect would certainly have made this distinction.'

Had we written the passage, we should have been inclined to substitute 'we cannot doubt' for 'it may be.'

We must, however, dissent from Mr. Fergusson's theory about the relative ages of the two portions of the Pantheon, and agree with those who believe that 'the portico was added by Agrippa to the pre-existing rotunda.' It is scarcely possible to believe that that stately porch, roofed with enormous

slabs of stone, once strengthened with that massive covering of brass now so ruthlessly stripped away, formed only the entrance to a building consisting of 'rectangular cells of the Etruscan form constructed of wood, or at any rate with a 'wooden roof.' However little 'fire could damage such a building as we now find,' that circular building itself bears to this day the evident traces of some tremendous conflagration. And the fragments of a pediment which rise above the lines of the present one, on either side, apparently indicate an earlier front masked by the present portico. There may be faults, architecturally considered, in the building—it may be that 'perhaps the greatest defect of the building is a want of height 'internally in the perpendicular part, which the dome appears to 'overpower and crush;' but when one has threaded the gloom of the deep shade of the portico, and passed the massive bronze doors which have turned on their solid hinges to admit the successive generations of more than 1800 years, and emerged, at length, beneath the cool shelter of that dome—as one watches the tender curving lines of shadow in the circling roof whilst the brilliant rays search out more and more of the worn and uneven pavement which has been trodden by the feet and furrowed by the rain of centuries—one feels that apart from the association of the spot with so much that is mighty, and so much that has perished, if the great temple stood alone in the sands of the desert it would claim from us equally the highest admiration.

'There is' (says Mr. Fergusson) 'a grandeur and simplicity in the proportions, which render this one of the very finest and most sublime interiors in the world; and though it is deprived of its bronze covering, and of the greater part of those ornaments on which it mainly depended for effect, and though these have been replaced by tawdry and incongruous modernisms—still nothing can destroy the effect of a design so vast, and of a form so simply grand. It possesses another element of architectural sublimity in having only one window, and that placed high up in the building. I know of no other temples which possess this feature except the great rock-cut Buddhist basilicas of India. In them the light is introduced even more artistically than here; but, nevertheless, that one great eye opening upon heaven is by far the noblest conception for lighting a building to be found in Europe.'

We should have been glad of Mr. Fergusson's opinion on the temple of Bacchus close to the fountain of Egeria, between the mouldings of the entablature of which and those of the Duomo of Verona there appears to be a strange resemblance—as well as on the circus of Romulus; and whether the great vases imbedded in the walls thereof were to assist the sound, or merely a constructive expedient. And we could wish that the same skill which employed itself upon the pyramids of

Egypt, had described for our edification that singular architectural freak, the pyramid of C. Sestius. But, we are only too thankful to find so much done. Besides the temples, the tombs of the Romans have a chapter to themselves. In all situations these memorials are interesting. Perhaps it is because they hardly rise to the dignity of architectural features, that Mr. Fergusson gives us no examples of a kind of monument which was frequently used—the effect of which is very good, though the idea is somewhat barbarous. It consists of a slab of stone, about the size of one side of a small sarcophagus, on which the heads and busts of the persons intended to be commemorated are carved in a kind of three quarter relief, with every indication of being ‘strong likenesses.’ An example is built up in the interior of the amphitheatre at Nismes, and grimly and sternly the Roman ladies and gentlemen stare down on you from about the spot where you may imagine the family box was situated.

Circular monuments, undoubtedly suggested by Etruscan models, appear to have been common in the capital. Of this class the tomb of Cecilia Metella is a well-known example. A little further down that street of tombs, the Appian Way, than this, is the monument of M. Corvinus, now entirely stripped of all architectural features—so large a structure that on the summit an olive garden and a farm-house are now planted; but the elevation scarcely suffices to protect the inmates from the influence of malaria. The Mausoleum of Augustus is another magnificent, but now much ruined, specimen. The idea was worthy of the founder of that mighty empire. The basement is circular, about 300 feet across; the ruined remains project loftily above the Palazzo Valdambrini. The upper part is completely destroyed now; but it does not appear an unfair conjecture that the height equalled the diameter. Around are twelve solidly vaulted chambers, arranged that the remains of kinsmen and friends might repose close to their relation and benefactor. Here the funeral pile of Marcellus was raised; here the ashes of Mæcenus were laid. Encircling the whole structure were gardens and ornamental grounds prepared during the lifetime of the monarch for the recreation of his people. And what is the place now—

‘Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.’

But a degradation lower still was possible, and has been realized here. The building is now an amphitheatre for the merest spectacles. The solemn shows of the sepulchral *ludi augustales*, in Tennyson’s phrase have ‘flickered down to brain-

less pantomime.' The burial chambers in the circumference are storehouses for the properties and stables for the horses used in the performances; whilst the apes which assist in rendering the Teatro Diornale attractive to the modern Romans, are chained over the spot which received the ashes of the deified emperor.

The *columbaria* were a kind of tomb frequently resorted to by the less wealthy classes:—

'generally oblong or square rooms below the level of the ground, the walls of which were pierced with a great number of little pigeon-holes or cells just of sufficient size to receive an urn containing the ashes of the body, which had been burnt according to the usual Roman mode of disposing of the dead.'

Touching echoes of friendship and affection linger yet around their honeycombed walls. You may see the love for a wife, or pride in a son, indicated in the few words of the pithy inscription—or in the little bust of marble not four inches high, which sought to perpetuate the yet familiar features. And the same feeling which impelled one of our monarchs to direct that the coffin sides, which would have divided his remains from his consort's should be removed, led others who loved earlier but as truly to cause their ashes to be laid under the uniting *arch* of the same narrow niche. Sometimes a confraternity clubbed to buy a site for themselves in their lifetimes. In one spot, perhaps four feet by three, may be seen the remains of a whole 'sodality' of musicians—a crowd of urns standing side by side, closer in death even than they were in life. As striking, perhaps, is the burial-ground of a city of the Roman 'Provincia,' the Alis-champs near Arles. Many of the sepulchres are desecrated and rifled. The unwary foot of the careless passer-by finds itself stumbling in the gaping sarcophagus. The sacred enclosure itself is encroached on by the railway, and hemmed in with manufactories. The harsh grumbling of the whirling wheels strives for mastery against the chaunts of the priests as the procession files out from the gate of the city hard by—but the melancholy interest of the place where

—'Ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna,
Fanno i sepolcri tutto il loco varo'—

is not less now, than when it awakened the attention of the all-observing Dante.

From the tombs which commemorated the dead, to the triumphal arches erected in honour of the living, is not a 'step but a transition.' Triumphal arches were the natural products of an empire continually rejoicing in a series of unprecedented victories. The arch of Septimius Severus is adduced, and justly, as the finest example at Rome. The inscription on the side

facing the Forum still exhibits in its weatherworn lines the alteration marking the erasure made by the fratricide Caracalla. The sculptures on the Porta Nigra at Besançon have, it is true, a kind of sketchiness indicating late work, but those massy yet crumbling stones have a character not to be assigned to the date of 'the Renaissance.' The arch of Marius at Orange is a very strange structure: arms and garments are massed together in singular confusion; some of the shields are charged with ornaments singularly like heraldic bearings, but 'more might be done than has hitherto been effected to illustrate this important monument.'

Mr. Fergusson unfortunately considers bridges as hardly within his province, and this is to be regretted; for besides the bridge at Alcantara, the one leading to the castle of S. Angelo, the Ponte dei Quattro Capi, and the Ponte Molle are all good studies for the architect. The architecture of the Pont du Gard is certainly rough, and the mouldings are coarsely handled, but there is an expression in those time-worn piers and arches well worthy consideration in this age of railway viaducts. We hope that the notice of the picturesque group of commemorative arches with the bridge of S. Chamas, in Provence, will lead to more attention being paid to it.

Permanent theatres do not appear to have been very frequent among the Romans. That of Marcellus, at Rome, is a beautiful fragment. The one at Orange is more perfect, but far less magnificent; yet a work worthy of a race of Titans. It is curious on the fair days in autumn time, when Provençal roads, fields, cities, and their inmates are alike brown with heat and dust, to see the shade of that mighty wall stretch across the little square in front of it—sheltering the swarthy owners of the redolent heaps of onions—sheltering the dark-eyed sellers of the yellow hanks of silk—like 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' Amphitheatres and their ferocious exhibitions were more to the taste of the Romans. It suffices to name the Coliseum.

In domestic architecture, Diocletian's palace at Spalatro is a very curious connecting link between classical styles and those that succeeded; and again, in speaking of the later developments of an architectural epoch, Mr. Fergusson bears testimony to the fact that, as strictness declined, picturesqueness was more cultivated.

'Whenever the Roman architects built in the country, they indulged in a picturesque variety of outline and of form, which they perhaps carried further than even the Gothic architects of the middle ages.'

We have reserved to the last the basilicas of Rome, for

through those courts of justice lies the way to the glories of the mediæval architecture of Europe.

'It may be doubted whether, in any respect, in the eyes of the Romans themselves, the temples were as important and venerable as the basilicas. That people cared more for government and justice than for religion, and consequently paid more attention to the affairs of the basilicas than to those of the temples.'

Enough remains of the two most splendid basilicas of Rome, to enable us to restore their plans with much confidence.

'One of these, the Ulpian, or Trajan's Basilica, is the typical specimen of those with wooden roofs; the other, that of Maxentius, commonly called the Temple of Peace, is the noblest of the vaulted class.'

Trajan's Basilica 'was 180 feet in width and a little more than twice that in length,' divided into five aisles by four rows of columns, each about thirty-five feet in height; the centre eighty-seven, and the side aisles about twenty-three feet wide.

'Above the side aisles was a gallery, the roof of which was supported by an upper row of columns. From them also sprang the arches of the great central aisle. The total internal height was thus above 120 feet. At one end was a great semicircular apse, the back part of which was raised, being approached by a semicircular range of steps. In the centre of this platform was the raised seat of the Quæstor or other magistrate who presided; on each side, upon the steps, were places for the assessors or others engaged in the business being transacted. In front of the apse was an altar.

Place the Bishop in the Quæstor's chair, range round him his clergy in the seats of the assessors, retain the altar in its site, and would not the description read, almost word for word, for that of the arrangement of S. John Lateran, or even of the church of Torcello?

The Basilica of Maxentius—the mighty ruins of which are yet a principal feature in the forum—was about 250 feet long and 200 wide, divided into three great aisles, the centre one about 120 feet high. Here

'No pillars are used, except eight great columns in front of the piers, employed merely as ornaments, or as vaulting shafts were in Gothic cathedrals, to support in appearance, though not in construction, the springing of the vaults. The side aisles are roofed by three great arches, each seventy-two feet in span, and the centre by an immense intersecting vault in three compartments. All the thrusts are collected to a point, and a buttress placed there to receive them; indeed, almost all the peculiarities afterwards found in Gothic vaults, are here employed on a far grander and more gigantic scale.'

The arrangements of this building inside are, for all practical purposes, similar to those of Trajan's Basilica. We may now

feel the ground rise beneath our feet, we are already on the slope of that hill which is crowned with the highest glories of Christian architecture. Mr. Fergusson describes this change, the great watershed, so to say, of architecture, in one trenchant sentence:—

‘At the first epoch of the Empire, the temple architecture of Rome consisted in an external arrangement of columns, without arches or vaults, and wholly unsuited to the purposes of Christian worship. Towards the close of the period it had become an internal architecture, using arches and vaults almost entirely, to the exclusion of the columnar orders except as ornaments, and so perfectly adapted to Christian forms that little or no essential change has taken place in them from that time to the present day. A basilica of the form adopted in the first century after Constantine is as suited now as it was then to the forms and ceremonies of the Christian ritual.’

Such a church Rome still possesses in the Basilica of S. Clemente, built originally in the fourth and fifth centuries, and, although subsequently repaired, still retaining all the arrangements of an original church of this class. No building in that city so strongly marks the downfall of Pagan power as this early structure, built, we may say, almost under the shade of the Coliseum. In front the atrium with its cloistered walk, supported by unequal pillars, gives tranquillity to the more sacred building beyond. Thence one enters the church itself with its three low aisles: in the centre of the nave stands the choir surrounded by a dwarf wall, surmounted with two pulpits, for the Epistle and the Gospel, and the twisted stand for the Paschal candle. Beyond is the railing of the *bema* or presbytery, the altar with a canopy supported on four pillars, behind that the throne of the bishop, with the seats of the inferior clergy on either side. We must not pause longer among the basilicas of Rome, the quiet beauty of S. Maria Maggiore, or the accumulation of historical and architectural interest around S. Giovanni in Laterano: but will make our way to a little marshy islet at the head of the Adriatic, peopled by those who boasted that they, and they only, were the genuine representatives of the Romans in later days—to Torcello, the first lair of the Lion of the Sea. Here Mr. Ruskin's eloquent and accurate chapter will be fresh in the minds of our readers. The description of S. Clemente would almost serve for Torcello—with such faithful similarity has the primitive model been followed, at an interval of 700 years. Like S. Clemente, built with the borrowed fragments of an older structure—like it, also, raised in a time of doubt and adversity, when men's hearts might well fail them for fear—this church stands a noble memorial of the simple courage which, alike in primitive or in later days, has led the brave in times of difficulty and sorrow to look for their best

help from on high. 'There is one innovation here, however, on the earlier arrangements. In the early age there seems every reason to believe that the round church which stood by itself near the west end of the basilica, was the ceremonial, or properly speaking, the liturgical church of the community. Here were the tombs of important persons. Here the rite of 'baptism and the last sacrament were administered.' The baptistery is retained at Torcello; 'instead,' however, 'of being 'separated from the church by an atrium, as was usually the case, it is only divided from it by a narrow passage. It is 'evident that it only required one slight step further to convert 'this into a double apse cathedral, such as are found so commonly in Germany;' and such a one exactly do we find in the abbey church of Laach, near Andernach, on the Rhine. Here the atrium is small, the climate not admitting this adjunct to be more than a passage to the church itself.

'The western apse is applied to its proper use as a tomb house; besides this it has its two central and four lateral towers, two of the latter being square, two circular. It is impossible to fancy anything more picturesquely pleasing than this group of towers of various heights and shapes, or a church producing a more striking effect with such diminutive dimensions as this one possesses, the highest point being only 140 feet from the ground line.'

The charm of the group of buildings is enhanced by the quiet lake hard by; like a serene old age succeeding a youth of fiery deeds, the blue placid waters conceal the rents of volcanic forces, and only reflect on their still surface the weatherworn remains of the extinct crater. And let the weary pilgrim not despise the refreshment those limpid waters may also bring him, in the shape of delicious *forellen*. The square atrium likewise subsists before San Ambrogio at Milan—the atrium 'being virtually the nave. In other 'words, had the church been erected on the colder and stormier 'side of the Alps, a clerestory would have been added to the 'atrium, and it would have been roofed over.' If we turn to the description of Treves, we find this alteration actually made, and two very clever plans show how the change was effected; this development carries us far beyond the date when Gothic was originated—it brings us to the thirteenth century.

In following this succession of basilicas we have been diverted a little from the strictly chronological arrangement, to which we will now return.

France—the land which justly boasts her frequent leadership of European thought—has another laurel added or rather confirmed to her wreath by the labours of Mr. Fergusson, who gives his sanction to the dogma, that 'the pointed arch was first

'introduced in the twelfth century—the first example being 'assumed to be the work of Abbot Suger at S. Denis (1144).' The analysis of French architecture is very careful and complete. We wish the author's space had allowed him to discriminate the styles of other countries with similar scientific precision. The outline map he has here inserted affords an excellent suggestion for future *Æklogists*. France is divided into six great architectural provinces, corresponding nearly with the territories of the Counts of Toulouse, Flanders, Aquitaine, Normandy, Burgundy, and Champagne. The starting-point is the south, where civilization was first planted under the auspices of Greek colonists. The 'descendants of the Phœceans' still survive: it is curious to observe with what distinctness they have preserved their national characteristics to this day, though surrounded by races of different origin. With Mr. Fergusson, we have long felt that few chapters in the history of mediæval architecture would be more interesting than those which should carefully describe the style of Provence, from the epoch of the Roman conquest to that period when the metropolitan influence gradually faded out. In no other land where the eagle standard was planted, are the materials for this purpose more abundant than in the favoured 'Provincia.' The cathedral at Avignon is the first specimen selected for illustration. The porch is so classical in its details, that it has frequently been attributed to the lower empire, or it has been thought that the *débris* of some Roman building was incorporated with the latter work; but Mr. Fergusson assures us we 'may safely ascribe the 'whole of the essential parts of this church to the age of 'Charlemagne.'

The great province of Aquitaine follows next—stretching from the Atlantic almost to the Mediterranean. In dealing with this section, Mr. Fergusson deserves the highest praise for the discovery which he made of the source whence the peculiar apsidal termination of French Gothic was derived. Instead of the Romanesque apse (a simple large semicircular niche), 'a semicircular range of columns is substituted,' an aisle bent round them, and beyond the aisle there are always three, five, or even seven chapels opening into it, which give it a variety of perspective, and a play of light and shade unrivalled in any similar invention of the middle ages. 'The uses which the 'various nations of Christendom made of the circular form of 'building left them by the Romans, have been more than once adverted to above.' The Italians almost always left it standing alone, a tomb-house or a baptistery—the Germans sometimes converted it into a western apse, or 'timidly added a 'nave to it. The far more frequent practice with the Ger-

'mans, and also in England, was to build the round church first for its own sake'—then the clergy added a choir. 'The French took a different course from all these. They built round churches like other nations, apparently, in early times at least, intended to stand by themselves; but in no instance do they appear to have applied them as naves, nor to have added choirs to them. On the contrary, the clergy always retained the circular building as the sacred depository of the tomb or relic, the Holy of Holies, and added a straight lined nave for the people.' The church at Charroux and S. Martin at Tours, show us how the smaller side chapels subsequently budded out. The southern influence is very visible in all the details described here; almost equally so in the neighbour province of Auvergne. Walled in on the south by the central plateau of the Cevennes—hedged in on the opposite direction by the Mont Tarare—intersected besides by the chains of the Mont D'Or and the Pâu de Dome—this district, though geographically belonging to the great watershed of the Loire, yet, architecturally, is to be ranked with the divisions receiving their impulses from the south. The very early church of Notre Dame du Port at Clermont, is the prerogative example of the architecture of this district. Within its walls, or rather, within hearing of them, the great crusade was preached. Rude attempts at decoration in colours, with white, black, and red stone, attest the southern influence, also visible in the later church of Notre Dame du Pâu. The great flight of steps which afford the means of access to this church from the lower town are very striking, especially when they are half seen, half lost, in the gloom of the great arch which supports the west front. The inscriptions on these steps, confronting the wayfarer just when he is weary and breathless with the ascent, and inclined to stop, are an idea which might well be copied by architects elsewhere. There are not in Auvergne proper any early essays towards Gothic. That style, when introduced, was imported in its perfection by the influence of S. Louis. The Cathedral of Clermont is a very beautiful fragment; not only unfinished, it has suffered much from injuries—the pinnacles are wanting, and the mouldings throughout, worked in the dark lava, are stiff almost to rigidity. But it is a noble fragment still—slightly decorated, yet without poverty—solemn, yet without repulsiveness.

Burgundy is another of the districts which received its inspiration from Provence; yet in the clustering of the vaulting shafts, and the greater life in the carvings of the capitals, the northern spirit peeps out. This is particularly the case at Besançon, where the cathedral is a double apse church, resembling,

in a measure, those of the Rhine: a fact probably to be explained by the comparative proximity to Germany. Geographically, the winding valley of the Doubs belongs to France, but the ethos and aspect of the place are alike northern. The glory of Burgundy was, however, the great abbey church of Cluny, now totally destroyed. The churches in Dijon, the capital of the duchy, have all suffered much, though the ducal palace is still an interesting fragment of domestic architecture.

As we approach the north-west, the influence of classical architecture becomes fainter and fainter.

'Fair and fickle is the south, but dark, and true, and tender, is the north.'

The firmly drawn, stern lines of S. Stephen's at Caen, show the influence of far different minds from those who, on the sunny *Rocher des Dons* at Avignon, imitated the outlines of expiring Roman art. Far more than any architecture we have been hitherto considering in France, they bear the impress of originality. The mark of the strong minds of the descendants of the pirates who with their fierce swords hewed out for themselves, a kingdom within the bounds of the expiring Carolingian dynasty,—

'It is by no means clear whence they were derived. They are certainly neither Italian nor German, nor do they belong to any of those styles of the southern provinces of France which we have been describing. The churches of Auvergne are those which, perhaps, show the nearest approach to them.'

Anjou is a kind of border country—northern and southern feelings mixed. This is particularly evident in the buildings of 'Black Angers' itself. It is to be wished Mr. Fergusson could have found room for an illustration of the Hospice of S. Jean, founded by our Henry II. The cloisters, with their coupled columns, are very interesting; and not less so the chapel, with the pointed and circular arch used alternately—the same moulding on each. This city also contains many fragments of early domestic architecture of the highest curiosity to the English inquirer.

The French Gothic Cathedrals occupy a chapter by themselves. Mr. Fergusson positively revels in his descriptions 'of the glorious period of the thirteenth century.' It really appears almost incredible that the foundation-stone of Notre Dame should have been laid only some twenty years after the transition from the round arched to the true Gothic took place, under the guidance of the 'great Abbé Suger,' about the year 1144. But the dates lead us to this conclusion. Notre Dame is certainly a very noble building; yet, whenever we have compared it with the great Gothic church of our metropolis, it has been impossible not to feel that (if we except the western

façade), the balance greatly preponderates in favour of Westminster Abbey. The lower portion of the front of Chartres is older than Paris; and there is a want of skill, or rather of practice, in the construction of the traceries and flying buttresses, which shows that the builders had scarcely yet learned to think in pointed forms. Yet the effect is very noble, and the western towers and spires are almost unrivalled. Rheims, with its deeply recessed portals—Amiens and Bourges, with their noble interiors—Laon, with its crown of towers, and many others, pass before us in one grand procession, not unworthily closed by S. Ouen. At this period—that of S. Ouen—the science of proportion had attained the highest perfection; yet we feel that the ‘depth and earnestness of the earlier examples’ is wanting. Especially is this noticeable in the details of the central lantern. Mr. Fergusson scarcely gives any later examples. Indeed, beyond this epoch, it is hardly possible to pursue the study of architecture with any pleasure. Only when regarded as a record of the historical development of the art of construction, and of the information which buildings reflect on the lives and manners of their inhabitants, is the pursuit a true recompense for the pains. The art is lost in the crowd of its own details, multitudinous without massiveness, elaborate without elegance. When we reach this point, we feel that ‘there hath past away a glory from the earth.’ The fancy which charms in an earlier and simpler period, giving life to the capital and spirit to the carving, loses its best grace among the florid, yet forced exuberances of the Renaissance.

Yet we must, for a moment, follow Mr. Fergusson, as he recrosses the Alps with the tide of architectural innovation, which flowed in when the Italians adopted the then fashionable style of France and Germany. Gothic, however, was never thoroughly naturalized among them. ‘Dissatisfied with their own productions, the Italians quickly abandoned it and returned to ‘the old classical style.’

Mr. Fergusson’s judgment is not very favourable to their labours. We think that Mr. Ruskin’s elaborate praise of the Doge’s palace in Venice has led him to an undue severity of criticism.

‘The two arcades which constitute the base are, from their extent and from the beauty of their details, as fine as anything of their class executed during the middle ages. There is also a just and pleasing proportion between the simple solidity of the lower, and the airy—perhaps slightly fantastic—lightness of the upper of these arcades.—But, in an evil hour, the upper wall, which was intended to stand on the back wall of the arcades, was brought forward even with the front, overpowering the part below by its ill-proportioned mass.’ The windows in it are ‘few, and badly placed—ungraceful.’ The parapet ‘poor and flimsy.’ Had ‘the upper story been

set back, as was probably originally designed, or had it been placed on the ground and the arcades over it; had, in short, any arrangement of the parts been adopted but the one that exists, this might have been a far more beautiful building than it is.'

With regard to this judgment we will only say, that if the arcades had been thus hoisted up in air, they would have been useless for the purpose for which they were intended; and those who constituted the *broglio* would have been without a trysting place. But we will not embroil ourselves further with one who has bestowed much thought on the subject. Also he says, in excuse for those who admire more warmly,—

'There are indeed few buildings of which it is so difficult to judge calmly as of this—the centre, in fact, of the most beautiful architectural group that adorns any city of Europe or the world; richer than almost any other building in historical associations, and hallowed, especially to an Englishman, by the noblest poetry in the world.'

Mr. Fergusson is rather hard, too, on the members of his confraternity at Venice. 'The Venetian architects had not been brought up in the hard school of practical experience, nor thoroughly grounded in construction.' Their difficulties of construction were different from those which perplexed their northern brethren, yet surely not inferior. The treacherous nature of the soil was enough to puzzle the most practical man. Let us look beneath the worn mosaic pavement of S. Mark's, where, by the way, Mr. Fergusson draws the ground in his section solid mass:—

'Quivivi è una porta, per cui discendendo una scala si andava sotto il Coro, dove anticamente celebravansi li divini Uffizi, ed un tal luogo riceveva il lume da sei finestre poste nel bassamento, che forma il suddetto Coro. Ma dopochè vi penetrò l'acqua in maniera, che piu non si è potuto abitare, fu chiuso come al presente si vede. Non è molto tempo pero, che avendo desiderato il Procuratore Cassiere di visitar questo luogo, vi ritrovò un' Altare nel mezzo, ed all' intorno molti sedili di pietra, e varie tavole marcite, che galleggiavano sopra l'acqua, la quale sorpassava l'altezza di un' piede.'

Surely the requirements for foundations which this indicates, were a considerable difficulty:

Very remarkable, too, were the talent and tact with which the Byzantine architects, in their façades, simply by a skilful arrangement of the openings and of the coloured marbles built into the walls, procured variety and gave force to a necessarily flat surface; and thus obtained an apparent prominence for the wings of their buildings, which they could neither bring forward in any way, to obtain relief by shadow, because of the canal frontage, nor weight more heavily with towers or greater masses,

¹ From the 'Forastiero Illuminato intorno le cose più rare e curiose antiche e moderne della città di Venezia.' 1796.

for fear of subsidence. Much of this power survived to a comparatively late period. The street, or rather alley, buildings of Venice, might afford many studies to the English architect, almost equally cramped for space.

It is hardly possible to understand how Mr. Fergusson can have referred to the Campanile at Piacenza as the prototype of that of S. Mark's, since, according to his illustrations, it bears no resemblance whatever to the great tower of the Venetian Republic. Perhaps the associations connected with them may have blinded us to their defects; but we think rather hard measure is dealt out to the civil as well as the ecclesiastical towers of Italy:—

‘Such towers as the Asinelli and Garisenda at Bologna possess no more architectural merit than the chimneys of our factories. Most of those subsequently erected were better than these, but still the Italians never caught the true idea of a spire.’

Nor does that which frowns on the market-place of Sienna receive more praise.

German Gothic is treated with an equally rigid hand. The imagination revolts from Mr. Fergusson's judgment on Cologne:—

‘Every part is designed with the scale and the compasses, and with a mathematical precision perfectly astonishing; but we miss all the fanciful beauty of the more irregular French and English examples. The storied porches of Rheims, Chartres, and Wells, comprise far more poetry within their limited dimensions than is spread over the whole surface of this gigantic frontispiece. Cologne is a noble conception of a mason! These were the works of artists, in the highest sense of the word.’

Yet it is difficult to set aside a decision so judicially grounded.

Not even does he spare that host of flying buttresses, ‘bearing the forest of exaggerated pinnacles which crowd round the upper part of the building,’ and which look at a distance like the masts and rigging of some immense ship. We are sorry for it; much good sentiment has been offered at the shrine of the Three Kings. The restoration was among the first aspirations of united Germany. That vision has long since melted into thin air, like the *festen lied* to Archduke John, the Vicar of the Empire. Clear and loud the notes from some hundred well-trained fresh German voices, in the square below, floated up, far above the house-tops up to the topmost pinnacle,—

‘D’rum rüste Dich Germania,
Dein Ostertag ist nah!’

The spasmodic fervour has long since evaporated; yet as ‘we see in Cologne the finest specimen of masonry attempted in the

'middle ages,' we trust we may 'see in the completed design a 'really noble and beautiful building, worthy of its builders and 'of the religion to which it is dedicated.'

Strasburg, and Friburg in the Briegau, receive the same well apportioned appreciation. Apart from the design in both these churches, there is much beauty in the bronze-like tint which age has imparted to their airy lines. Yet the effect of this lace-work in stone is not satisfactory, either in Germany or in Belgium. Antwerp is more solid in proportion, though of a date when the spirit had very much departed. The noble tower of S. Rombaut's at Malines, combines great breadth of feeling with elegance in detail; indeed the whole church is every way superior to Antwerp Cathedral, except in size. Like most Flemish architecture, it looks very much as if it had been 'woven out of bulrushes.'

In commencing the chapter on English architecture, Mr. Fergusson says that it 'has of late years occupied the attention of 'so many competent persons, and has been written so fully and 'in such a variety of forms, that little that is new remains to be 'said on the subject.' Yet this section, though short, includes all the distinctive peculiarities of our insular styles. We must be content to remain in the rank of copyists, and to acknowledge that the fashion came over 'brent new frae France;' but the skill with which British architects applied it, made the style practically their own. One of our most charming national individualities consists of timber roofs, nobly exemplified by Westminster Hall, spanned as it is

'by thirteen great ribs of timber, which are quite unequalled by any other ornamental trusses of wood-work employed for such a purpose. Even when viewed only as a scientific combination of timber, this roof is as good as anything that has been done in this engineering age.'

The central octagon at Ely may rank next, perhaps, for beauty among timber constructions:—

'The only Gothic dome in existence; it certainly was, and is, the feature most wanted to perfect the plans and to give the utmost effect to buildings of this class.' And 'had the English architects always used timber, they would have created a new style; and it is hard to say whether it would not have been more beautiful than the other.'

Another glory was also among the roofs:—

'The part of Gothic churches in which the English architects were more generally successful was the formation of their vaults, and their mode of ornamenting them; in both which particulars they were quite unsurpassed by any nation of the Continent, and scarcely ever approached.'

Gloucester, Westminster, and Norwich might all well be cited among that glorious band which rejoice in the

—‘high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof.’

‘Another peculiarity of English design which requires to be pointed out, is that of terminating their cathedrals and churches to the eastward with a flat wall, instead of the apse or chevet which is so universal on the continent.’ To this we owe ‘the glorious wall of painted glass that closes the vista at York or Carlisle, and which once closed that of Lincoln;’ and the ‘fanciful beauty of the arrangements of Wells or Salisbury.’

Many other minor differences might be pointed out between

‘the French and English Gothic styles. The fact is, their modes of architecture were as dissimilar as the tastes and dispositions of the two nations were antagonistic to each other.’

Yes, truly; at the root of all these variations lay the whole broad ground of national dissimilarities. The education of the boyhood, so to speak, of each nation had much in common:—

‘One lesson from one book we learned,
Ere childhood’s flaxen ringlets turned
To black and brown on kindred brows.’

The windows quoted at Toulouse and those at Earl’s Barton, are traceable to same source as those of S. Maria in Cosmedin, and S. Giorgio in Velabro. As national individualities of character developed themselves, national styles of architecture were borne along by the tide. We find—

‘that the French were always working up to the limits of their strength, always trying to make their piers as light, their windows as large, and their vaults as high as possible—doing all they could, and striving to do more; while the soberer English architect, on the contrary, attempted nothing over which he had not full command.’

Again:

‘It will be recollected that the original use of the apse in the early church was as a place for the bishop’s throne, where he sat supreme above his presbyters, before all the people. In England, this part of the ceremonial of the basilica was transferred to the chapter-house, which thus took the place of the apse, and became the diocesan parliament-house, where the bishop or abbot met his subordinate clergy, not to rule and command, but to consult and deliberate for the common weal.’

Thus we find a circular baptistery erected at Canterbury by Cuthbert, the eleventh archbishop; not only ‘that baptisms might be celebrated therein,’ and the bodies of departed primates interred, but also ‘that certain judicial trials that were formerly carried on in the church, might be held there.’

To investigate the true causes of these differences we should have to look beyond the limits of architectural proprieties,—to dig, in fact, deep into the substructure of the causes of the

formation of the national mind. But only æsthetically considered, 'as regards the exterior, the English method, fairly 'weighed, will be found more satisfactory. French cathedrals 'always appear short externally, and their enormous roofs overpower and crush everything below them. The French architects never could obtain the beautiful skyline, or give value to 'the towers, as the English invariably did,'—from the enormous height which their towers would have required to aspire to, to balance the immense elevation which the main building had already attained.

'The central spire at Amiens is as high as that of Salisbury, but it is reduced by its position to a mere pinnacle. The towers at the west end of Amiens, though higher than those of York, are buried in the roof and totally overpowered.'

Yet further,—

'A great charm of English cathedrals is their repose of outline. A French cathedral is surrounded by a multitude of pinnacles, flying buttresses, and other expedients to keep the building from falling. It is true that these objects were made ornamental; but though it is vicious to conceal construction, it is bad architecture to let the devices of construction predominate over the actual outline of the main building itself. Not only does it suggest weakness, but it produces a flutter and perplexity that never is nor can be satisfactory.'

'Among the differences between the French and English architects there is none more remarkable than the feeling for the picturesque that always guided the latter, while it can hardly be traced in the works of our continental neighbours. The variety of plan and outline is the more obvious manifestation of this good taste, as far as the building itself is concerned, but it is even more remarkable in the choice of the site and the arrangement of the accessories. Nothing, for instance, can be more commandingly placed than Durham and Lincoln,—nothing more beautiful than even the lowly situations of Wells and Salisbury.—Almost all our cathedrals retain spots of green and alleys of tall trees, which, grouping so pleasingly with the towers and spires, give such value and beauty to the architecture. As a general rule, they stand in the very outskirts of the town, either overlooking it from a height, or nestled down on the banks of some little streamlet of pure water. French cathedrals, on the other hand, always stand in the market place in the very centre of the town, with no grass plot in front—too often surrounded by shops and hovels, built up even against their very walls, which abominations 'seem never to have been objected to.'

We might perhaps find a few exceptions to this sweeping assertion. There is considerable beauty in the position of Notre Dame at Avignon; there was more, before modern bad taste had 'improved' the summit of the Rocher des Domnes—yet nothing can take from it its charm of purple sunsets and gleams of light flashing far along the winding reaches of the mighty river, winding down between that panorama of receding ranges of hills to the strange delta of the Camargue. There must have been much in that of the cathedral of Avranches—including

the opening sweep of the widening bay, and the S. Michel in the distance. There is much quiet and repose in the little drowsy square before S. Martin at Tours; and more in the deserted grass-grown open space before Chartres, when, in the gloaming, the deep-toned bell sounds for the *Ave Maria*, and the scanty congregation is crossing it—to kneel and pray in the dim choir, darkened, even at that hour, rather with the rich hues of the painted glass than by the deepening shades of the dying day. Yet, in the main, we accept Mr. Fergusson's dictum. It is one result and one only of that love of nature which has always been a main instinct of the national character of Englishmen. To this was added, in the best periods of English Gothic, quite as careful an adaptation of the building to the character and *entourage* of the site as ever was the case in the corresponding ages of Grecian or Roman art. Compare the average of our coast churches with those inland. Again, the churches of the Fens with those of Oxfordshire or sunny Kent. Compare the lofty beacon-like towers of many of those that stand on the cliffs, their rough walls defying the rugged blasts that buffet them, with those sacred edifices which, among pleasant pastures and gentle streams, subside into what might be almost termed an agricultural style; or again, with the rock-like structures contrasting so keenly with the levels of marshland. See again, how in cities, either by a further modification, or by the sacred precinct—'that hallowed *temenos*' that surrounds it—the shrine attracts the attention, and asserts the right to be a refuge to the harassed and a beacon to the wandering and weary, as much among the thronging surges of human life as on the foam-lashed shore of the wailing sea.

We cannot close Mr. Fergusson's book without noticing the extraordinary number of illustrations, and the care with which they are selected and engraved. The same good judgment has suggested the employment of that scale to which they are drawn in every practicable case. The dates and marked periods of history placed at the headings of the chapters, are also of much service. Alike by the student of architecture and the traveller these volumes will be prized, affording the means of reference to other styles whilst on the spot, and memoranda which will greatly assist the recollection whilst at home.

From the general *aperçu* which Mr. Fergusson has given of the art, we have learnt that certainly the architectural styles followed by Grecian and Roman—and, most probably, those practised by Gothic architects—reached their greatest glories in the land, not of their birth, but of their adoption; as we find some plants rendered more vigorous by transplantation. So it may

be that re-integrated Gothic may yet rise with renovated power among us. But this will not be by a process of servile copying merely—necessary to the student, but annihilative to the intellect of the matured man. 'Details of mouldings, proportions of the mass, are but the language in which the architect must learn to speak—he must learn the language indeed, grammatically, and by *heart*, but the application of the words must not be a mere effort of the memory. 'Discretion of speech' is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with 'whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or good 'order.' We must not merely ask 'council of the ancient time what is best, but also of the latter time what is fittest' before we can expect to begin to renovate the architecture of England.

ART. III.—1. *Memoirs of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M.P. &c.* Published by the Trustees of his Papers, EARL STANHOPE and Right Hon. EDWARD CARDWELL. Parts I. and II. 1856-57.

2. *Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel.* By M. GUIZOT. 1857.

THE predilections and the antipathies with which the violence of party interests inevitably obscures a just conception of the characters of public men, so long as they are directly associated with the politics of the hour, have now ceased to maintain their conflicting disguise over the reputation of the statesman who figured prominently during nearly forty years of our own age, and whose policy served largely to originate the contemporary history of this country. The peculiar uncertainty of the lights and shades which have fallen upon the character of Sir Robert Peel, has probably arisen from the convictions or prejudices of those who may neither have closely distinguished between his circumstances and his acts, nor have clearly appreciated the considerations which time had itself imperceptibly introduced into questions upon which it was his lot to decide. It has probably been the fate of no other statesman who has been compelled to recant, on two successive and vital questions, the cardinal professions of his life, to be compelled, in the capacity of leader of the House of Commons, to carry into actual legislation the policy he had theoretically opposed, and to be pursued with equal prejudice and with equal clamour.

Charges of political inconsistency, such as those by which it has been commonly attempted to test the foresight of the late Sir Robert Peel, are of all others the most fertile of declamation and the least frequently submitted to analysis. They are just those charges which are usually originated to suit the purposes of party electioneering, and which are afterwards caught up and conscientiously sustained by the astute and logical intellects which preside over the administration of justice at quarter sessions. When, however, it is borne in mind that the public character of Sir Robert Peel can hardly be determined with accuracy apart from the question of his policy in reference to Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Corn Laws, it becomes especially necessary to determine the just tests of consistency, as applied to those questions. It might be fairly

thought that either an alleged breach of fidelity to party obligations, or the abstract fact of nonconformity to measures previously sanctioned and approved, was in itself by much too vague and flimsy a basis even to ground a charge of inconsistency. Yet it is by much more on loose declamation such as this, than upon any clear or accurate reasoning, that the enemies of Sir Robert Peel have relied for the establishment of their position. Let us consider, then, for a moment, the force of such arguments.

Perhaps nothing, in the first place, can be more difficult to define, than the positive extent of party obligations; and it is obviously impossible to determine so abstract a question by any community of intelligent opinion. But it is clear, at least, that nothing had been more vague and indeterminate than the actual relations of the Tory party themselves with their successive leaders during the thirty years previous to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. While that question remained, both in peace and in war, the vital point of hostility between the Whig and Tory camps, the Tories committed their fortunes indiscriminately to the advocates and to the opponents of religious concessions. After continuing to acknowledge the leadership of Mr. Pitt during six years after his avowal of the justice of emancipation, they transferred their confidence, on the death of that minister, successively to the Duke of Portland and Mr. Perceval, who were both, in a greater or less degree, opposed to the policy of the Whigs. They next acknowledged the associated leadership of the Earl of Liverpool and Viscount Castlereagh—a happy compromise, which secured them one advocate of concession, and one supporter of the existing laws. They then permitted Mr. Canning—more explicit on this question even than Lord Castlereagh—to be their organ in the House of Commons during four sessions. When, therefore, a process of exhaustion had left Mr. Peel the most eminent debater in their ranks, it was obvious that their recognition of his leadership could scarcely be affected by any special consideration of his views on the Roman Catholic question. And the fact that the Tories had so long supported administrations resting, so far as this question was concerned, on the double basis of latitudinarianism and inactivity, appeared to imply that that which was an open question in the Cabinet was also an open question in the ranks of the party itself.

In the second place, the deduction of political inconsistency from the bare fact of a renunciation of former measures, is one of those arguments which is only applicable when we ascend to the highest questions of morality and truth. If the question in dispute were one of abolishing the Christian

religion, or of introducing practices in contravention of its tenets, then the opposition of a believer in that religion or in those tenets would be positive and invincible. But in this instance, the position of Sir Robert Peel was not positive, but relative. It was not a question of truth beyond the dominion of the legislator, but a question of public advantage within his dominion and his reach. The truth might fairly be asserted to be, that Sir Robert Peel changed his measures without changing his policy. His avowed opinions, at the period of his acceptance of the Irish Secretaryship in 1812, were opposed to a concession to the Romanists, on the ground that the contingent evils of concession appeared to him to preponderate over the positive evils of repression. Seventeen years afterwards, in 1829, he considered that these respective dangers were inverted. It is to be observed also, that, in this respect, he placed his policy on a somewhat higher ground than the Duke of Wellington in his celebrated declaration that 'he would lay down his life to save his country from civil war.' It was not simply the dread of such a collision which appears to have induced Sir Robert to give way, but the just apprehension that continued resistance would prove more detrimental to the Protestant interests which he desired to maintain, than a conceding of the claims which had so long been withheld.

The sincerity of these asserted convictions must be determined—first, by the evidence of their internal probability; and secondly, by the question of the degree in which this line of policy coincided, from the first, with the actual interests of the minister.

The question, however, of the foresight displayed by Sir Robert Peel throughout these transactions, obviously rests on very different grounds from the consistency of his policy, or the sincerity of his professions. 'If,' observes the great minister, with innate candour—

'If it had been alleged against me, that the sudden adoption of a different policy had proved the want of early sagacity and foresight on my part—if the charge had been that I had adhered with too much pertinacity to a hopeless cause, that I had permitted for too long a period the engagements of party, or undue deference to the wishes of constituents, to outweigh the accumulating evidence of an approaching necessity—if this had been the accusation against me, I might find it more difficult to give it a complete and decisive refutation.'—I., 364.

In this passage, Sir Robert Peel expressly refrains from claiming any participation in the distinctive foresight of Viscount Castlereagh, of Mr. Canning, and of the Earl of Aberdeen. After the break-up of the Liverpool government in 1827, the leading public men in this country appeared to recognise three principal divisions. These were the Whigs, the immediate

disciples of Mr. Canning, and the Tories, who afterwards acknowledged the lead of the Duke of Wellington. Now, it is only fair to draw a broad distinction between statesmen who derived their opinions upon this question as original impressions, and public men who adopted them as the badge of their party. It therefore by no means follows that every Whig politician, or every follower of Mr. Canning, who advocated the policy of emancipation, displayed greater foresight than Sir Robert Peel. Perhaps, indeed, Lord Aberdeen was the only living statesman, at the period of the formation of the Duke of Wellington's government, who could justly claim this distinctive superiority. He was connected neither with the party of Canning nor with the Whigs; he was associated in other respects with those Tory statesmen who were opposed to a policy of concession; and he alone of all the men of eminence in those ranks, was the advocate of emancipation, when the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel became converts to his opinions.

The evidences of internal probability in reference to the sincerity of Sir Robert Peel's professions, which have so long been the subject of criticism and dispute, are just those simple indications of the conformity of his own change of measures with the altered condition of public affairs, which are likely to attend the policy of a disinterested minister, not gifted perhaps from the outset with a very wide range of foresight. Sir Robert Peel's opposition to the principle of emancipation extended over not less than eighteen years (1811-29). During that period the Roman Catholics had advanced greatly in wealth, in power, and in determination. Meanwhile, the great political party which, previously to the event of the Union, had in all probability been unanimous in opposing any concession to their claims, was exhibiting more and more an unmistakeable symptom of decline, in the prevalence of 'open questions.' Thus, in proportion as the Romanists increased in strength, and in all the elements of ultimate success, the opposing power in this country diminished. 'The Catholic question,' as it was discussed in the House of Commons, exhibited, Parliament after Parliament, a clear tendency to pass from theoretical controversy into practical application. Thus says M. Guizot:—

'The reason of his political changes was placed far higher than his opponents seemed to suspect; and where they sought a personal offence with which to taunt him, they ought to have seen the irrevocable accomplishment of a great social fact. Because she had not for a century gone through any revolution, England had not therefore remained motionless; although they are the same externally and in form, the great elements of English society, the great powers of English government—the aristocracy, the Church, the democracy—have all been deeply modified in their spirit, in their mutual relations, and in their influence in the state.'—P. 370.

The question of the degree in which Sir Robert Peel's policy coincided with his interests—that is to say, with his then apparent interests—appears more doubtful. In his own Memoir, he appeals to the fact that, in 1812, the very year of his acceptance of the Irish Secretaryship, and of his officially committing himself to be the organ of Government for the repression of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, the House of Commons had arrived at a decision in favour of Emancipation, by a large majority. Whether this majority was gained before or after the construction of Lord Liverpool's government in that year, is not apparent; but at any rate, it could hardly be understood as conveying the ordinary force of a decisive verdict of the House of Commons on a great question; or it must either have destroyed in the one case, or have prevented the formation in the other, of an administration committed, in practice at least, to an opposite policy. Parliament, moreover, had been so strangely wayward on this question, that it was difficult to say whether its opinions, after a lapse of a few years, might not again undergo a total change. When Lord Grenville's ministry had withdrawn in 1807, on the very question of Emancipation, and the Duke of Portland's government had been created in its place, the new Parliament, summoned by the new ministry, gave to the Tories a majority of 195 out of a House composed of only about 500 members.

It may be thought a paradox, yet it can be hardly otherwise than true, to say that Sir Robert Peel entered Parliament under very great disadvantages. For political mediocrity, no doubt, such an entry into public life would be the happiest that could be desired. With a double first just obtained at Oxford; as the son of a statesman of greater intellectual eminence than several of those who had then lately held the first offices under the Crown; humble enough in origin to claim the sympathies of the people, and wealthy enough to claim a position beside an English aristocracy as modern as it is also ancient; and the 'child,' as it were, of an administration, one of the most durable within the memory of men; these incidents of his early career might seem to offer for ordinary men special means of distinction.

But it was surely otherwise with a man born to be a leader. He was not permitted to divert his attention from classics and mathematics to public affairs before he was called into Parliament. He had hardly been permitted to form his political opinions as an independent member of the House of Commons, when he was offered the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland. Under so weak a minister for the Home Department as Lord Sidmouth, the responsibility of the Irish Government fell in a

far greater degree upon him, than he afterwards permitted it, when himself in turn Minister for Home Affairs, to devolve on Lord Melbourne and Lord Ellesmere.¹ This error, there seems to be no doubt, he became gradually aware of during his tenure of this office. As his confidence became shaken in the wisdom, or at least in the practicability, of his earliest resolutions, he found himself proportionally more and more bound to the measures of repression which he had first adopted. It was obviously the accumulating force of this conviction which induced him to make an active though unsuccessful effort to break off from the Liverpool administration in 1825; and which he appears to have refrained from persisting in under the apprehension that his retirement would have involved the dissolution of the whole Government.

This conflict between Mr. Peel and his party—or rather between the measures which he had adopted and the measures which he was secretly forming—was rendered the more complete by the fact that, while the necessities for action were visibly increasing, the Tory party was retrograding from the liberal policy they had pursued under the administration of Mr. Pitt. If we contrast the speeches of Mr. Pitt on Parliamentary Reform, with the memorable declaration of the Duke of Wellington in November, 1830, which annihilated the Tory power, we shall at once appreciate the breadth of this difference. Perhaps no two hostile parties ever evinced so complete an antagonism of opinion as the leader of the Tories in 1800 and their leader in 1830.

M. Guizot, who has elaborately, though in a friendly spirit, criticised the policy of Sir Robert Peel, on the question of his obligations with his party, has put into his mouth a speech of much force and eloquence, designed to vindicate the course pursued by him on this head more fully and completely, as M. Guizot thinks, than any record which Peel has left behind him. It is undoubtedly the ablest passage in his volume, though in a style of oratory very unlike Sir Robert Peel:—

‘You accuse me of destroying the old political parties—they no longer exist: they are daily dissolving, of themselves, not by any act of mine. Where are the principles, the interests, the passions that called them into being? You call yourselves Tories and Protestants *par excellence*: are you ready to treat the Catholics as enemies—to make war upon them—to confiscate their property? Do you seriously believe the throne of the House of Hanover and the Protestant succession to be in danger? The reforms which I propose to you to make in the laws were made long ago in the minds of men; in the minds of most of yourselves, as well as in

¹ These statesmen, it will be remembered, successively filled the Irish Secretaryship—the one as Mr. Lamb; the other as Lord F. Leveson Gower.

those of your adversaries. Your most illustrious leader, Mr. Pitt, your boldest champion, Lord Castlereagh, your most eloquent orator, Mr. Canning, were all in favour of the emancipation of the Catholics. The old parties still preserve their traditions, but they no longer retain their faith; they march under the same banner, but they no longer fight for the same cause. New causes have arisen; new wants demand satisfaction; new ideas rally men together or keep them apart. I follow this course of things; I consult the symptoms which develop themselves; I enter upon the paths which are opened, and in which the generations of my time precede me. I change only because everything is changed—parties as well as ideas, feelings, and manners. You think you are what your fathers were—you are mistaken: you can only persist in this error on the condition of remaining motionless. As soon as you begin to move and act you will feel yourselves compelled to change, you will feel that you are already changed. Do not impute to me that which is the work of time: do not reproach me for transformations which are general, though not equally visible everywhere; do not stigmatise as desertion and treachery that which you will do yourselves, when you are called upon to govern your transformed country.

While expressly guarding against any discussion of the merits of the question itself, with which the first of two volumes of *Memoirs* by Sir Robert Peel abounds, it is impossible to refrain from an expression of surprise for the manner in which that question was allowed to remain in continual abeyance. During fifteen years a single administration existed. Of the members of this ministry one-half, or some such proportion, were pledged to emancipation from the very outset—the other half to continued repression. Yet for these fifteen years the cabinet were content to think differently and to do nothing. Sir Robert Peel endeavours to account for this strange discrepancy between the theory and the practice of individual politicians, on the ground that an attempt having been made in 1812 to concert a government between Lords Wellesley and Grenville, and this attempt having failed, it was thought generally expedient to merge opinions in the preservation of a strong government. Yet whether this subordination of private opinion really produced such a government, might be questioned by Sir Robert Peel himself, who admitted that his resignation in 1825 (and before he had attained the leadership of the House of Commons), would have produced the immediate dissolution of Lord Liverpool's Ministry.

While conceding to Sir Robert Peel the most honourable and conscientious intentions, it might certainly afford matter for satire, that those honourable and conscientious intentions were exposed to perpetual misadventure. He was convinced, in 1825, that relief must be conceded; accordingly, he proposed to resign office, and to leave others to settle the question. We have already seen how he was frustrated at this point. Two years afterwards he considered that, as the opponent

of emancipation, he could not honourably join Mr. Canning in the administration of which he was to be the head. Yet, neither Mr. Canning's opinions nor his intentions were, in the slightest degree, different from what they had been during the four years for which Mr. Peel had sat beside him on the Treasury bench. The secession of Lord Liverpool's followers had left Mr. Canning, indeed; free to create a government unanimous on this long disputed question; and, in fact, he received the King's permission to choose colleagues from whatever quarter he pleased. But it was expressly understood between the King and his minister, that the Roman Catholic claims should be waived, as heretofore. This was one of those incidents in the life of Mr. Canning, which, no doubt, afforded a certain pretext for the coarse invective of Lord Brougham, delivered to his face—that 'his whole life was the most incredible specimen of monstrous truckling that the whole history of political tergiversation could furnish.'

Yet Mr. Peel's opposition to Mr. Canning, during his short premiership—much as that opposition has been exaggerated by common opinion—seemed hardly consistent with the conformity of Mr. Canning's actual intentions with Mr. Peel's outward professions on the subject of Emancipation.

Again, when in January, 1828, the Duke of Wellington was called upon to form a new administration, in succession to that of Viscount Goderich (now Earl of Ripon), Sir Robert Peel acquiesced in the design of constructing a government on the same latitudinarian basis with that of Lord Liverpool's ministry, which nothing but the apprehension of dissolving an apparently strong government had prevented him from dis severing himself from in 1825, when the Irish crisis was obviously more remote. It may be said in reply, 'It was necessary to form a government: that could only be done on some such basis: the King disliked the Whigs; and he pre-eminently detested Lord Grey: he even talked of leaving England for the baths of Germany, and of never returning to this country.'

This, however, might be easily answered. The existing administration, weak though it was, might be recalled: it had not resigned in consequence either of any censure by the House of Commons, nor of any dissatisfaction on the part of the King. Even if this course were impracticable, the Whigs and the disciples of Mr. Canning, who came into power jointly in 1830, might have formed a strong government in 1828; and there is no doubt that the King would joyfully have accepted them, if the alternative of 'the Whigs or the baths' had clearly presented itself before him. The aspect of foreign affairs was, no doubt, very menacing; but it was not deemed so perilous as

to prevent Lord Dudley from retaining the Seals of the Foreign Office—a clever but eccentric and totally unpractical man, who said good things at dinner, and wrote confidential despatches at the Foreign Office to the Russian minister, which he directed by mistake to the French ambassador!

If, therefore, those who had no share in the transactions of that period may entertain an opinion in this matter, it would certainly seem that the more obvious course for Sir Robert Peel to have pursued, when requested by the Duke of Wellington to assume the leadership of the House of Commons, would have been to have replied:—‘The King must be governed by the principles of the Constitution; we shall not command a majority in the House of Commons—he must send for those who can.’ Whatever were the principle which Sir Robert proposed to himself—and it seems quite impossible to ascertain what it was—he had been again in office but a few weeks when Lord John Russell carried a motion for a repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts by a majority of forty-four. Again Sir Robert intended to resign; but he was overruled by the consideration, that after so recent a change of ministry, it would be inexpedient to create a fresh crisis. Lord John consequently had the grim satisfaction of passing measures without gaining office. During the same session, and on the 8th of May, Sir Francis Burdett carried a motion for Emancipation by a majority of six. Once more Sir Robert resolved to resign ‘at an early period.’ Yet he seems to have changed his intention again; for it appears, from his own Memoir, that he had agreed with the Duke to consider the whole question after the prorogation. The Canning party had now left the cabinet, and Lord Aberdeen had become Minister for Foreign Affairs. In February, 1829, when the Government had resolved on a policy of emancipation, Sir Robert yet again intended to resign office, as well as his seat for Oxford University; and to support the measure as a member of some other constituency. The motive which changed his intentions once more, is not apparent; for he must have foreseen from the outset that his resignation must immediately have broken up the Duke of Wellington’s government.

It will now be universally acknowledged that there is nothing in these transactions to throw any doubt on the integrity of the minister. But it seems not less clear, that the Memoir which Sir Robert has bequeathed for the vindication of his memory, displays a strange infirmity of purpose and uncertainty of view, so far as his resolutions with respect to office are concerned. It certainly exhibits a broad contrast to the calm consistency of Lord Aberdeen, the only minister of the Duke of Wellington’s

cabinet whose measures in 1829 coincided with the former professions of his life.

The second volume of Sir Robert Peel's *Memoirs* appears to be amenable to very much the same criticism as the former one. Devoted to the question of the abolition of the Corn Laws; as the first volume is devoted to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, it no doubt establishes his honour as a statesman and as a gentleman—which, indeed, was never successfully impugned—but it appears to do so without affording any clear explanation of the course which he pursued. That his honour was not easily to be assailed upon this question may be inferred, if only from the fact that the clique of opponents whom his abandonment of the Corn Laws in 1846 had brought out of hells and from the turf to lead the Protectionist party, were compelled to resort to calumnies fabricated from his relations with Mr. Canning twenty years before, in preference to charges arising out of the Corn Laws, in order to prejudice the House of Commons against his administration. This at least was the general tenor of the false and calumnious accusations of the late Lord George Bentinck, whom Lord Lyndhurst retributively described as 'a vexatious little insect, whose sting would out-venom all the worms of the Nile, did it not want the power to instil the poison.'

That the high Tories were more indignant with their nominal leader in 1846 than in 1829 was the natural result of the fact, that they were affected in pocket in the later—and only in power and in principles in the earlier instance. The Corn Laws, too, had been no open question. The two considerations which the public must have hoped to have been elucidated to them in this volume are—first; why did Sir Robert Peel, after pronouncing such unequivocal panegyrics in 1839, in 1840, and in 1841, on the existing system of duties, proceed in 1842 largely to diminish the scale of duties upon corn, and to revolutionise the whole system of imports in reference to all other consumable goods, by replacing a highly protective duty by an approximate free trade? Secondly, why, after maintaining a direct opposition to Mr. Cobden between 1842 and 1846, did he so suddenly resolve, during the winter of 1845-46, to carry the abolition of his own legislation upon corn in 1842, and of all restriction upon its import, partly, at least, under the pretext of a pressing dearth, while at the same time he postponed the operation of the measure, and failed to anticipate it even by a temporary opening of the ports, until long after the immediate pressure would have passed away?

Upon neither of these questions is there any explanation whatever vouchsafed in the second volume of these *Memoirs*.

* They involve the cardinal points in the *rationale* of his policy on the subject of free trade; and without any statements upon this head it is impossible to form any intelligible theory of his intentions. These Memoirs may amply suffice to vindicate the disinterestedness of his motives; but they cannot be said to form an explanation of his grounds of action.

The policy pursued by Sir Robert Peel towards the Church appears to have possessed this distinctive character—that it was not subordinated or made subservient to the ends of civil administration. The Bishops whom he appointed were neither political partisans, nor relations of great nobles, nor divines representing any extreme of religious opinion that might be distasteful to their clergy, nor the distinctive supporters of views coinciding with the educational policy of the Government of the day. Whether, in all respects, Sir Robert Peel's appointments fulfilled their ideal, it is not to be questioned that his Bishops represented a respectable and reliable phase of the Church.

Times, however, have undergone their change. The country was then told that the High Church party were going to Rome. The cry is now, *tout au contraire*, that the whole Church, High, Low, and Latitudinarian, is going to Spurgeon! To provide against this terrible catastrophe, it was whispered in ecclesiastical circles, so long ago as last April, that a grand alliance had been formed between some evangelical prelates and oratorical clergymen, which was designed to represent a great abstract entity, to be termed Anti-Spurgeonism; *i. e.* to do Spurgeon's work without Spurgeon's principle. The selection of the singularly orthodox pulpit of Exeter Hall, and the equally rubrical substitution of the Litany for the Evening Service being made, several clergymen of the Church of England, we regret to find (having no Exeter Hall in their own districts), have taken to preaching in the open fields. All this was unknown during the administration of Sir Robert Peel; though the prelacy of that period was reputed to be at least equally zealous with the prelacy of this day; and it had at least the merit of being respectable, because it respected itself and the principles which it represented; nor had we then a Primate of all England, who, if his expressions were literally interpreted, could be understood to regard churches in the character of obsolete institutions.

It is a singular anomaly that, in spite of the splendid traditions which are attached to the memory of the late Sir Robert Peel, there is so little that was constructive in his policy, so little that can be recognised as his, in the existing fabric of the state. A conservative and a reforming minister stand neces-

sarily, in this point of view, on a very different footing; and the statesman who opposes change is obviously at a great disadvantage with a statesman who rises to power from the basis of his reforming activity. It must be acknowledged that, with the exception of Sir Robert Peel's noble endeavours to promote the reform of the criminal law, the nearly twenty years of his official life, down to 1830, have left little other memorial than his vigorous repression of Catholic emancipation. The merit of settling that question, as he himself expressly acknowledged, belonged not to him; nor can the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts be fairly referred to any other politician than Lord John Russell.

But with reference to the interests of the Church the case was different. In ecclesiastical affairs we prominently trace Sir Robert Peel's constructive hand. It appeared to be a conviction common to the Whigs and to himself, that the political mechanism of the Church was eminently defective. But the measures pursued on this head by Lord Melbourne and himself were characteristically different. The principle enunciated by the Whigs, or acted upon by them at least, appeared to be, that the Church being thus defective in its mechanism, it had better be crippled and shackled as much as possible. Sir Robert Peel naturally saw, on the other hand, that constructive reform alone was wanting to develop the perfectibility of the ecclesiastical system in this country. No doubt some allowance ought to be made for the harsher measures of the Melbourne ministry, on the ground of the religious policy of many who were included within their parliamentary ranks; just as some qualification of the merit of Sir Robert Peel may be demanded, on the ground of the interest with which his supporters regarded the well-being of the Church. Such a qualification, however, cannot materially trench on the obligations of the Church to his individual policy.

A Church with an annual revenue (we are speaking of England alone) of some three millions and a half—ministered by the only educated priesthood in Europe—standing in the distinctive position, as compared with the Church in every other nation of the continent, that its offices and emoluments were sought indiscriminately by all classes of society—in which the son of the peasant and the son of the great noble stood on a footing of equality—where the former not seldom attained the highest dignities in its possession, and where the latter (unlike his position in the Austrian Church, where he first stipulates for an archbishopric) had commonly no ambition beyond the discharge of his parochial duties—a Church thus situated in respect at once of endowment, of education, and of the affection of all

classes—could hardly be otherwise than, if not the most perfect, at least the most perfectible, of all the institutions of Europe.

Whatever may have been the extension, during the Whig rule, of the policy which originally dictated the Ecclesiastical Commission—and whatever the defects of the actual administration of the interests of the Church by that commission may have been—the scheme of bringing offices, jurisdictions, and emoluments into conformity with the wants of our own age, was especially Sir Robert Peel's.

First, with regard to bishoprics. The differences of episcopal revenue, ranging between 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.* attached to the see of Durham, and 800*l.* or 900*l.* attached to the see of Llandaff, though in some respects fortuitous, had its origin also, in others, in appreciable differences of rank, which had long since subsided into traditions. Yet until Sir Robert Peel's accession to power in 1834, no effort appears to have been made by the executive to alter so ridiculous a system. The consequence was, that the prelate in possession of the poor see became a pluralist; and so long as pluralism received such a practical recognition from episcopal thrones, it was hopeless to eradicate it in parochial emoluments. The poor Bishop was probably both a dean and a rector: as in the case of Bishop Bagot (Oxford), and of others. The statute compelled the dean to three months' residence; it compelled the Bishop and the rector to residence also; until at last it was impossible to say whether the diocese, the cathedral, or the parish, were the greater loser. Ecclesiastical jurisdictions were at the same time extremely anomalous, unequal, and undefined. It would be difficult, even now, to speak of them as affording general satisfaction to the Church; and it is still more difficult to applaud the system of legal procedure. The latter, however, formed no part of the policy of Peel. The Ecclesiastical Commission, no doubt, has committed as strange blunders as any other commission; but the minister had but little concern with the detail of its administration, and instead of suppressing offices, had he contented himself with making officers do their duty, there had been little to regret in his Church Reform.

Whatever opinion may be formed regarding the partial suppression of capitular revenues, and of their conversion to the more active interests of the Church, it will be acknowledged on all hands that the reformation has at least tended to raise the position of the chapters themselves. Ecclesiastical politicians are probably unanimous in their condemnation of the old capitular system, which provided* for the interests neither of the cathedrals themselves, nor of theological learning, nor of those practical wants of dioceses which have now been consulted at its expense. But they are divided in opinion, into those who wished

that the reform should not involve the alienation of Capital revenues, even to the cognate objects of diocesan improvement; and into those who desired to practicalise the application of ecclesiastical property. It appears to have been the policy of Sir Robert Peel to adopt an intervening course between these two extremes of opinion.

In what degree the general principle of equalization, shadowed forth in these reforms, will ultimately be carried out, is a curious question for the future politics of the Church. Now that we have approximately equalized the stipends attached to all dignities, in their respective degrees of rank, shall we stop at the point which we have now reached; or shall we extend this just principle to the parochial revenues of the Church? Shall we continue to permit one incumbent to receive 100*l.* a-year, and another with an equal population to receive 7,000*l.*?¹ Or shall we, though we reserve the operation of our reforms for the successors of existing incumbents, nevertheless be held to trench upon presumptively vested rights, by lessening in some instances the value of advowsons? All these are questions arising out of the ecclesiastical policy of Sir Robert Peel, and suggesting great difficulties in the removal or mitigation of great evils.

On the question of the views of foreign policy entertained by the late Sir Robert Peel, M. Guizot ought to be a high authority. Yet, in his discussion of this question, there seems to be a strong disposition to render the subject subservient to a rather tortuous, and certainly not a very successful vindication of his own policy towards this country on one or two occasions:—

‘When I say “his foreign policy”’ (says M. Guizot), ‘my language is not perfectly accurate. Properly speaking, Sir Robert Peel had no foreign policy that was really his own, of which he had a clear conception, and which proposed to itself a special plan of European organization, and the adoption of which he assiduously applied himself to secure.’—P. 142.

And he elsewhere considers that Sir Robert Peel derived his views of foreign policy almost entirely from the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen. M. Guizot continues:—

‘But if foreign policy were neither his dominant idea, nor his principal occupation, he had two powerful and noble maxims, or rather feelings, on this subject. He desired that peace and justice should prevail among states; and these mighty words were not for him merely a possession, a means of acting on the minds of men; he desired that peace and justice should prevail in the relations of England with other nations, seriously and sincerely, as a good and habitual policy. Although very solicitous about the greatness of his country, and even very accessible to popular impressions with regard to the national dignity and honour, he formed no design of aggrandizement for England, felt no selfish jealousy of foreign states, and had no mania for domination abroad, no fondness for displaying an undesired and arrogant

¹ The tithes of the Rectory of Doddington (Dioc. Ely), are commuted at 7,806*l.*

influence. He respected the rights and dignity of other states, small as well as great, weak as well as strong; and regarded the employment of menace or force solely as a last extremity, legitimate only when it was absolutely necessary.—P. 143.

M. Guizot takes this opportunity of dealing with the Tahiti question at great length; and, as though with the resolution of justifying the policy of the French government on that subject, he appends much of the official correspondence which took place relating to it. This dissertation, and his remarks also on the question of the Spanish marriages, remind one of the Eastern proverb, that no man ever lost his way in a straight road. M. Guizot's arguments on these matters—we say it with the deepest respect for his intellectual and literary position—illustrate the converse of this very true and simple maxim. The plain truth appears to be, that M. Guizot was resolved to be minister of France. That he could only be by submitting to be the slave of an intriguing despot, and the defender and organ of an intriguing policy. His policy in Greece, although less commonly known, forms one of the most conclusive indications of his assumption—though, no doubt, of his unwilling assumption—of this character.

The Tahiti policy of the French government is thus described by him:—

‘We wished to acquire in the Pacific Ocean a point which would serve at once as a healthy and safe penal settlement and a station to which our mercantile navy might resort for supplies or refuge, without involving ourselves in the burdens or risk of a great territorial establishment. The little archipelago of the Marquesas seemed to fulfil these conditions; it belonged to no other power. Admiral Dupetit-Thouars received directions to occupy it. No mention was made of Tahiti in his instructions; and we had absolutely formed no design, present or future, on that island.’—P. 167.

Yet M. Guizot admits that, on the intelligence reaching them of the occupation of Tahiti, he ‘ratified the act unhesitatingly;’ although he was aware that the island formed an independent State under its own government, to which we had accredited a consul; and, in this respect, stood on an entirely different footing from the Marquesas. The institution of a French protectorate was attended (in the language of Sir Robert Peel himself), by ‘a gross outrage and gross indignity towards the British consul in Tahiti.’ When, therefore, Lord Aberdeen called upon M. Guizot for reparation, what is the plea by which M. Guizot in this volume justifies the conduct of the French admiral? ‘That the French cabinet maintained its right to remove from any of its colonial establishments any foreign resident who might disturb the public order.’ How could the island of Tahiti be a French ‘colonial establish-

ment,' even in the eyes of the French government alone, before they had so much as ratified the sham and illegal protectorate which their naval authorities had set up under brute force and intimidation? How could even their ratification of the act, supposing that it had preceded the outrage in question, (which it did not,) entitle the French government to appropriate, as a colony, the territory of a state whose independence Great Britain had acknowledged by accrediting a representative to its prince? It would surely have been more consistent with the aim of these Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel by M. Guizot, if the author had not attempted to adapt them to a very unsuccessful defence of his own policy.

Of these two Memoirs, however, that by M. Guizot will probably survive the volumes of official correspondence compiled by Sir Robert Peel himself. For a portraiture of Sir Robert's character, M. Guizot enjoyed great advantages. As a foreigner, he was sufficiently disconnected from party sentiments to write with justice: as a master of English history, and a frequent visitor to this country, he was possessed of every facility for public information: as *the* minister of France whose special aim it was to cultivate friendly relations with this country, he had gradually grown intimate with the great man whose biography he has written. This Memoir is, probably, too just and too thoughtful, so far as public considerations are involved, to admit of its being supplanted, unless another shall be published which will deal at greater length, as well as with equal fidelity, with the incidents of his private life.

Sir Robert Peel's own Memoirs, on the other hand, will be peculiarly disappointing to those who were already satisfied of his political integrity. Beyond that point they seem to carry no conviction—to leave unexplained much of the conduct which will, nevertheless, be acknowledged to be free of the faintest suspicion of dishonour. There is something, too, that seems very laboured and distasteful to himself in the efforts of this posthumous work, when his views had so largely altered, to vindicate the comparative illiberality of younger years. It calls to remembrance the happy reasoning of Martial—

'Pinxisti Venerem, colis, Artemidore, Minervam—
Et miraris opus displicuisse tuum?'

ART. IV.—*The Life of Charlotte Brontë.* By MRS. GASKELL.
Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

It used to be thought the reviewers' duty and office to be caterers for the world of readers, to be leaders of taste, to direct public attention into certain channels, to recommend books, or to dissuade from them, to take the trouble and responsibility of a first perusal; and there was at least the theory that the public was a very docile pupil, who liked guidance, and waited for direction. But who has waited for the critic's dictum to read the life of Charlotte Brontë? Can we hope to be beforehand with the most remote subscriber to Mudie's or his own sluggish country library, so as to indoctrinate him with our views, before he has formed his own, of *the* book of the season—the one book that all the world has read and talked about—and what is much more, that all readers have, according to their capacity, thought over with some real effort to understand its problem, and learn its lesson? And what is this book which has awakened such general interest—what is the life which has struck the universal chord of feeling? It is the very quietest life that ever was lived through, if we are to make variety and action our estimate of living; and this still, uneventful, obscure existence, was lived by a plain, diminutive woman, poor, shy, and unattractive.

The contrast between this outer life and the inner life which accompanied it, constitutes the interest of this remarkable biography. It supplies an illustration of the divine axiom that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth. These words, in their fullest sense, apply to a nobler life and higher aims than are recorded here; but they must also apply to that gift of life which God gives to all his intelligent creatures—that glorious gift of being, sensation, and consciousness. Here is truly a life. Charlotte Brontë lived with a reality and clearness which throw busier careers into mist and shade; here was thought, feeling, passion, the more intense (though not the better, or the happier) for being confined in the narrowest range—in the sphere, as it would at first sight appear, least congenial with our intenser emotions. And we learn what small external aids are needed to develop this gift, to expand thought, to concentrate feeling, to intensify emotion: a narrow, ascetic, silent home, a few wild moors, an expanse of sky reflecting the season's changes, an occasional glimpse of the sea, one or two friends, a few rough neighbours, the roll and

murmur of the distant world caught through the journals which reached her remote Yorkshire solitude. Once a sojourn in a foreign school; now and then, at distant intervals, a journey within the range of the one village conveyance; a short, sad experience of governess life; fewer adventures than fall to the lot of most monotonous existences; fewer incidents than excite most slaves to a mechanical employment—these furnished training enough for the acute intellect, taught the secrets of the human heart, and fed the vivid imagination—the faculty which glorifies every great idea, stamps every congenial fact indelibly on the brain, and gives significance to every encounter with the outer world.

There is indeed a solemn contrast between such a life of external calm, so tenacious of first impressions, where each event stands out distinct and tells upon the mind's history, quiet in its intensity, sad in its gravity, self-consuming in its resolute purpose, tragic in its life-long devotion to its own sense of duty, with scarce a break or relief to the brooding, constitutional melancholy—and the whirl of gay existence in life, so called: where no thought can be pursued in the perpetual analysis of transient and trivial sensations; where one emotion drives out another; where incident chases incident, and event, event; where every fresh study obliterates the influence of the last; where new loves make the old cold; where no impression lasts long enough to mould the character and leave its own trace behind. The most thoughtless reader must feel this contrast, and find his interest and curiosity stimulated, and his reason stirred, to discover the influences for good and evil in so exceptional a career as is here presented to him. It may, at least, make him appreciate the happy cheerfulness of ordinary life, to learn, as we are taught here—

———how existence may be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed, without the aid of joy.'

It is the impressive seriousness of this life that first strikes us; it indeed demands attention, and claims our respect, and even admiration. It reveals such earnestness, such truth according to its own standard, such conscientiousness as far as the perception of duty extends, such habitual self-sacrifice; while side by side with these noble qualities, are defects of equal magnitude, and a result which upsets all previous expectation, and overthrows half our theories. For what is the end of this seemingly chastened will, this abiding sense of a divine presence, this subjugation of the highest pleasures of the intellect to homely duties, this renunciation of the gay trifles which make up the existence of so many of her sex? Not serenity, not purity, not contentment, not hope, not a judgment skilled to

discern between good and evil; not a progress from strength to strength, not faith, nor joy and peace in believing—but dimness and deadness to spiritual things, and a clinging to time and sense, and ignorance of the highest purpose of existence, and a low standard of excellence in others, and bitterness of spirit, narrow sympathies, and harsh judgments. Such at least are the misgivings left on our minds after the perusal of this biography, such the doubts and regrets; though it is not impossible that things may be left untold, unknown even to the biographer, known only to the nearest and dearest, which might clear up the gloom and throw a parting gleam over this sad, heavy, and clouded day.

Before, however, we enter upon the consideration of Charlotte Brontë's character, we would impress upon our readers that she was one of a class who have a peculiar claim for consideration and indulgence—those whose minds and bodies are not in harmony, where there is a lasting discrepancy between the spirit and the mortal frame in which it may truly be said to be imprisoned. When these do not *fit*—when the mind is masculine, vigorous, active, keen, and daring, and the body feeble, nervous, suffering under exertion, and sinking always towards its fall—the want of balance is apt to play strange tricks with the whole economy. The mind, unsupported, not allowed to follow out its suggestions and impulses by physical weakness, and thus condemned to a forced inactivity, becomes often morbid, capricious, or reckless in its workings; for the mind cannot think properly, or use its functions as mere spirit. The body in its turn suffers under the vagaries of its strong, rebellious, irresponsible tenant; it is racked by pains or prostrated by ineffectual, powerless efforts to obey—or it throws off the yoke altogether, and refuses to act as interpreter any longer, and sits down in the stolid imbecility of extreme shyness and reserve, a rigid mould, out of which the fiery tenant cannot make itself seen or felt, and so revenges itself by all the more licence in its own unthwarted sphere, or settles down into dreams and fancies, preying upon itself. Now, we know that this great trial, wherever it is found, is an appointed one; that there is a way to escape from its temptations, and to turn them into a blessing; but it is not less a duty in all who know no such anguish, who experience no internal strife, whose system is in harmony, who know not what this conflict of uncongenial elements means—to pity those who have all their life to bear the burden and heat of this oppressive day. It behoves them, while thankful for their happier lot, to be indulgent, tender, sympathising, considerate for those—and they are often the most highly gifted—who are the subjects of a severer dispensation; to make allowances, to be slow to blame,

ready to forgive, patient of seeming injustice, tolerant of eccentricity, caprice, and we might almost say, of error—not of error in itself, but in them.

We have spoken of the sensation caused by the present biography, which would have had no common interest had its subject been hitherto unknown; but, this is of course indefinitely enhanced by the startling juxtaposition in which it stands, to ordinary readers, with the preconceived conception of what the author of 'Jane Eyre' must be. The genius and audacity of the story; the shrinking timidity of the writer; the decorous, uneventful simplicity of the life; the bold plunge into the whirl of passion in the novel; the rustic ignorance of the world the one presents; the deep knowledge of man's nature—original, rough, coarse man's nature—in those scenes and interests which remove them farthest from woman's sympathy and observation, found in her works—what every reader seeks to do, is to reconcile this seeming contradiction, and unravel the mystery how can so bashful a woman be so unbashful a writer?—and so on.

In the first place, the book proves that those who know least of the world do not always know its best part. The boy at a private tutor's, amongst his two or three companions may find as much bad as in the five hundred boys of a public school; perhaps he may find more: and Charlotte Brontë's small glimpse of the world showed her but an indifferent part of it, and her home held a monster whom the strong ties of an inordinate family affection constrained her to love and care for and find excuses for. Whatever extenuation can be found for want of refinement—for grosser outrages on propriety than this expression indicates—the home and the neighbourhood of Charlotte Brontë certainly furnish; she wrote in ignorance of offending public opinion. She thought men habitually talked before women in the way she makes one of them talk; she thought men generally were like, in their principles, practice, and manners, the men she describes. As her eyes were opened her standard rises, till in her last portrait, the eccentric M. Paul, she gives us something really noble and high principled, though in as odd a shape as these fine qualities were ever embodied.

For practical purposes she lived in a less refined age than our own. Her early experience is drawn from a society a hundred years behindhand in these matters. People talked very differently in the days of Richardson from what they do now. He was then regarded as a moralist. Men would justly hesitate to accord that praise if he wrote the same things in our day. She did not know this; and she had a Lovelace in the house with her, in the person of her brother Branwell.

So that while she hated low vice for its own sake, and suffered miserably for its consequences, she was sadly and grievously familiar with it, and knew so much worse than she wrote, that she had no conception of offending the delicacy of her readers.

But this is not all; it must be confessed that her sympathies were more with human nature as she saw it than either with ideal perfection or with the same human nature disciplined and held in check by stern principle. She naturally estimated men by their *qualities*, not their principles; and this may be traced not only to circumstances and training, but to a certain inherent and never-remedied defect of nature and temperament. Her character was essentially unspiritual. No merely natural qualities have any merit in them; an abstract admiration of the ideal and perfect may leave the mere admirer no better than his neighbour; but it is not the less true that a want of this appreciation of an elevated form of goodness is an evil. And this void is felt alike in Charlotte Brontë's religion and imagination—it influences at once her life and works.

As far as it is shown to us in Mrs. Gaskell's Memoir, her actuating religion was *natural* religion. Not that the doctrines of the Gospel were, as far as we see, ever *questioned* by her. Her external life showed a formal submission to them, which we would be the last to undervalue. She went constantly to church—there were family prayers, at which she punctually assisted. She was conscientious, often to the sacrifice of pleasure and convenience, in her attendance at the Sunday-school. No duty of the clergyman's daughter was omitted. She had an intimate acquaintance with the language of Scripture—its words were constantly on her lips, or rather her pen. But all that teaching which connects the Christian's life with the love of Christ, which shows us that we are one with Him, hidden with Him, bought with a price, and therefore no longer our own; that we are risen with Him, and must seek the things *above*—the second birth—the indwelling of the Spirit—mysteries—sacraments—all these heavenly things, as far as the Biography shows us (we are aware that there may not have been any diligent search for them, or quick apprehension of transient leanings towards the higher spiritual truths), are a dead letter. We do not find that the conception of them ever fairly took hold of her mind, though at one period nervous despondency assumed the religious aspect it frequently does; but we meet with no aspirations after something above human nature—no lifting up of the soul to the Infinite. A sense of divine presence we do find—of a need of God's help, and dependence on Him as of the dread Power on whom our happiness depends, because His awful irresponsible will may at any moment dash the cup

from our lips. Of the Deity as a fate to be feared, a Power to be propitiated, a Master to be obeyed, we recognise the influence everywhere in life and works; seldom surely as a Father and a Friend. And this feeble and low estimate of the Divine nature may explain her very defective notions of the evils of sin. She seems to view sin only on the side of its injury to man; not mainly as an offence against God—God who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. It is only, indeed, through the revelation of the Gospel, that sin becomes exceeding sinful—withdrawn from that searching light, it must necessarily be hated solely for the mischief that it does, and the misery it causes. Thus, outrages against God, such as avowed atheism, excite no sense in her of personal wrong. She is seriously grieved when her friend, Miss Martineau, published her infidel book; such speculations depressed her, and made her unhappy. But there is no indignation—she thinks the feeling out of place, and censures it in others. She feels, on the contrary, the general outcry an occasion for showing fidelity in friendship. She regards Miss Martineau as under persecution, because people are angry with her book. She has no jealousy for the honour of God. It may be said, ‘Wherein does she differ in all this from most writers of fiction?’ Our novelists are not, as a class, remarkable for their spiritual views of Christianity; we are generally content with something far short of this. But Miss Brontë is no ordinary writer. There is nothing vague or undefined about her—all her actuating principles influenced her works. She and her works are identical. Her talent lies in analysis, in looking deep down into the heart; and therefore, all wants and omissions are felt to bear fruit. In fact, a powerful mind shows its wants more than weaker ones; the void is felt in proportion to its vigour and fulness in other directions.

The natural affections are her true inspiration—they absorbed all the feeling of her nature: and this again, it may be said, is no unusual idolatry, that we should lay it to the special charge of Miss Brontë. But with her, as we see it in her life, it was no common, self-indulgent creed. Those who knew only her works might so misunderstand her. She has been so misunderstood. But, in fact, it was a worship that demanded continual sacrifices and the sternest self-denial—the dedication of the whole being. What grim idol was ever more inexorable than her cold damp dreary home, bare, grey, and desolate, with its churchyard miasmas and cheerless bleak solitudes. And her worship of it was much after the servile fashion of idol-worship—if it began in love it ended in fear. She knew it was a prison—she often shuddered over its memories, but she never dreamed

of escaping its chains, even when it held her from all that her nature most needed for refreshment and renewal. She regarded the call as a temptation. Her devotion to her father is beyond all praise. We can give no ill names to even an excess of filial virtue. Her love, duty, obedience, and sacrifice of her whole being to him, are indeed the example of the book; and she had the reward of making his happiness, and constituting, while she lived, the joy and pride of his old age. But her love for her brother brought nothing but misery and disgrace; yet, the anguish of disappointed hopes, the intolerable load of shame, the perpetual disgust and degradation, never weaned her affection from him—at least, never so far as to suggest the thought of ridding herself of a burden which most minds of any power would in some way have delivered themselves from, and cast off, as Samson his green withes. Even her sisters, with whom there was congeniality of taste and feeling—where the keen, passionate, almost morbid affection was mutual—how strange and comfortless it sounds in the description—how little did Emily, in her pagan selfishness, reward the love centred upon her. How cautious had Charlotte to be—how fearful of offending that incomprehensible, but half human, temper. How patiently she yielded to her overbearing will; how she submitted without irritation to her sinful folly in illness. How tenderly she held her in memory after death, shutting her eyes to her faults, and dressing her up in all manner of fictitious virtues and graces, in the hope of bringing round the world to her own high estimate. How she longed for her, and bled for her with inward wounds that never healed. Her nature had not in it the element of change; even the servant who had once found a place in the inner sanctum of her heart must hold it, and be tenderly considered and humoured, at unheard-of sacrifices of time and convenience. On such questions she could not reason—instinct and a blind sense of duty, with something of the fatalist's resignation, were her guides.

The most engrossing of all human affections was known only to her imagination (as far, that is, as the reader is concerned); for her engagement and marriage occurred at the close of her history; it formed the interest, not of her actual life, but of that part of it which we see in her books. There she threw herself into it with characteristic intensity. Ordinary readers were led to suspect from the daring with which the subject is treated, that her own heart was susceptible; but we believe that experience would have checked the audacity of her invention, if not stopped it altogether; for, in fact, none of the relations which absorbed and filled her heart are represented in her books. Her heroines, those whose inner sanctuary of feeling is laid bare, are in two cases homeless, and in all father-

less and sisterless: waifs and strays of society with no ties of family or locality. It would seem as if each scene of human feeling must be lived through, either in life or imagination. She was indeed almost willing to confess that the love of children was not in her; but this probably was because it was as yet a mere abstract idea to her. It might have been awakened to tragic power, but it was not the Divine Will that the mother's joys or sorrows should be hers, or we cannot but believe that it, like the rest, would have been a passion self-devoted, blind, idolizing. Friendship stands on quite a different basis in her mind from these *natural* ties. Though very capable of a strong attachment, she had a singular mistrust of it, lest its blandishments should withdraw her from her just allegiance. When intercourse with some congenial mind was absolutely needed for health of mind and body, she would voluntarily refuse it, from the instinctive fear that it might shake the supremacy of home; her instincts were always afraid of it, lest this new influence should attempt to supersede their tyranny. Still it *was* an influence: between her friends and the world at large there was a mighty gulf; they were removed from the region of abstraction and admitted to be parts of herself; and all things not received in some way into herself were either nothing to her or held in antipathy. Abstract ideas were a mere blank; masses of men and their great interests were such to her. Things and persons must have entered into her brain through her heart, feelings, and sympathies, and been thus incorporated into her own being, for her to have a judgment upon them, or, we may add, a conscience about them.

There is a perfect fitness between the subject of the present memoir and her biographer. Mrs. Gaskell has done her best, and spared no pains to draw a faithful and true portrait of her friend; using no more artifices or flattering appliances than are fair in all friendly portrait painting, and which consist in giving prominence to the good points and casting a discreet shade over the weak and faulty ones. In some respects, it is indeed a model of biography. She has caught the spirit of her subject; all the accessories are in keeping. The time and labour she has bestowed on the locality tell with striking effect. We feel these strange sisters to be the spirits of the wild scene, so vividly brought before us; and her heroine's genius and virtues gain originality and dignity, and her faults find their readiest excuse in the picturesque peculiarities of her home and training. In spite of an evident desire to sustain a certain romantic tone—to have all in good keeping—we see no reason to question any statement of fact where she has depended on her own judgment. But the case is altogether different where she has

implicitly relied on the statements of others in a case where their own wounded feelings were most deeply concerned; there the wish to make the world realize her friend's sorrows and trials has quite upset her sense of justice. We cannot suppose any personal feeling has led Mrs. Gaskell into the great sin and ruinous blunder of her book. We believe it rather to be the fancied duty of using no reserves which could interfere with a full revelation of her heroine's position and circumstances, which she holds to be the cause of all that was faulty in herself or her writings; a false principle which in one case has led her to be as regardless of other reputations as though the persons her story comes in contact with were mere creatures of the brain. We must believe she has been misled by Miss Brontë's own private account, and trusted her erroneous impression, and published it to the world (in a case where such partial affection as hers must necessarily warp her judgment) so rashly and blindly, as not to take the commonest, simplest, and easiest means to ascertain the truth of the unparalleled charges she was bringing. Even if the strange revolting story could have been proved in every particular, we should have felt the impropriety of this gratuitous attack. It sounded, at the first reading, something vindictive and revengeful; an unprecedented outrage on feeling and custom, for which there was no sufficient motive. When every word has been retracted on the threat of legal proceedings, when we find that such charges could be brought by one woman against another without due precaution or adequate inquiry, our confidence in Miss Brontë's biographer has received a permanent shock. She has lost ground which she can never regain. We can no longer take anything for granted; we must test it by our own sense of probability, and form our own independent inferences.

It does not commonly conduce to eminence or distinction in life, of any sort, to have been the victim of crotchets in childhood. Most persons of genius have had an ordinary education according to their class; but Charlotte Brontë stands, at first sight, a signal exception to this rule. She was brought up on what is called a system. Her father took it into his head to train his children on the principles of Day, Rousseau, and those new lights. But when we analyse this system we find its real basis to be *neglect*. His children were, to a most unusual degree, left to themselves. Mr. Brontë, on principle, fed his children exclusively on potatoes; burnt their pretty red shoes, and cut his wife's silk gown into strips,—and therefore takes place amongst the theorists and philosophers: but never was reputation earned at less expense of time and trouble. He had a plan of his own for training children and weaning them

from the frivolities of life; but having given his orders we meet with no further interference. Their mother suffered in her long illness alone, or in her husband's company. He dined all his life by himself; the six children ate their potatoes by themselves, and either sat in their 'study' (they never had a nursery), where the eldest, just seven years old, read the newspaper and gleaned the political intelligence, or they wandered hand-in-hand to spend hours on the moors. Their bodies were played tricks with, but not their minds. There was no tampering with the intellect—that was left to develop as it might, under nature's influences. Feeble health made them precocious; each child was a phenomenon. They had no notion of play; they never made a noise; their amusements were intellectual speculation; their interests those of the great outer world, wars and politics, warriors and statesmen. It was an education, so to call it, fatal to that just balance of powers which constitutes happiness, and dangerous to principle; but, considering their peculiar organization, fostering the intellect. Nourishing food, tender maternal watchfulness, the attentions and cares of the nursery, plenty of playthings, and the little lessons said as a task each day, would have made happier and better women; they could afterwards have taken their place in life without shyness or reserve: and the brother might have grown into a man, not sunk, after a boyhood of extraordinary promise, into a brute. But on the mere question of genius we should have missed some of Currer Bell's most vivid scenes; there probably would have been no Currer Bell; nor should we have had in their infancy six little sages rivalling their seven predecessors of Greece. We believe in the substantial truth of the following replies, though they may have received a little finish and point in the recording. The incident of the mask is surely prophetic of the disguise under which the three sisters spoke their utterances to the world, and which was really necessary to their powers of expression. We extract from a letter of Mr. Brontë:—

"When my children were very young, when, as far as I can remember, the oldest was about ten years of age, and the youngest about four, thinking that they knew more than I had yet discovered, in order to make them speak with less timidity, I deemed that if they were put under a sort of cover I might gain my end; and happening to have a mask in the house, I told them all to stand and speak boldly from under cover of the mask.

"I began with the youngest (Anne, afterwards Acton Bell), and asked what a child like her most wanted; she answered, 'Age and experience.' I asked the next (Emily, afterwards Ellis Bell), what I had best do with her brother Branwell, who was sometimes a naughty boy; she answered, 'Reason with him, and when he won't listen to reason, whip him.' I asked Branwell what was the best way of knowing the difference between the intellects of man and woman; he answered, 'By considering the difference between them as to their bodies.' I then asked Charlotte what was the best book in the world; she answered, 'The Bible.' And what was the

next best ; she answered, 'The Book of Nature.' I then asked the next what was the best mode of education for a woman ; she answered, 'That which would make her rule her house well.' Lastly, I asked the oldest what was the best mode of spending time ; she answered, 'By laying it out in preparation for a happy eternity.' I may not have given precisely their words, but I have nearly done so, as they made a deep and lasting impression on my memory. The substance, however, was exactly what I have stated."—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, vol. i. pp. 59, 60.

These preternaturally sagacious answers emanated from a semi-cultivation. These girls, so quiet, thoughtful, and demure, as we find them in early youth, were in their secret inner nature untamed, and their cold formal stone-flagged home, where they did housework and obeyed orders, represented their merely bodily docility ; the unenclosed, untilled heathery moors, with their becks and hollows, figure the freedom, independence, and wild self-culture of their minds, thinking their own thoughts, forming their own theories, constructing their own creeds. They were as much the offspring of this locality as the nymphs and dryads of mythology, and the haunting fairies of a later age, of whom they constantly remind us in the union of two apparently opposite elements—a sympathy with rude humanity, its homely labours, coarse pleasures and passions, and an intense clinging identification of self with the purer, more evanescent aspects of nature, cloud and moonbeam, rainbow and mountain ; but while, from this preternatural affinity, seemingly so powerful and free, never really rising beyond earth's attraction, and always haunting the same spot. Charlotte had feelings which connected her with her kind, but we can never think of Emily in life or death as a piece of ordinary humanity ; her vehement home-sickness, the inability to exist away from her moors, her deftness at household labours, her savage picture of life in her book, her mastery over brute creatures, her wild unapproachable reserve, her unwillingness to die, as though this life were all, give all the same weird impression. The disembodied spirit, in our fancy, lingers about the scene to which it so passionately clung ; it still sobs in the winds and shrieks in the driving wintry rains of those dreary heights.

But our main business is with Charlotte ; and the subject of education, plainly treated, brings us to the delicate and much disputed question of the Cowan Bridge School, to which she was sent at eight years old, for a brief period, and of which she has recorded such bitter experiences as Jane Eyre. At eight or nine years old, her habits of observation had no doubt set in. She could form a decided opinion, though not a just judgment, on what she saw ; and that opinion would be pretty sure to be an unfavourable and prejudiced one. After her peculiar home-training, we do not doubt that restraint would be irksome,

and the presence of numbers overwhelming. Then the very simplicity of her home diet might render her appetite fastidious to school fare and the rough cooking with which it is often served. There seems also no doubt that her elder sister, the object of her warm affection and even reverence, was unkindly treated by one of the teachers; Maria Brontë was not in a state of health to be sent to school at all, and faults, the consequence of bodily languor, were punished with undiscerning severity. The scenes recorded by Mrs. Gaskell, of which others were witness, would rankle in any sister's memory; in Charlotte Brontë they would make an indelible impression and cry for vengeance. She found herself in a scene of dreariness and privation, her soul boiled over at what she thought her sister's ill treatment; the child was not then in a state to estimate Mr. Carus Wilson's really benevolent efforts, and the good intentions and self sacrifice, which would atone for mistakes to lookers on. To her he was the head and front of offending; they were *his* rules which pressed so hardly on her, the teacher who tyrannised over her sister acted under his authority. To her he was the veritable 'black marble clergyman' she subsequently sculptured forth. Now it is certain that it needs not only good intentions, but a great deal of kindness and practical knowledge of children, to be able to serve them and do them good; it is hardly fair to demand their gratitude for pursuing a bad system towards them, however well meant; and we are disposed to think that in the short period between the establishment of the school, and its reconstruction after the fever, the period with which alone Charlotte Brontë is concerned, the system was harsh and the practical management ill conducted; probably little allowance was made for difference of character, and all were under one stern mechanical rule. But time should at least soften resentments, if it is too much to expect gratitude from the sensitive, keen nature that writhed under this rule; twenty years should not have passed only to find the rancour more poignant, the understanding should not have gained strength only to give force to retaliation, the imagination should not have developed only to invent the most telling weapon with which to inflict a blow: for no direct charge or accusation could have produced the same effect as this irresponsible satire. The author of *Jane Eyre* wrote under a feigned name, ignorant who would read her book, how far it would reach, or if it would ever be taken for earnest—not tied down to fact, and with no other guide or judge but her own impression, to which we fully believe she desired to be faithful. But in this assumed freedom she felt at liberty to *interpret* every action that displeased her, to give the *thoughts* that had prompted every supercilious

word, or harsh tone; to ascribe the motives in words for every austere direction. No one, not she herself, or contemporary pupils, even heard Mr. Carus Wilson say the things attributed to Mr. Brocklehurst; but, she did not think herself unfair so long as she gave what she believed the *true* interpretation, and put thought and action into the language which they must have assumed if reduced to words at all. 'This is always her plan in writing. Thus if Mr. Wilson even objected in her "hearing" to a substitute being provided for an ill-cooked breakfast, her conscience would feel justified in recording his supposed principle in the following words, which conclude a long harangue.

"Oh, Madam, when you put bread and cheese instead of burnt porridge into these children's mouths, you may feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!"—*Jane Eyre*, p. 60.

If ever she witnessed, which we have little doubt she did, the contrast between her schoolfellows' enforced plainness of apparel—enforced on religious grounds—and the air of fashion in their censor's own family, she would not hesitate to bring precept and practice in rather startling juxtaposition, as in the following little scene, which comes at the close of a lecture against conformity to the world, and an order for cutting short the hair of all the girls.

"Madam," he pursued, "I have a Master to serve, whose kingdom is not of this world; my mission is to mortify in these girls the lusts of the flesh, and teach them to clothe themselves with shame-faccdness and sobriety, not with braided hair and costly apparel; and each of the young persons before us has a string of hair twisted in plaits which vanity itself might have woven: these, I repeat, must be cut off; think of the time wasted of"—

'Mr. Brocklehurst was here interrupted. Three other visitors, ladies, entered the room. They ought to have come a little sooner to have heard his lecture on dress, for they were splendidly attired in velvet, silk, and furs. The two younger of the trio (fine girls of sixteen and seventeen) had grey beaver hats, then in fashion, shaded with ostrich plumes, and from under the brim of this graceful head-dress fell a profusion of light tresses, elaborately curled. The elder lady was enveloped in a costly velvet shawl, trimmed with ermine, and she wore a false front of French curls.

'These ladies were deferentially received by Miss Temple as Mrs. and the Misses Brocklehurst, and conducted to seats of honour at the top of the room.'—*Ibid.* p. 61.

If exposure and public denunciation was a favourite form of punishment, one indeed most ill suited for the moral training of girls, and terrible to a nervous temperament to endure or even to witness, she would not hesitate to illustrate the system in that ruthless scene, where the hapless child is set on a stool and proclaimed a liar, or to enhance its cruelty by the exquisite contrast of pity and sympathy, delineated in her own sister Maria; thus exhibiting in harshest and most painful force a

hard unfeeling system brought to bear on a noble character. Just so far, and no further, we believe this to be a correct representation of the state of things at Cowan Bridge; that is, we believe the faults she exposes did all exist in a modified form; her penetration saw what some others did not see, but what was really there. But the unfairness consists not only in dramatic exaggeration, but in the suppression or ignoring of all redeeming points.

In all this, Charlotte Brontë did not feel the responsibilities of authorship, or realize that, while relieving her own feelings and avenging her sister's wrongs, by telling the tale her own way, she was retaliating by the same plan of irresponsible denunciation she had been exposing in her book. Minds so warped by morbid family affection as hers cannot be fair in judging between their own belongings and strangers, besides that her sense of justice was not as much on the alert as it would have been in making a plain statement. Mrs. Gaskell says—

'Miss Brontë more than once said to me, that she should not have written what she did of Lowood in "*Jane Eyre*," if she had thought the place would have been so immediately identified with Cowan's Bridge, although there was not a word in her account of the institution but what was true at the time when she knew it; she also said that she had not considered it necessary, in a work of fiction, to state every particular with the impartiality that might be required in a court of justice, nor to seek out motives, and make allowances for human failings, as she might have done, if dispassionately analysing the conduct of those who had the superintendence of the institution. I believe she herself would have been glad of an opportunity to correct the over-strong impression which was made upon the public mind by her vivid picture, though even she, suffering her whole life long, both in heart and body, from the consequences of what happened there, might have been apt, to the last, to take her deep belief in facts for the facts themselves—her conception of truth for the absolute truth.'—*Life of Charlotte Brontë*, vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

The apology for unfairness, the excuse, as far as one can be given, for lasting indiscriminating rancour, lies in such scenes as these, for which Mrs. Gaskell has the authority of a fellow pupil.

'One of their fellow-pupils, among other statements even worse, gives me the following:—The dormitory in which Maria slept was a long room, holding a row of narrow little beds on each side, occupied by the pupils; and at the end of this dormitory there was a small bed-chamber opening out of it, appropriated to the use of Miss Scatterd. Maria's bed stood nearest to the door of this room. One morning, after she had become so seriously unwell as to have had a blister applied to her side (the sore from which was not perfectly healed), when the getting-up bell was heard, poor Maria moaned out that she was so ill, so very ill, she wished she might stop in bed; and some of the girls urged her to do so, and said they would explain it all to Miss Temple, the superintendent. But Miss Scatterd was close at hand, and her anger would have to be faced before Miss Temple's kind thoughtfulness could interfere; so the sick child began to dress, shivering with cold, as, without leaving her bed, she slowly put on

her black worsted stockings over her thin white legs (my informant spoke as if she saw it yet, and her whole face flashed out undying indignation). Just then Miss Scatterd issued from her room, and, without asking for a word of explanation from the sick and frightened girl, she took her by the arm, on the side to which the blister had been applied, and by one vigorous movement whirled her out into the middle of the floor, abusing her all the time for dirty and untidy habits. There she left her. My informant says, Maria hardly spoke, except to beg some of the more indignant girls to be calm; but, in slow, trembling movements, with many a pause, she went down stairs at last,—and was punished for being late.—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 73, 74.

It is rather a startling fact, that this poor child was almost at the point of death before her father was informed of her illness. The shock was great when he saw her state; he took her home at once, where she died in a very few days.

The Miss Temple of *Jane Eyre* still lives, and barely remembers Charlotte Brontë as a bright clever little child; the only period of her life, her biographer thinks, in which the epithet 'bright' could be applied to her. She was taken from the school soon after nine years old—a standing warning to all concerned with children, to take care what they do before the youngest and smallest: who knows what tenacious memories, what keen sense of injustice, what power and thirst for vengeance, lie there in the germ, hid out of sight or thought, to start into life some day.

At this age, the death of her two elder sisters made her the head of the family, and constituted her the guardian of the two remaining girls, Emily and Anne, the Ellis and Acton Bell of later times. An aunt, their mother's sister, taught them what she knew herself, and the father told them the news, and kept them informed in all public events. Mr. Brontë's plans of education were certainly singular, for while he sent four girls to school at one time, his only son he preferred to keep at home under his own instruction, and dependent for amusement on such intercourse and companionship as he could make for himself in the village; where he soon became so acceptable, that it was the custom of the landlord of the public house to send for 'Patrick,' as they called him, to entertain every new arrival. After this we need not talk of systems of education. The result surpasses in mischief what might have been expected from it. But in boyhood Branwell shared his sisters' literary tastes and aspirations. They wrote tales, dramas, and poems together. At the age of nineteen, he sent one of the latter to Wordsworth, with a request for his judgment expressed in really eloquent terms, and conveying at once a sense of his own powers, and a modest deference to the great poet's award, whatever it might be, which make us grieve the more for the wreck of his later years.

The seclusion of their life had an exactly opposite effect on the brother and his sisters; they grew preposterously shy and bound to home; he longed for the world he was shut out from with a sort of mania; he actually studied the map of London, till he knew his way through its labyrinths better than any cockney.

One of the curiosities of the book is a fac-simile of Charlotte's handwriting in this first period of composition, distressing to look upon from its extreme minuteness and from the ruinous effect it must have had on her sight, which was always weak. There is something characteristic in this, and in her notion of learning to draw by close imitation of line engraving. We trace something of the same minuteness in her style, and in the labour she bestows on the description of a passing expression, a frown, a glance, a smile. She was feeling her way in the dark to her own especial forte. By fourteen she had written twenty volumes in this microscopic penmanship, of a quality which Mrs. Gaskell answers for as being of singular merit for that age. The variety of subject implies an immense range of thought and interest, and a considerable hero-worship. The Duke of Wellington was her type and ideal of all that was great and noble. Her thoughts, her stories, her fancies, all centred round him. She was a keen politician, a Tory, and church-woman, in her way. The following passage from one of her stories, written to account for its slow progress, must surely be remarkable writing for the age of thirteen.

"Parliament was opened, and the great Catholic question was brought forward, and the Duke's measures were disclosed, and all was slander, violence, party-spirit, and confusion. Oh, those six months, from the time of the King's speech to the end! Nobody could write, think, or speak on any subject about the Catholic question, and the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Peel. I remember the day when the *Intelligence Extraordinary* came with Mr. Peel's speech in it, containing the terms on which the Catholics were to be let in! With what eagerness Papa tore off the cover, and how we all gathered round him, and with what breathless anxiety we listened, as one by one they were disclosed, and explained, and argued upon so ably, and so well! and then when it was all out, how Aunt said that she thought it was excellent, and that the Catholics could do no harm with such good security! I remember also the doubts as to whether it would pass the House of Lords, and the prophecies that it would not; and when the paper came which was to decide the question, the anxiety was almost dreadful with which we listened to the whole affair: the opening of the doors; the hush; the royal dukes in their robes, and the great duke in green sash and waistcoat; the rising of all the peeresses when he rose; the reading of his speech—Papa saying that his words were like precious gold; and lastly, the majority of one to four (*sic*) in favour of the Bill. But this is a digression." &c. &c.—*Ibid.* p. 92.

In the midst of this intellectual activity she was a busy little housewife, sweeping the rooms, assisting in the cooking, and, by turns, playfellow and monitress of her younger sisters and brother;

such occupations being, no doubt, of infinite value as a check to mere brain work, which must have been going on amongst them all to a very dangerous extent. In a year or two's time we find her with failing spirits and a tone of melancholy, very sad in the dawn of womanhood. It is at this age that we first have a description of her personal appearance—a point of great importance in the formation of all character, and which greatly influenced hers; for she was painfully and morbidly conscious of plainness of feature, so much so as to suppose herself an object disagreeable to the eyes of strangers: an unfortunate impression which, no doubt (added to the quaint, homely style of dress it was the father's will to choose for his daughters), had a great deal to do with her shyness. People seldom take up such notions without some foundation; otherwise Mrs. Gaskell's friendly description, supported by Richmond's very interesting and intelligent portrait, would lead us to disregard it altogether. But faces which depend upon intelligence and expression for their good looks are never seen to advantage by their possessors.

‘This is perhaps a fitting time to give some personal description of Miss Brontë. In 1831, she was a quiet, thoughtful girl, of nearly fifteen years of age, very small in figure—“stunted” was the word she applied to herself,—but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight, fragile body, no word in ever so slight a degree suggestive of deformity could properly be applied to her; with soft, thick, brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description, as they appeared to me in her first life. They were large and well shaped; their colour a reddish brown; but if the iris was closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet, listening intelligence; but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill set; but, unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance over-balanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind—writing, sewing, knitting—was so clear in its minuteness. She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire; but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and gloves.

‘I can well imagine that the grave serious composure, which, when I knew her, gave her face the dignity of an old Venetian portrait, was no acquisition of later years, but dated from that early age when she found herself in the position of an elder sister to motherless children. But in a girl only just entered on her teens, such an expression would be called (to use a country phrase) “old-fashioned;” and in 1831, the period of which I now write, we must think of her as a little, set, antiquated girl, very quiet in manners, and very quaint in dress; for besides the influence exerted by

her father's ideas concerning the simplicity of attire befitting the wife and daughters of a country clergyman (as evinced in his destruction of the coloured boots and the silk gown), her aunt, on whom the duty of dressing her nieces principally devolved, had never been in society since she left Penzance, eight or nine years before, and the Penzance fashions of that day were still dear to her heart.'—*Ibid.* pp. 99—101.

In 1831 (she was born in 1816) she was sent again to school at Roe Head, between Leeds and Huddersfield, under the charge of Miss Wooler, who remained her warm friend through life. There, too, she formed a lasting friendship with two of her schoolfellows, and in visiting them at their homes somewhat enlarged the sphere of her observation. The traditions of Roe Head and these family visits furnish amongst them the plot and many of the characters of 'Shirley,' where, our readers will remember, there figure many rich and original specimens of Yorkshire life. Scarcely any of her characters are simply ideal; she had a real model for most of them; and the family of one of these schoolfellows seems to have been reproduced entire, as 'the Yorke Family' in 'Shirley,' not at all, as far as we are led to judge, to their annoyance. In an interval between being a pupil and returning as a teacher to Miss Wooler's, we find her a young instructress of her younger sisters, spending the day in what she calls a delightful, though somewhat monotonous course of lessons, reading, drawing, needlework, and household duties. Their walks always—except when diverted to the circulating library, four miles off—in the same direction, upwards towards 'the purple black moors;' for their shyness kept them aloof from the village. 'They were shy,' we are told, 'of meeting even familiar faces, and scrupulous about entering the house of the poorest unvisited. They were steady teachers in the Sunday-school, a habit which Charlotte kept up very faithfully;' but they never faced their kind voluntarily, and always preferred the solitude and freedom of the moors.

The school friend, whose correspondence furnishes most of Charlotte Brontë's early letters, records her first visit to Haworth, and the impression this singular family made on her. All were very clever, original, and utterly different from any people or family she had ever seen before. There was individuality in the whole group, even to Tabby the servant, fidelity towards whom cost our heroine such constant sacrifices. She was struck with the extraordinary shyness of the sisters, and especially Emily's extreme reserve. Mrs. Gaskell discriminates between these two affections, saying that the one—shyness—would please if it knew how, whereas reserve is indifferent whether it pleases or not. We think, however, the quality was the same in kind, though different in degree. Charlotte did not

care to be agreeable to any but congenial spirits; while Emily found no congenial spirits out of her own confined circle. Carried to the excess which we see it in both these sisters, it is scarcely compatible with an amiable disposition. It belonged to a nature which could not be softened by mere social intercourse apart from direct congeniality. Charlotte never fraternised with general society, or felt under obligations to it, or hesitated to make a simple business-like use of it. She could even lampoon the guests at her father's house, as in the notable case of the curates who figure in 'Shirley,' and who are avowedly real men, moving in her own circle of acquaintance, as far as she had one. No open, frank, cordial nature could have done this—one that welcomes the guest because he is a neighbour, and feels the force of that gentle tie. Mere inevitable acquaintanceship was no tie to this at once repellant and observant intellect, which treated men as pictures, holding them at arm's length to study them the better. With such feelings towards her species, no wonder she mistrusted them in return, and looked for criticism, and feared harsh construction, and felt timid, awkward, and constrained in their presence. It is true that of society, such as it is understood in more civilized parts of the world, she had small experience, and the rough manners and tempers Mrs. Gaskell describes as indigenous to that district may have inflicted some rude shocks on her young, sensitive mind, and thrown it back upon itself. But all the sisters were more or less impervious to new impressions, and in some mysterious way the slaves of association, which we suppose is one characteristic of reserve. Perhaps under any education their minds would have shown remarkable tenacity to early habit, and resistance to new influences; but, fostered and strengthened by retirement, natural peculiarity gained strength, and became a tyrant. The contrast we have before noted, the antagonism, so to say, between mind and body, is certain to have ministered to their reserve or shyness: the consciousness that externals did not do them justice, that their minds spoke through unworthy forms. We do not mean mere want of beauty, but circumstances were all against a gracious expansion of nature. Their life had no spring, no sweet budding time of hope and joy. The sap that should have blossomed in leaf and flower formed into knots and excrescences strong and enduring, but presenting no fair show. For this cause they were, perhaps, thrown unwholesomely upon each other for love and sympathy.

The subject of reserve naturally leads us to meditate on the nature and purposes of family affection, and the ties of blood. Every affection with which we are endowed has a use, and tends to the general good. They are all designed for the

common weal; the closest, most secret, and intimate domestic relation has, we need not say, a public end. If it does not serve some public use, it is a failure. If a husband's love for his wife does not make him a better citizen, it does him harm, and is a perverted gift. Now, there is a sort of family affection that chills men's wider sympathies, and blinds them to their affinity with the great human family. Our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, are given us to teach us a universal sense of kindred and benevolence. Where we find, instead of this lesson, an opposite impulse is induced—an impulse of separation and exclusion—then we may be sure that family affection has been warped by some selfish and injurious influence, and has failed in the work it was designed to do. Now the mutual affection of the Brontë family was of this sort. We would wish to speak indulgently, respectfully, and even admiringly, of the rare example of sisterly love which this book exhibits; but we cannot doubt that there was error in its exclusiveness, which produced, as all error will, bitter fruit. Emily seems to have embodied in herself the extreme evil of whatever was wrong in this sentiment. In this great world of fellow-creatures, sprung from the same source, bound to the same goal, guided by the same hopes and fears, influenced by the same great motives, instincts, and passions, she could endure the companionship of scarcely half a dozen living things; all beside were intolerable to her. So far from giving others her confidence and sympathy, she could not bear their presence. Except her two sisters, her father, her abominable brother, the old household servant, and the dog, she had no voluntary intercourse with living thing; and even with these favoured few, though she could not exist away from them, though the sight and sound of them was, in some way, as necessary to her being as the air she breathed, yet she neither seems to have studied their comfort, nor returned their confidence; this mighty craving love ended in utter dogged rejection of even their sympathy. Because it was perverted from its proper end it recoiled upon itself. Of course this is a monstrous extreme; but the fault, in a degree, is no uncommon one, and the use of extremes is to furnish pointed lessons.

Charlotte Brontë, however, could add friendship to this absorbing feeling, as her letters show, though they exhibit a strange mistrust for one so young in the stability of the tie. Even as a girl she was without hope, and felt herself so little in harmony with the world, its pleasures, its bustle, its splendour, that any contact with it she expected to alienate from herself. In truth, the distant life of stirring incident, grand spectacles, and historical associations, had a powerful influence on her

imagination and intellect, though she was afraid of it, and felt herself cut off from it. In the midst of her shyness, we see an unusual confidence in her own judgment as to what was worthy of her curiosity. She had no false shame, such as rusticity often feels—she warns her friend on her first visit to London against it. The girl of seventeen or eighteen writes:—

“Haworth, Feb. 20, 1834.

“Your letter gave me real and heartfelt pleasure, mingled with no small share of astonishment. Mary had previously informed me of your departure for London, and I had not ventured to calculate on any communication from you while surrounded by the splendours and novelties of that great city, which has been called the mercantile metropolis of Europe. Judging from human nature, I thought that a little country girl, for the first time in a situation so well calculated to excite curiosity, and to distract attention, would lose all remembrance, for a time at least, of distant and familiar objects, and give herself up entirely to the fascination of those scenes which were then presented to her view. Your kind, interesting, and most welcome epistle showed me, however, that I had been both mistaken and uncharitable in these suppositions. I was greatly amused at the tone of nonchalance which you assumed, while treating of London and its wonders. Did you not feel awed while gazing at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey? Had you no feeling of intense and ardent interest, when in St. James's you saw the palace where so many of England's kings have held their courts, and beheld the representations of their persons on the walls? You should not be too much afraid of appearing *country-bred*; the magnificence of London has drawn exclamations of astonishment from travelled men, experienced in the world, its wonders and beauties. Have you yet seen anything of the great personages whom the sitting of Parliament now detains in London—the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Earl Grey, Mr. Stanley, Mr. O'Connell? If I were you, I would not be too anxious to spend my time in reading whilst in town.”—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 135, 136.

A want of the faculty of hearty surprise is a sign with her of a weak character: in ‘Villette’ we find it ascribed to the selfish school girl, ‘who must have had good blood in her veins, for never was any duchess more perfectly, radically, unaffectedly *nonchalante* than she; a weak, transient amaze was all she knew of the sensation of wonder.’

When the friend returns from London, she is greeted with congratulations at her unshaken constancy; the letter is curious as showing that the habit of scrutinising observation had set in. We see what was the basis of her knowledge of human nature; not only that unreasoning instinct which enables men to act in society, but careful study, which stands in the way of free personal intercourse, but without which there can be no successful delineation of character.

“MY own DEAR E.,

“June 19th.

“I may rightfully and truly call you so now. You *have* returned or *are* returning from London—from the great city which is to me as apocryphal as Babylon, or Nineveh, or ancient Rome. You are withdrawing from the world (as it is called), and bringing with you—if your letters

enable me to form a correct judgment—a heart as unsophisticated, as natural, as true, as that you carried there. I am slow, *very* slow, to believe the protestations of another; I know my own sentiments, I can read my own mind, but the minds of the rest of man and woman kind are to me sealed volumes, hieroglyphical scrolls, which I cannot easily either unseal or decipher. Yet time, careful study, long acquaintance, overcome most difficulties; and, in your case, I think they have succeeded well in bringing to light and construing that hidden language, whose turnings, windings, inconsistencies, and obscurities, so frequently baffle the researches of the honest observer of human nature. . . . I am truly grateful for your mindfulness of so obscure a person as myself, and I hope the pleasure is not altogether selfish; I trust it is partly derived from the consciousness that my friend's character is of a higher, a more steadfast order than I was once perfectly aware of. Few girls would have done as you have done—would have beheld the glare, and glitter, and dazzling display of London with dispositions so unchanged, heart so uncontaminated. I see no affectation in your letters, no trifling, no frivolous contempt of plain, and weak admiration of showy persons and things.”—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 137, 138.

At this period, by the way, we observe a propensity to the use of long words; no bad sign in youth and inexperience, whatever it may be afterwards. Long words are a stage which we fancy every good style has passed through. After an interval of home she became teacher in Miss Wooler's school; Emily Brontë undertook a similar situation amongst strangers, and suffered frightfully in the uncongenial labour, which, after a few months, was discontinued. Poor Charlotte, on her side, sank into low spirits, and became a victim to nervous terrors, under which it was sad to see her pursuing her labour, with a morbid perseverance which would not permit her to accept of relaxation. She writes penitential letters to her friend about her miserable touchiness of character; and is evidently passing through another stage of those trials by which her intellect was forming itself for its work, at the cost of all the light-heartedness of youth.

Whatever religious experiences are communicated to the reader belong to this period of life, and are met with in her correspondence with this schoolfellow, who, we presume, sought to lead her mind in its distress to seek rest in religion. Charlotte's replies are in a strain which seem to tell of some temporary excitement with which her state of nerves had probably to do. It stands not only apart, but at variance with the tone of later life. We meet with no recurrence of thoughts like these; the impression seemed to pass away and leave no trace; and yet they are impassioned and striking words from such a source, and awaken pity and sympathy.

“May 10, 1836.

“I was struck with the note you sent me with the umbrella; it showed a degree of interest in my concerns which I have no right to expect from any earthly creature. I won't play the hypocrite; I won't answer your kind, gentle, friendly questions in the way you wish me to. Don't deceive

yourself by imagining I have a bit of real goodness about me. My darling, if I were like you, I should have my face Zion-ward, though prejudice and error might occasionally fling a mist over the glorious vision before me—but I *am not like you*. If you knew my thoughts, the dreams that absorb me, and the fiery imagination that at times eats me up, and makes me feel society, as it is, wretchedly insipid, you would pity and I dare say despise me. But I know the treasures of the Bible; I love and adore them. I can see the Well of Life in all its clearness and brightness; but when I stoop down to drink of the pure waters they fly from my lips as if I were Tantalus.”—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 154.

And again,—

“My dear dear E.—I am at this moment trembling all over with excitement, after reading your note; it is what I never received before—it is the unrestrained pouring out of a warm, gentle, generous heart. . . . I thank you with energy for this kindness. I will no longer shrink from answering your questions. I *do* wish to be better than I am. I pray fervently sometimes to be made so. I have stings of conscience, visitings of remorse, glimpses of holy, of inexpressible things, which formerly I used to be a stranger to; it may all die away, and I may be in utter midnight, but I implore a merciful Redeemer, that, if this be the dawn of the gospel, it may still brighten to perfect day. Do not mistake me—do not think I am good; I only wish to be so. I only hate my former flippancy and forwardness. Oh! I am no better than ever I was. I am in that state of horrid, gloomy uncertainty that, at this moment, I would submit to be old, grey-haired, to have passed all my youthful days of enjoyment, and to be settling on the verge of the grave, if I could only thereby ensure the prospect of reconciliation to God, and redemption through his Son’s merits. I never was exactly careless of these matters, but I have always taken a clouded and repulsive view of them; and now, if possible, the clouds are gathering darker, and a more oppressive despondency weighs on my spirits. You have cheered me, my darling; for one moment, for an atom of time, I thought I might call you my own sister in the spirit; but the excitement is past, and I am now as wretched and hopeless as ever. This very night I will pray as you wish me. May the Almighty hear me compassionately! and I humbly hope he will, for you will strengthen my polluted petitions with your own pure requests. All is bustle and confusion round me, the ladies pressing with their sums and their lessons. . . . If you love me, *do, do, do* come on Friday: I shall watch and wait for you, and if you disappoint me I shall weep.”—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 155—157.

At this time, too, she reads religious biographies, is ‘fascinated’ by Leigh Richmond’s domestic portraiture, and exhorts her friend to read the life of Wilberforce by his sons. A little further on we come again to the same despondency.

“If I could always live with you, and daily read the Bible with you—if your lips and mine could at the same time drink the same draught, from the same pure fountain of mercy—I hope, I trust, I might one day become better, far better than my evil, wandering thoughts, my corrupt heart, cold to the spirit and warm to the flesh, will now permit me to be. I often plan the pleasant life which we might lead together, strengthening each other in that power of self-denial, that hallowed and growing devotion, which the first saints of God often attained to. My eyes fill with tears when I contrast the bliss of such a state, brightened by hopes of the future, with the melancholy state I now live in, uncertain that I ever felt true contrition, wandering in thought and deed, longing for holiness, which

I shall *never, never* obtain, smitten at times to the heart with the conviction that ghastly Calvinistic doctrines are true—darkened, in short, by the very shadows of spiritual death.—If Christian perfection be necessary to salvation, I shall never be saved; my heart is a very hot-bed for sinful thoughts, and when I decide on an action I scarcely remember to look to my Redeemer for direction. I know not how to pray; I cannot bend my life to the grand end of doing good; I go on constantly seeking my own pleasure, pursuing the gratification of my own desires. I forget God, and will not God forget me? And, meantime, I know the greatness of Jehovah; I acknowledge the perfection of His word; I adore the purity of the Christian faith; my theory is right, my practice horribly wrong."—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 177, 178.

We would not throw any doubt on the language of true contrition; but here, surely, it is the *nerves* rather than the unexcited heart or conscience that speak.

It might be guessed beforehand that these sisters would be indifferently fitted by disposition and habit for the position of governess. Charlotte tried it with ill enough success; and her experience is added to that of some score others, proving the vulgar selfishness of wealth, and that dark side of respectable human nature which, she says, only a governess can realize. We own we do not attach much weight to her gloomy picture of this state of existence. When she says, writing to Emily Brontë, 'You may imagine the miseries of 'a reserved wretch like me, thrown at once into the midst 'of a large family—proud at peacocks, and wealthy as Jews '—at a time when they were particularly gay—when the 'house was filled with company—all strangers, whose faces I 'had never seen before!' We can guess all the rest. A mutual dislike would spring up on the spot. It is the nature of reserved (which are, as we have said, exclusive) minds to take unfair views of persons outside themselves; those whom they admit into their inner sanctum are unduly exalted; because a certain selfishness pleases itself in setting up the objects of *their* love on an undue eminence, while those outside this paradise are cold, dull, stupid, vulgar, or whatever is the last form of degradation and disparagement in their minds. We do not doubt that Miss Brontë was repulsive to the ladies in whose house she served. The cold, reserved, victim-like way in which she would perform her duties would be irritating. The very saying, 'What, love the governess, my 'dear!'—which will possibly pass into a by-word of that cruelty and want of feeling of which a woman may be guilty—*may* admit of a different interpretation. It may not have expressed contempt of a dependent condition, of intellect and cultivation condemned to serve wealth for hire; but simply that the good lady had not the manners to repress her astonishment that her child should love anything so unlovable as the governess showed herself to her. We are not saying

that the position of governess, in many instances, is not most trying to health, spirits, and temper, but that in Miss Brontë's case there were faults in herself which would certainly aggravate the evil indefinitely, and separate her case from ordinary experience. The state of her own feelings is well described in the following passage, which, we think, throws some light upon the real state of things.

"I have striven hard to be pleased with my new situation. The country, the house, and the grounds are, as I have said, divine; but, alack-a-day! there is such a thing as seeing all beautiful around you—pleasant woods, white paths, green lawns, and blue sunshiny sky—and not having a free moment or a free thought left to enjoy them. The children are constantly with me. As for correcting them, I quickly found that was out of the question; they are to do as they like. A complaint to the mother only brings black looks on myself, and unjust, partial excuses to screen the children. I have tried that plan once, and succeeded so notably, I shall try no more. I said in my last letter that Mrs. — did not know me. I now begin to find she does not intend to know me; that she cares nothing about me, except to contrive how the greatest possible quantity of labour may be got out of me; and to that end she overwhelms me with oceans of needlework; yards of cambric to hem, muslin nightcaps to make, and, above all things, dolls to dress. I do not think she likes me at all, because I can't help being shy in such an entirely novel scene, surrounded as I have hitherto been by strange and constantly changing faces. . . . I used to think I should like to be in the stir of grand folks' society; but I have had enough of it—it is dreary work to look on and listen. I see more clearly than I have ever done before, that a private governess has no existence, is not considered as a living rational being, except as connected with the wearisome duties she has to fulfil."—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 191, 192.

Wherever the fault lay, it is clear she never once let her heart go out towards these people; she suffered at the time and pondered over her wrongs, some of which at least read like real ones, studied her oppressors and impaled them all in her books. The 'gay company' are, no doubt, that swan-like bevy of fine ladies whose entrance is so well pictured in 'Jane Eyre.' The mother of her pupils we might fancy Mrs. Reed, aggravated in her deformity as her unloving portraits always are—and her own feelings through it all are Jane Eyre's. Under unkindness, we can well fancy that the imagination would indemnify itself by picturing circumstances which might brighten up so dreary an existence, and give the neglected governess a part to play and interests of her own, even more bright and flattering than those she witnessed. It was a part of her life which, though lasting but a little while, strengthened and gave direction to her powers. Though her heart slept amongst strangers, her observation kindled in the new field, and her imagination was stimulated to frame itself a home far away from the disagreeable present, though suggested by it. While we cannot but reflect upon this habit of making her social experiences

minister with so little disguise to the demands of her genius, we must not forget to admire the voluntary self-sacrifice in undertaking such irksome employment for the purpose of relieving the family purse and aiding in the establishment of her brother—considerations all powerful with Charlotte, and duties from which she never shrank. Emily Brontë really tried to do the same: having once failed to endure school existence as a pupil, she tried it again as teacher, with the same success.

‘Emily—that free, wild, untameable spirit, never happy nor well but on the sweeping moors that gathered round her home—that hater of strangers, doomed to live amongst them, and not merely to live but to slave in their service—what Charlotte could have borne patiently for herself, she could not bear for sister.’—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 160, 161.

It would not do. It was settled that Emily must be *the* one to stay at home, where she shrank from no labour, made all the bread for the family, and learnt German in the kitchen while it rose.

Coming in amidst these school and governess experiences we have some characteristic home scenes. While all the sisters happened to be at home, Tabby, the old servant, broke her leg. She was at this time nearer seventy than sixty, and the prudent aunt urged on Mr. Brontë the wisdom of removing her to her sister’s in the village, attending upon her there, and finding a substitute more helpful and vigorous. There would have been no hardship in this, for Tabby had saved a competency for her rank of life. It was clearly the thing to do—the best for all parties. But the sisters in their narrow, short-sighted sense of duty thought otherwise.

‘Miss Branwell urged her views upon Mr. Brontë as soon as the immediate danger to the old servant’s life was over. He refused at first to listen to the careful advice; it was repugnant to his liberal nature. But Miss Branwell persevered; urged economical motives; pressed on his love for his daughters. He gave way. Tabby was to be removed to her sister’s, and there nursed and cared for, Mr. Brontë coming in with his aid when her own resources fell short. This decision was communicated to the girls. There were symptoms of a quiet, but sturdy rebellion, that winter afternoon, in the small precincts of Haworth Parsonage. They made one unanimous and stiff remonstrance. Tabby had tended them in childhood; they, and none other, should tend her in her infirmity and age. At tea-time, they were sad and silent, and the meal went away untouched by any of the three. So it was at breakfast; they did not waste many words on the subject, but each word they did utter was weighty. They “struck” eating till the resolution was rescinded, and Tabby was allowed to remain a helpless invalid entirely dependent upon them. Herein was a strong feeling of Duty being paramount to Pleasure, which lay at the foundation of Charlotte’s character, made most apparent; for we have seen how she yearned for her friend’s company; but it was to be obtained only by shrinking from what she esteemed right, and that she never did, whatever might be the sacrifice.’—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

Of course it was not really *right*, though we respect the scruple that thought it so at the expense of a pleasure. But it was their characteristic to drive a *few* duties into extremes, which can never be done without casting *all* the rest into shade and oblivion. This 'Tabby,' in the end, became one of the shadows of the house, because she was in her wrong place. In the village, as a humble friend to be visited, she would have been useful. The habit of attention to her would have loosened the terrible coil of reserve which bound and restricted them all. In the house she was an unmitigated evil, filling an office for which she grew more and more unfit; troublesome, jealous, exacting—fostering their most unhappy family peculiarities. When Charlotte Brontë found herself desolate and alone, this old woman of ninety was a hindrance to congenial society. Her time was taken up in the commonest drudgery, secretly supplying her deficiencies of service, lest she should be made aware of the truth that her days of useful labour were over. She had to take her out upon the moors to shout family secrets into her ears, because she resented concealments, and was too deaf for confidences within walls. And how was Tabby the better for all this sacrifice of friends, comfort, cheerfulness, time, and general usefulness in her exclusive service? In no one respect; we do not doubt it did her a great deal of harm. It is the useless, fruitless, indolent, self-sacrifices of this life which are amongst its most important lessons and warnings. We say *indolent*, because they were made in obedience to temperament and instinct, and in despite of reason. But we shall have more to say on this head, and a more signal example to bring forward.

This same chapter is remarkable for two incidents generally thought important in the life of a young lady, and characteristically treated by Miss Brontë. In spite of her deficiency in personal beauty, she could inspire both admiration and attachment. While visiting at the house of her friend she received an offer of marriage from a clergyman, which she thus comments upon. She is now three-and-twenty:—

“ March 12, 1839.

.... “I had a kindly leaning towards him, because he is an amiable and well-disposed man. Yet I had not, and could not have, that intense attachment which would make me willing to die for him; and if ever I marry, it must be in that light of adoration that I will regard my husband. Ten to one I shall never have the chance again; but *n'importe*. Moreover, I was aware that he knew so little of me he could hardly be conscious to whom he was writing. Why! it would startle him to see me in my natural home character; he would think I was a wild, romantic enthusiast indeed. I could not sit all day long making a grave face before my husband. I would laugh, and satirize, and say whatever came into my head first. And if he were a clever man, and loved me, the whole world, weighed in the balance against his smallest wish, should be light as air.”

'So that her first proposal of marriage was quietly declined and put on one side. Matrimony did not enter into the scheme of her life; but good, sound, earnest labour did.'—*Ibid.* p. 186.

The motives which influenced her rejection are drawn out at length in 'Jane Eyre' with the truth and force which we now see were the fruits of experience. It is often sad to see a woman's nature checked and half its powers wasted, even in a marriage of affection, where the tastes are uncongenial. This gentleman and the incident of his offer suggests the St. John of 'Jane Eyre.' There was probably something unimpassioned in his manner of making the proposal which furnished food for speculation. We see that her own heart would not interfere with the free exercise of the intellect on an occasion usually so confusing and embarrassing. The imagination was free to construct a character from this one exhibition. She had, in fact, an ideal which no reality could come up to, and which kept her cool. Marriage she believed ought to bring the highest happiness. She despised everything short of this; and the considerations which influence tenderer or weaker characters were powerless with her. Neither sordid temptations nor gratitude weighed with her one feather. The next proposal finds her equally unimpressible. It came from one of the race of curates who began at that time to 'revolve around Haworth,' and was the consequence of *one evening's* lively conversation; for she explains to her friend:—

"At home, you know, I talk with ease, and am never shy—never weighed down and oppressed by that miserable *mauvaise honte* which torments and constrains me elsewhere."—*Ibid.* p. 198.

She seems to have regarded the letter, expressed in ardent language, which followed, as a piece of impertinence, which it probably was; instead of moving her gratitude, the circumstance probably enhanced her sense of antagonism against the whole class. This gentleman also went down in her books; at least the fact of his being an Irishman, and the Malone of 'Shirley,' figuring in the character of suitor, seems to identify him—though it is not for the interest of courtship and matrimony to suppose that a woman can really be so cold-blooded, so little sensible of the homage paid to her attractions, as to make capital (as the Americans say) of her own conquests, and turn them into the hard coin of rich scenes and ridiculous situations.

Her tendency, we always observe, is to exaggerate in her books her own first unfavourable impression. She understood her art too well to put living persons as they stood into her books, but some real character was the germ, and recognisable germ, of her feigned ones; and, if her prejudices were at work,

often suffered rudely under the process. Exaggeration is in this case her only attempt at disguise. The feeling settles, hardens with time, and develops out of a lively, not unindulgent picture of peculiarities, into hard satire and unsympathising contempt. We can hardly recognise her first notice of these worthies:—‘Mr. W., delivering a noble, eloquent, High Church, ‘apostolical discourse, in which he banged the dissenters fearlessly and unflinchingly:’ and Mr. C., ‘who did not rant, who did ‘not cant, who did not whine, who did not sniggle, but who just ‘got up and spoke with the boldness of a man who was impressed ‘with the truth of what he was saying, whose sermon she listened to for an hour and yet was sorry when it was done’—for the Maloñe, Donne, and Sweeting, who make so conspicuous, and amusing, and ridiculous a figure in ‘Shirley,’ with whom we are told we must identify them. Here, while she says her conscience will not allow her to be ‘Hookist or Puseyite,’ she admires the noble integrity which dictated a fearless opposition to a strong antagonist—in her book she represents them as incapable of thought on any subject—as spending their whole time in an absurd round of visits to one another—in disputing on the most puerile questions of externals; weak, gossiping, or venomous triflers, whose interests were beneath the inquiry of a rational being. But time never softened a difference or a prejudice in Miss Brontë; it hardened dislike into antipathy—opposition into rancour. And she makes attack on these gentlemen in ‘Shirley’ quite deliberately; she even expects her opening chapter to be objected to, but defends it as being as true as the Bible. She never denies that her three notable curates are her living neighbours, and so far from meeting with apology or redress from herself or her biographer, Mrs. Gaskell contemns these gentlemen for making a joke of their peculiar position, and Miss Brontë thinks herself ill-used because they avenged themselves for her gratuitous onslaught by jestingly alluding to her attack as she entertained the Bishop and themselves at her father’s table. Of course the whole affair sounds odd to southern ears, and betrays a state of society at variance with our ideas.

But we are anticipating the period of authorship, which at this time was not a fact but an aspiration. These sisters had early conceived the ambition of being heard and felt beyond their own narrow circle. Cut off by constitution and circumstances from the pleasures and distinctions natural to their age, and yet conscious of power—which cannot be felt without a longing for its exercise—to invent, to write, and to print, were inevitable ideas. The habit of ‘making out,’ as they called it, *i.e.*, letting the imagination loose to devise plots and scenes, had been theirs from childhood. They had long indulged these notions and dis-

cussed these fancies, at the one period of the day when, casting aside household cares and restraints, they assumed their own wild natures, and thought their natural thoughts.

'It was the household custom among these girls to sew till nine o'clock at night. At that hour Miss Branwell generally went to bed, and her nieces' duties for the day were accounted done. They put away their work, and began to pace the room backwards and forwards, up and down, —as often with the candles extinguished, for economy's sake, as not,—their figures glancing into the fire-light, and out into the shadow, perpetually. At this time, they talked over past cares, and troubles; they planned for the future, and consulted each other as to their plans. In after years this was the time for discussing together the plots of their novels. And again, still later, this was the time for the last surviving sister to walk alone, from old accustomed habit, round and round the desolate room, thinking sadly upon the "days that were no more."—*Ibid.* p. 161.

Poetry is commonly the first serious literary effort of young minds. There is something in verse which covers obvious deficiencies and dictates a mould for thought. It is a dress for shivering, doubting, uncertain bashful ideas. These sisters therefore wrote poetry, and had a 'modest confidence' that they had achieved success, but feared to trust each other's partial praise. In this mixture of confidence and misgiving, Charlotte conceived the bold idea of writing to Southey, and asking his opinion. Her letter is not in being, but his answer, which came weeks after all hope for one was relinquished, is a model of kind and good advice on the general question of female authorship. He answers her as a writer of *tolerable* verses. He could not foresee her peculiar power in another department of literature, or he would have applied himself rather to the right direction than to the suppression of her gift. It is a question—in women as well as men—of power. Facility many a woman has (he gives Charlotte Brontë credit for this, and no more), and it is well to discourage an ambition prompted merely by ease in writing and rapid flow of ordinary ideas. To such it is well to say, 'Literature cannot be the business of woman's life, and it ought not to be;' but a vivid imagination and a forcible style—be they gift of man or woman—are given them for use. They are responsibilities which are alike abused by misuse or slothful neglect; therefore, while we commend the letter, we excuse Miss Brontë for not eventually acting upon it. Her first impulse was absolute acquiescence. She replied at once in a grateful strain; gives him a little sketch of her life and education, and concludes,—

' "Once more allow me to thank you with sincere gratitude. I trust I shall never more feel ambitious to see my name in print—if the wish should rise I'll look at Southey's letter, and suppress it. It is honour enough for me that I have written to him, and received an answer. That letter is consecrated; no one shall ever see it but papa and my brother and sisters. Again I thank you. This incident, I suppose, will be renewed no more;

if I live to be an old woman, I shall remember it thirty years hence as a bright dream. The signature which you suspected of being fictitious is my real name. Again, therefore, I must sign myself, C. BRONTË."
—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 174.

Southey replies by giving her a friendly invitation, should she ever visit the Lakes. Years after, when she did visit them, she was an acknowledged authoress, in the society of another equally well known and successful, her friend and biographer; but Southey no longer lived to compare the abstract wisdom of his counsels with their adaptation to the particular instance in point. To both ladies he might have offered some stringent criticisms; to neither of them would he have shown such blindness and disregard to genius, as to say, 'Do not write at all; your sphere of duty lies elsewhere.' For a little while Charlotte had no other thought but submission. She resigned herself to governess life, 'which she hates and abhors;' and, in the meanwhile, feels herself in paradise 'so long as she can black-lead the stoves, make the beds, and sweep the floors at home, 'which she prefers to living a fine lady anywhere else.'

These rugged household labours, uninviting as they sound, no doubt supplied the place of relaxation to these sisters. As children, they could not play; as women, they were alike alienated by taste and circumstances from the amusements of society. What are called trifles found no entrance into their minds. Their father nipped these vanities in the bud, and with it the cheerful power, which lies in woman's nature, of extracting and imparting pleasure from little things—exercising wit and ingenuity on airy nothings—and surrounding themselves with an atmosphere of cheerfulness, which can be felt and enjoyed, but not analysed. All this was out of their sphere; they could play and sport no more now than as little girls. But no minds can always work and 'make out;' and when wearied with such efforts any exercise for the body would be welcome.

She presently resigns herself to the dreaded necessity, and enters on another situation, where she realizes that, in the most favourable circumstances, such a life is not tolerable to her. The perpetual small occupations, the never-ending calls on her time, the constant subjection to another's will, and, above all, the want of leisure to pursue any train of thought, and the consequent languishing of the imagination, made up a life of perpetual strain and resistance to the demands of her nature. Moreover, she knew nothing of children. She had never been a child herself—she could not sympathise with her charges; and added to all this, was the having to 'live in other people's houses,' which to her was the ascending '*alterui scale*,' the worst feature of Dante's banishment. She grew anxious,

and with too much reason, about her youngest pet sister Anne's health, and longed to be with her. These things, together, led to the determination to attempt a school on their own account; and in order to carry out this plan with success, it was resolved that she and Emily should place themselves at a school in Brussels, to perfect themselves in French. The first part of the scheme was carried out; its purpose and object fell to the ground, or rather changed into furnishing materials and groundwork for her subsequent third and last novel, 'Villette.' The sisters seem to have made a sensation in the school by their industry and ready talent; and Emily, while she stayed, not less by her sullen reserve. M. Héger, husband of the lady at the head of the establishment, and whom we suspect to be the germ of M. Paul Emmanuel, observing Charlotte's capacity, gave, in the course of his systematic instruction in French composition, very valuable lessons in the art of composition in any language, by which we have no doubt her style profited. But the banishment from country and home brought on unusual depression. She endured, in the *grandes vacances*, just such nervous miseries as are described in her novel. She was haunted by bad news from home (by which might generally be understood the excesses of her brother Branwell), and her father had fears of becoming blind. No discouraging reports, however, could allay the thirst for old haunts and familiar faces. She writes to Emily, who is at home again:—

“Dec. 1, 1843.

“This is Sunday morning. They are at their idolatrous ‘messe,’ and I am here, that is, in the Refectoire. I should like uncommonly to be in the dining-room at home, or in the kitchen, or in the back kitchen. I should like even to be cutting up the hash, with the clerk and some register people at the other table, and you standing by, watching that I put enough flour, not too much pepper, and, above all, that I save the best pieces of the leg of mutton for Tiger and Keeper, the first of which personages would be jumping about the dish and carving-knife, and the latter standing like a devouring flame on the kitchen-floor. To complete the picture, Tabby blowing the fire, in order to boil the potatoes to a sort of vegetable glue! How divine are these recollections to me at this moment! . . . Tell me whether papa really wants me very much to come home, and whether you do likewise. I have an idea that I should be of no use there—a sort of aged person upon the parish. I pray, with heart and soul, that all may continue well at Haworth; ‘above all in our grey half-inhabited house. God bless the walls thereof! Safety, health, happiness, and prosperity to you, papa, and Tabby. Amen.’”—*Ibid.* pp. 302—304.

Not long after this she leaves Brussels, where she latterly acted as teacher, parting with great kindness from M. Héger. With Madame H. she had differences, which lead us to suspect that she also may be reproduced in 'Villette;' but all was smoothed over at the last, and her pupils expressed a regret at losing her, which took her by surprise, but did not, it seems, alter the deli-

berate opinion she had formed of foreign girlhood so far as to withhold another portrait of Belgic character more candid than flattering.

She returns home again, but the scheme for keeping school falls through, for one main reason, that Branwell's home, whenever he chose to return to it, was no fit place for girls. For a long time the sisters seem to have shut their eyes to his failings, or sought the consolation so fatal to elevation and refinement of character, of involving *all* men in the same sins; it was to the interest of their blind affection to believe that he was only like other men of 'any strength of character;' they fell, Mrs. Gaskell says, into the usual error of confounding strong passions with strong character—a notion at the bottom of what is blameable in all their books.

We have already questioned the nature and quality of their intense exclusive family affection; whether it was possible to be devoted to Branwell to the very last, we do not know, but it is clear he was their hope and pride long after he should have been their shame, and that they tolerated his society, and sacrificed every consideration to him, when intercourse was contamination. He was idle; he drank; he degraded himself with vice; he insulted their ears by infamous confessions, and made them familiar with the foulest blasphemies; he stupified himself with opium; they lived in terror of their lives, from his threatened violence; their home was miserable, their nerves and health shaken; and yet they endured his presence, not in hope of reclaiming him, but in simple endurance, without, it seems, a wish or thought of emancipation. We know not where the fault lay, or who was chiefly answerable for this state of things; but we wish to say that such endurance *was* a fault and not a merit. It is, we know, a difficult question (for he bore their name and was of their blood), and self-sacrifice is not too common and easy a virtue that we should disparage it, or treat slightly its manifestations. But, in the first place, there was the indulgence of a weak affection to counterbalance the suffering; and next, it is certain that a servile, heavy, dead, unreflecting self-denial—the acquiescence in pain or degradation as if they were our *fate*—never can be a virtue.

For after all, people have to choose between one form of self-devotion and another; we cannot nourish and cherish a brother Branwell and do our duty to society at large. This monster took all, consumed their means which they could have applied usefully, their time which might have benefited others, their friendship which could have cheered better natures; *all* happiness, credit, love, friendship, purity of mind, innocence of evil, all were laid upon this altar.

Unhappiness is by no means necessarily beneficial; we ought

not to acquiesce in it for ourselves, if a way of escape or relief offers itself, without very clearly satisfying ourselves that it is right to endure. Misery and disgrace, borne stolidly, do not point the mind heavenwards, it needs some spring and cheerfulness to lift the mind so high. Self love is a divine instinct under proper bounds, and so is self respect. There are sufferings in their nature elevating; pain, poverty, bereavement, all may be turned to noblest uses, but not constant forced intercourse for years with shameless vice. If we are to judge of the worth of the sacrifice by its fruits, we can be at no pains to decide. All the sisters, in some degree, suffered in moral tone from this familiarity with evil; 'like the dyers' hand' their own minds became tinged by the habitual soil. In the two younger, Emily and Anne, the result, to judge by their books, was frightful; all the wickedness of the world seems to be at their fingers' ends, and they have no perception that society at large has not been subject to the same contamination with themselves. Not that they manifest any *love* for vice, which is the reason most people write about it; the tone towards it is cold, moral, and misanthropical—but there it is unblushing and rampant, because as such they saw it in the only man (except their father) with whom they were brought into close contact—whose mind they could read. We have no means of judging who was the main cause of this incubus not being removed, but even if it was the father's wish, the daughters' submission was ill timed; they would have done well to remonstrate and urge their claim to consideration. But probably the question was never mooted, and never even occurred to any of them as a question; for the Brontës had the most extraordinary way of enduring evils that might have been remedied. There is a notable unanimity in this respect. To begin with Mr. Brontë: he sends four daughters to one school; two of them die from causes connected with the climate and diet of the school: he goes on sending the other two—it does not occur to him to change his plan: the authorities of the school have to decline the charge. His house and its situation prove unhealthy, there is no thought of a change; his servant becomes incapable, but she is never replaced. He begins to dine alone, and dines alone to the end of his days, until, poor man, there is no one to share his meals. Branwell embitters their existence, destroys the health of body and mind of his sisters—they bear with him; no one thinks of placing him under salutary restraint and privation elsewhere. Finally the daughters die one by one, in consequence, as it really seems, of this system of blind acquiescence—one at least rejecting every attempt to avert the danger, clinging to the routine of existence to the last moment. The remaining daughter struggles on in loneliness and depression, her instinct is to reject alleviation;

she feels herself under a fate: finally comes a lover offering to cheer her existence, and the father violently opposes himself, for no other reason than that it is a threatened *change*—as if the resolute pursuit of one unvarying course had answered. In fact they were a sort of zoophyte, at once rooted and sensitive; their habits were scarcely under the influence of reason, but of a blind necessity—and the result, a singular mixture of apathy and self-will, conspicuous in all, but modified in our heroine by some practical common sense and much real resignation, and reasonable, not simply blind and stolid patience and submission. Here is a sad picture of dejection caused by this brother. About this time, when they were giving up hope, she had been visiting her friend Mary, and writes:—

“I begin to perceive that I have too little life in me, now-a-days, to be fit company for any except very quiet people. Is it age, or what else, that changes me so?”

“Alas! she hardly needed to have asked this question. How could she be otherwise than “flat-spirited,” “a poor companion,” and a “sad drag” on the gaiety of those who were light-hearted and happy? Her honest plan for earning her own livelihood had fallen away, crumbled to ashes; after all her preparations, not a pupil had offered herself; and, instead of being sorry that this wish of many years could not be realized, she had reason to be glad. Her poor father, nearly sightless, depended upon her cares in his blind helplessness; but this was a sacred charge, the duties of which she was blessed in fulfilling. The black gloom hung over what had once been the brightest hope of the family—over Branwell, and the mystery in which his wayward conduct was enveloped. Somehow and sometime, he would have to turn to his home as a hiding place for shame; such was the sad foreboding of his sisters.”—*Ibid.* pp. 318, 319.

‘Mary,’ who was then going to Australia, says—

“When I last saw Charlotte (Jan, 1845), she told me she had quite decided to stay at home. She owned she did not like it. Her health was weak. She said she should like any change at first, as she had liked Brussels at first, and she thought that there must be some possibility for some people of having a life of more variety and more communion with human kind, but she saw none for her. I told her very warmly, that she ought not to stay at home; that to spend the next five years at home, in solitude and weak health, would ruin her; that she would never recover it. Such a dark shadow came over her face when I said, ‘Think of what you’ll be five years hence!’ that I stopped, and said, ‘Don’t cry, Charlotte!’ She did not cry, but went on walking up and down the room, and said in a little while, ‘But I intend to stay, Polly.’”—*Ibid.* pp. 319, 320.

And in a few weeks after, Charlotte writes:—

“I can hardly tell you how time gets on at Haworth. There is no event whatever to mark its progress. One day resembles another; and all have heavy, lifeless physiognomies. Sunday, baking-day, and Saturday, are the only ones that have any distinctive mark. Meantime, life wears away. I shall soon be thirty; and I have done nothing yet. Sometimes I get melancholy at the prospect before and behind me. Yet it is wrong and foolish to repine. Undoubtedly, my duty directs me to stay at home

for the present. There was a time when Haworth was a very pleasant place to me; it is not so now. I feel as if we were all bugied here. I long to travel; to work; to live a life of action. Excuse me, dear, for troubling you with my fruitless wishes. I will put by the rest, and not trouble you with them. You *must* write to me. If you knew how welcome your letters are, you would write very often. Your letters, and the French newspapers, are the only messengers that come to me from the outer world beyond our moors; and very welcome messengers they are."—*Ibid.* pp. 320, 321.

To return to the influence of Branwell on her general estimate of human nature and manners. In spite of the familiarity with evil, which we are led to suppose the unrestrained tone of conversation amongst the few men of her acquaintance brought upon her, it is satisfactory to find an honest repugnance to its open professors. In speaking of a bad man—a curate—whose wife brought complaints of him to her father, she says:—

"She expressed great disgust and contempt towards him, and did not affect to have the shadow of regard in any way. I do not wonder at this, but I *do* wonder she should ever marry a man towards whom her feelings must always have been pretty much the same as they are now. I am morally certain no decent woman could experience anything but aversion towards such a man as Mr. —. Before I knew, or suspected his character, and when I rather wondered at his versatile talents, I felt in an uncontrollable degree. I hated to talk with him—hated to look at him; though as I was not certain that there was substantial reason for such a dislike, and thought it absurd to trust to mere instinct, I both concealed and repressed the feeling as much as I could; and, on all occasions, treated him with as much civility as I was mistress of. I was struck with Mary's expression of a similar feeling at first sight; she said, when we left him, 'That is a hideous man, Charlotte!' I thought 'he is indeed.'"—*Ibid.* pp. 222, 223.

These feelings she never lost in contact with actual mischief-working, misery-causing evil; she was severe on the great satirist whom she so intensely revered and admired, because she thought him too lenient to Fielding's course of life; she shuddered because she remembered Branwell; but something warped her judgment, where sin is seen in a more subtle shape; mere speculative deviations from the moral law do not outrage her in the same manner. It is the *way* a man has erred that revolts her more than the sin itself; thus George Sand's novels do not offend her as they ought, though of course she does make some protest; but the situations are too ideal to reach her resentments. And where she sees a sort of apology for Mr. Rochester in his unhappy marriage, her principles are not shocked, or her sense of (we must say) decency outraged, by the extraordinary confidences he imparts to Jane Eyre. Mrs. Gaskell says that in girlhood she had been used to hear that sort of language herself; female ears did not enjoy the immunity they do now in all but the most unprincipled society; and Branwell had confidences and pretended confidences which

would throw Mr. Rochester's into the shade. The long habit of finding excuses for him before he reached his latest degradation had lowered her standard; she did not *want* to believe in perfection. It is a noticeable fact that 'Jane Eyre' was composed in the midst of the most poignant distresses caused by Branwell, and while she was, by her contact with him, most hardened to the free discussion of immorality—suffering from it—bitter against it, but with the subject necessarily always uppermost.

For now the notion of composition, with the ultimate end of publishing, was assuming a settled form in the sisters' minds. The discovery of a MS. volume of Emily's verses led to a critical inspection of their joint stores, and then followed a determination to print at their own risk. Charlotte was right, we think, in giving the first place to Emily; some of her poems convey an impression of remarkable force and vigour. The whole volume, indeed, exhibits thought, fancy, and power of versification of no common order. We wonder it made so little impression on the public mind; but the crudities and prolixities of young authors are drawbacks to account for any neglect of what is so little likely to excite attention as a volume of poetry with unknown signatures (for here they first assumed the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, at once preserving their initials and concealing their sex); and the subjects, in many cases harsh in themselves or in their mode of treatment, would awake little sympathy. However, the volume was printed and scrupulously paid for, and the sisters then began to feel their way in prose; all writing at the same time, and under the same impulse, but with very different ultimate success, though Charlotte's first great experiment could little prepare her for her future triumph. Her novel, 'The Professor,' was offered to all the world of publishers in vain. The public is promised the opportunity of judging how far this universal rejection was merited, for 'The Professor' is now in the press. 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Agnes Grey,' by Emily and Anne, found a publisher. In contrast with Emily's strange story, we approach 'Jane Eyre' with respect. There we see the purifying influence of genius, which can discriminate between power and brutality—which knows what to choose and what to reject—which, under every disparagement and hindrance, has an intuitive sense of beauty, grace, and fitness—which can clothe intensity of feeling in reasonable language—which can shake even a rude heart to its foundations, and reveal its human passion, not its veriest dregs. After tasting her sister's 'fierce ragouts,' we do not wonder that she could not understand what people meant by charging her story with coarseness. With such specimens in her own family

of utter unscrupulousness of diction on paper, or *visâ voce*, she must have been rather conscious in herself of a guarded scrupulosity of decorum. Our readers must not suspect us of approving of Mr. Rochester, either in his conduct or tone of conversation, but these strange revelations extenuate some points. The woman who drew such a character had not to go out of the way for his worst features. She thought real men were all that sort of thing,—selfish, somewhat grovelling, with no guiding principle, but redeemable through their purer affections. She gives her heroine these sentiments. Resolute and unyielding in her own sense of duty, such as it is, her heart is not repelled by the act of treachery her lover all but carried out against her. His affection was an extenuation at the time when she fulfilled the ‘intolerable duty’ of leaving him; it was a *claim*, not for a moment to be disputed, when the barrier against their union was removed.

‘Jane Eyre’ was begun under the additional anxiety of her father’s threatened blindness. She had accompanied him to Manchester, where the operation for cataract was successfully performed; and here, in spite of the discouragement of her first story being returned upon her hands, she set about proving the view she had recently laid down to her sisters, that it was a mistake to make a heroine always handsome. ‘I will prove to you that ‘you are wrong; I will show you a heroine as plain and as small ‘as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours.’ When once in the train of the story she wrote continuously; we are not surprised that by the time she had effected her heroine’s escape from Thornfield she had wrought herself into a fever. Certainly it was a dazzling power to find herself possessed of. What masculine force of style—what vivid life in the scenes—what daring originality in the situations—what a grasp of detail! The whole course of that abortive wedding-day is a masterpiece of bold and powerful writing. This time she had no repulse to complain of. She sent her book to Messrs. Smith and Elder. The firm seem successively to have sat up all night reading the MS.;—it was accepted, and published within two months, and ‘Currer Bell’ was famous. But who was ‘Currer Bell?’ The name and the style were masculine, and yet, looking at it now, we cannot but wonder how there could be a moment’s doubt as to the sex of the writer. The scenes are all seen through woman’s eyes; there is an identification of the author with the heroine which could not be assumed. These considerations, as we look at them now, outweigh the difficulties presented by either vigour of style or unscrupulousness of expression and execution. But then the publishers were as much in the dark as the world at large. Difficulties began to beset the sisters, who

were charged with being one and the same ; a more stupid mistake 'the public,' or any portion of it, never fell into ; and Mrs. Gaskell makes a very pretty romance out of the two sisters'—Charlotte and Anne's—sudden journey to London to prove that they were two. Their arrival at the 'Chapter Coffee-house,—their short walk to the publishers, prolonged to an hour's length by their fear of the crossings. Mr. Smith's astonishment—

'when Charlotte put his own letter into his hands ; the same letter which had excited so much disturbance at Haworth Parsonage only twenty-four hours before. "Where did you get this?" said he,—as if he could not believe that the two young ladies dressed in black, of slight figures and diminutive stature, looking pleased yet agitated, could be the embodied Currer and Acton Bell, for whom curiosity had been hunting so eagerly in vain.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 68.

Their shy rejection of his hospitable invitations, and determination to remain unknown, which also influenced their refusal to meet well-known names—the visit to the Opera in their country-shaped dresses—the frightful headache, the consequence of so much excitement—the return home, 'grey, and very old,' as she describes herself—all this would have answered to nobody's ideas of the author of 'Jane Eyre ;' as little would the patient return to her dreary home after this brilliant episode :—

"Branwell is the same in conduct as ever. His constitution seems much shattered. Papa, and sometimes all of us, have sad nights with him. He sleeps most of the day, and consequently will lie awake at night. But has not every house its trial?"—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 75.

Two months later, after three years of outrageous conduct, during which all respects seem to have been thrown aside, he died. She records that—

"His mind had undergone the peculiar change which frequently precedes death, two days previously ; the calm of better feelings filled it ; a return of natural affection marked his last moments. He is in God's hands now ; and the All-Powerful is likewise the All-Merciful. A deep conviction that he rests at last—rests well after his brief, erring, suffering, feverish life—fills and quiets my mind now."—*Ibid.* p. 77.

This too ill-founded consolation is derived, not from temporary feeling, but from a persuasion early established amongst these sisters against the doctrine of eternal punishment. We meet with it in 'Jane Eyre,' where Helen Burns (her sister Maria) enunciates it. And also in Anne's novel.

Within a few months in the same year a far heavier blow fell on Charlotte—Emily's health failed, and she sank rapidly before their eyes, her extraordinary temper showing itself in its utmost exaggeration as bodily disease gained upon her. She rejected their sympathy and all medical assistance ; the sisters dared not notice her failing limbs and panting breath ; she would receive help from none. The day of her death—

'One Tuesday morning, in December, she awoke and dressed herself as usual, making many a pause, but doing everything for herself, and even endeavouring to take up her employment of sewing: the servants looked on, and knew what the catching, rattling breath, and the glazing of the eye too surely foretold; but she kept at her work; and Charlotte and Anne, though full of unspeakable dread, had still the faintest spark of hope. On that morning Charlotte wrote thus,—probably in the very presence of her dying sister:—

"Tuesday.

"I should have written to you before, if I had had one word of hope to say; but I have not. She grows daily weaker. The physician's opinion was expressed too obscurely to be of use. He sent some medicine, which she would not take. Moments so dark as these I have never known. I pray for God's support to us all. Hitherto He has granted it."

'The morning drew on to noon. Emily was worse: she could only whisper in gasps. Now, when it was too late, she said to Charlotte, "If you will send for a doctor, I will see him now." About two o'clock she died.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 83, 84.

Months after Charlotte writes:—'I cannot forget Emily's death-day; it becomes a more fixed, a darker, a more frequently recurring idea than ever. It was very terrible. She was torn conscious, panting, reluctant, though resolute, out of a happy life.' What a powerful and terrible picture of a death, as far as we are told, without a thought beyond! There are some lines by Ellis Bell (Emily Brontë), which sadly bear out the same impression. A girl addresses her dying lover, and implores him not to cross the Eternal Sea:—

'I hear its billows roar,
I see them foaming high;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.
' Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond;
' Turn back from that tempestuous surge
To thy own native land.
' It is not death, but pain
That struggles in thy breast;
Nay, rally, Edward—rouse again—
I cannot let thee rest!'

Emily Brontë is altogether an enigma. We perceive a power about her which could not find reasonable vent or utterance, so shut in was it by her repulsive and unsocial qualities. The intense love of life is as strange a feature as any. Why should she care for life, who would not endure intercourse with her fellow-creatures—who would receive no influence or impressions, even from her sisters? Her leanings and affinities were all of a weird character; the wild hold of her affections on the locality of her home,—the strange sympathy with the brute creation, so that one who knew her said, 'she never showed regard for any human creature, all her love was reserved for animals:' the

knowledge of their nature, which gave a magic power over them, as we are to judge by her management of her bull-dog 'Keeper,' whom we regard as her familiar. It is thus reported:—

'Keeper was faithful to the depths of his nature as long as he was with friends; but he who struck him with a stick or whip, roused the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at his throat forthwith, and held him there till one or the other was at the point of death. Now Keeper's household fault was this. He loved to steal up-stairs, and stretch his square, tawny limbs, on the comfortable beds, covered over with delicate white counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangements was perfect; and this habit of Keeper's was so objectionable, that Emily, in reply to Tabby's remonstrances, declared that, if he was found again transgressing, she herself, in defiance of warning and his well-known ferocity of nature, would beat him so severely that he would never offend again. In the gathering dusk of an autumn evening, Tabby came, half triumphantly, half tremblingly, but in great wrath, to tell Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed, in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face, and set mouth, but dared not speak to interfere; no one dared when Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the paleness of her face, and when her lips were so compressed into stone. She went up-stairs, and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below, full of the dark shadows of coming night. Down-stairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind legs set in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by the "scuft of his neck," but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but durst not, for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat—her bare clenched fist struck against his red fierce eyes, before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she "punished him" till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind, stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair, to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself. The generous dog owed her no grudge; he loved her dearly ever after; he walked first among the mourners to her funeral; he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room, and never, so to speak, rejoiced, dog fashion, after her death."—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 309, 310.

But strange as everything is about Emily Brontë, the strangest thing by far is her book, over which such passages as these throw a certain light. We cannot read many pages of 'Wuthering Heights,' without being driven to construct a theory. Without such a refuge it would be impossible to proceed beyond the first chapter. But philosophers are never revolted or disgusted; what shocks plain incurious natures stimulates the analyser of causes and motives. And here her sympathy with *animals*, and utter want of sympathy with *human* nature, together with certain animal qualities in herself, as, for instance, a *dogged temper*, supply a solution to what would otherwise be an impenetrable mystery—how a quiet, reserved, as far as we are informed, steady and well-conducted young woman, a clergyman's daughter, living all her life in a remote parsonage, and

seeing nobody, could have conceived such scenes, or couched her conceptions in such language. With this fresh scent, as it were, we can pursue the story to the end, not without amusement, for the language is vigorous, and the scenes energetic.

If the respectable bull-dog Keeper could have been endowed with the ambition and the power to describe graphically the passions of his race—if you could put a pen in his hand and tell him to delineate the springs and impulses which prompt the displays of dog nature, with the outer workings of which we are alone familiar—if he could tell us the secret causes of every yelp, bark, and snarl, and spring, and bite, which we know now only in their effects—he would write precisely such a book as ‘*Wuthering Heights* ;’ and as ‘*Life in the Kennel*,’ it would be a very striking and clever performance. Just such instinctive, soulless, savage creatures as compose a pack of hounds, form the *dramatis personæ* of this unique story. A vicious dog, if he were endowed with human organs, would no doubt swear as well as growl, and shoot and stab as well as bite, if he understood the use of weapons. And because they are called men and women, and are invested with human attributes, these accomplishments are added in the story to their canine powers of offence and annoyance. But the disguise of humanity is, after all, but feebly assumed, and constantly disappears altogether; the whole company drop on all fours as the authoress warms with her subject. Her heroines *scratch*, and *tear*, and *bite*, and *slap*; their likings are merely instinctive, without a thought of reason or moral feeling; their mutual rivalries and triumphs, antipathies and hatreds, are brutal (we use the word in its merely literal sense) in the most extreme degree; that is, they are impossible in human nature, and natural to brutes. The men are even more furious and inhuman in their dog-nature. We see that it is *in* them all; the idea of change or reform is out of the question; they roll, and grapple, and struggle, and throttle, and clutch, and tear, and trample, not metaphorically, but with hands, and feet, and teeth. The thought of murder is habitual to them, the idea of conscience never interferes with their revenges. Their love is as vicious and cruel as their hate, they will *strike* the objects of their affection, and the spaniels do not resent it, and curse them in life and in death, and are savage in their grief. Their terrors and fears are animal shudderings; they say of themselves that they have no pity; the one solitary deed of kindness in the book is the cutting down a dog that is being hanged; they liken one another to dogs; they act ‘the dog in the manger;’ they turn tail. We meet with such phrases as ‘his mouth watered to tear him with his teeth’—‘she ground her teeth into splinters’—not here and

there, but in every chapter. Finally, their meals are dog-meals; if they begin with the thin disguise of tea and cake, they degenerate quickly into porridge and bones. They spill, and scatter, and 'slobber,' and snarl over their food, and grudge if they be not satisfied.

Our reader will think this a strong picture; let him read for himself if he will, and judge if we have not furnished the key to this phenomenon. Inasmuch as our interpretation throws the bad language into the background, the oaths and execrations, we have given only too favourable a report, and misjudged the animal creation, in representing the soul of a dog as possessing this turbid and sullen human nature, and using its gifts to his own purposes. Glancing over Emily's poems after the perusal of this monstrous performance, we the more regret that this phase of her nature should ever have found expression. Verse was her real utterance; here we find her 'clothed and in her right mind.' If she were our main subject, we would give our readers the opportunity of judging of what we cannot but think their unusual merit. Daring and questionable thoughts there are, but alleviated by tender human feeling, and set off by clear vivid imagery, in flowing harmonious numbers.

This singular young woman, the object of her sister's devoted and somewhat unaccountable attachment, had no sooner passed away, than the youngest, Anne, began to show symptoms of disease, which rapidly developed into consumption. Here, however, there was the comfort of nursing and tender attention. Anne was not unnatural; the whole history of her illness is interesting, and impresses us most favourably. Charlotte divided her cares between her father and the sinking invalid, and showed the highest qualities of her nature—all its love, intensity, and scrupulous sacrifice of inclination to duty—in those few months of anguish which preceded the laying her last sister in the grave, not beside Emily, but at Scarborough, where she went actually *dying*, without either Charlotte or herself being aware how near the end was. It was illuminated by the Christian's peace and hope; a remarkable calm pervaded her last hours; she would have nothing go on differently because she was dying. She urged upon her kind attendants that they should attend divine service as usual. She wished, if it had been possible, to go herself. She placed her full, deliberate trust in her Redeemer's merits, and bade her weeping sister 'take courage,' and commended her to the kind offices of her faithful friend.

"Ere long the restlessness of approaching death appeared, and she was borne to the sofa. On being asked if she were easier, she looked gratefully at her questioner, and said, 'It is not *you* who can give me ease, but soon

all will be well, through the merits of our Redeemer.' Shortly after this, seeing that her sister could hardly restrain her grief, she said, 'Take courage, Charlotte; take courage.' Her faith never failed, and her eye never dimmed till about two o'clock, when she calmly and without a sigh passed from the temporal to the eternal. So still and so hallowed were her last hours and moments. There was no thought of assistance or of dread. The doctor came and went two or three times. The hostess knew that death was near, yet so little was the house disturbed by the presence of the dying, and the sorrow of those so nearly bereaved, that dinner was announced as ready, through the half-opened door, as the living sister was closing the eyes of the dead one. She could now no more stay the welled-up grief of her sister with her emphatic and dying 'Take courage,' and it burst forth in brief but agonizing strength."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 109, 110.

It is quite fitting that we should dwell on details like these, and find comfort in them, and contemplate them in juxtaposition with the eccentricities of *her* authorship, which would be very astounding indeed, if Emily's was not more so. Not that the 'Tenant of Windfell Hall' suggests the same ideas as her sister's; we are amongst men and women, such as they are—but such a set! Anne set it before her as a conscientious duty, to represent the progress from bad to worse of vice. Nothing should deter her from this mission, which she seemed to think her own circumstances imposed upon her. The book is not so clever as 'Wuthering Heights'; there is not the same force or swing; but, instead, a deliberate, careful, step by step delineation of what only a very morbid conscience could think it to the interests of society to delineate. We are led by Mrs. Gaskell, who has something to do to reconcile these rough, coarse details of her subject with the refined tone—the shadow of interesting melancholy—she would willingly throw over her picture, to understand that this book does really represent Anne's experience of life, particularly of life seen in her brother Branwell's. And such a record of ruffianism surely no woman ever undertook to chronicle. The coarseness of manners and unfathomable vulgarity of tone, the brutality of the men and general offensiveness of the women, the atmosphere of low society that pervades every scene, make the story unique as a *moral* one. On this point it forms a marked distinction from Emily's, who sets no such task before her: but here there is a very serious and moral strain maintained throughout. All the villainies are recorded with the good intention of disgusting us with vice, and showing sin in its native deformity. If we wanted an argument against the fancied duty of keeping such a fellow as Branwell in free intercourse with his unhappy sisters, we should find it in the evidence of stain and contamination this book furnishes. Anne Brontë grew used to the idea of men, as *such*, being vain and unfeeling in their manner, and insolent and unblushing in their vices. We presume she means her reader to feel interest in the two principal personages of her

story—we will not call them hero and heroine—the latter of whom, by her imprudent marriage, furnishes the lesson of the book. This young woman is positively represented as listening before marriage to her brutal lover's stories of his past dissipation, told not in sorrow, but in triumph, and with an accumulation of aggravating circumstances which it is a wonder a woman could become acquainted with. The author has apparently no taste—at any rate no conception of a man of decent behaviour and principles—for the young farmer who succeeds to this monster in the lady's affections is hardly more to our taste than himself. Violent in his temper, rude in his impulses, fickle in his attachments, ungrateful, sullen, vain, and loutish—this picture of what she thinks attractive gives us a more dreary picture of the destitution of all things lovely and of good report in which she lived, than even the more glowing atrocities to which these qualities form a contrast. She clearly thinks it an interesting trait, an example of noble, vigorous nature, that in a fit of unreasonable and impertinent jealousy he should strike his friend with the butt end of his whip, and leave him for dead on the road, and not even be moved or softened by the sight of the mischief he had done; while the way he treats a poor girl whom he had flirted into a liking of, himself, would constitute him the *villain* of any well-trained young lady's novel. Her gentle imagination could hardly have conceived anything so bad as Anne Brontë's best. Not that anything will make us believe that any state of English society is represented by such unmixed repulsiveness. But it needs imagination, which Anne had not, to reproduce the world a writer lives in. A mere matter of fact transcript of certain errors and crimes and a certain false tone of morals, is sure to make things worse than they are, for all the redeeming points are forgotten, and the deformities stand out as they can hardly do in real life. But these sisters seem to have had an eye for defects. Great sins had a sort of fascination for them, not from the smallest desire to participate, but because activity and vigour in wrong doing offered an exciting contrast to their own existence. It cannot but be wished that they had sometimes seen a gentleman (we speak more especially of Emily and Anne), though how far they would have been accessible to his refining influence, or appreciated his refinement, we cannot guess. They never seem to have been sensible of a want in this respect. There are no elegant disguises in their novels; they speak of life exactly as they see it. The kitchen is the scene of half the events. Very comfortable its homely cheerfulness feels in 'Shirley'; we do not at all object to it there; but somehow Anne's and Emily's kitchens are *lows*, and tell a tale. It is no wonder to find afterwards that Charlotte felt the task of revising these tales for

another edition 'exquisitely painful and depressing,' and that there is a hint of regret, in vague language—all, no doubt, that she dare express even then—that nothing would make Emily conscious that every page was 'surcharged with a sort of moral electricity.' But we ought to apologise for having dwelt so long on what only indirectly concerns our main subject.

After her sisters' deaths, Charlotte's life assumes a new aspect; it becomes a literary, and as such, a public one. That is, her interests were mainly with her books, and, following on their progress and success, with the friendships into which this publicity led her. Not that her own nature or habits changed. She lived with her father, haunted by fears for his health and her own, in a solitude which sometimes became frightful to her, but which she could seldom be prevailed on to leave. It was some relief to tell these feelings to her friend, it made them more endurable. She thus pathetically describes her first return to her desolate home. It is sad to find that vigorous pen expressing as forcibly her own keen anguish as the scenes of her imagination.

"July, 1849.

"I intended to have written a line to you to-day, if I had not received yours. We did indeed part suddenly; it made my heart ache that we were severed without the time to exchange a word; and yet perhaps it was better. I got here a little before eight o'clock. All was clean and bright, waiting for me. Papa and the servants were well; and all received me with an affection which should have consoled. The dogs seemed in strange ecstasy. I am certain they regarded me as the harbinger of others. The dumb creatures thought that as I was returned, those who had been so long absent were not far behind.

"I left Papa soon, and went into the dining-room: I shut the door—I tried to be glad that I was come home. I have always been glad before—except once—even then I was cheered. But this time joy was not to be the sensation. I felt that the house was all silent—the rooms were all empty. I remembered where the three were laid—in what narrow dark dwellings—never more to reappear on earth. So the sense of desolation and bitterness took possession of me. The agony that *was to be undergone*, and *was not* to be avoided, came on. I underwent it, and passed a dreary evening and night, and a mournful morrow; to-day I am better.

"I do not know how life will pass, but I certainly do feel confidence in Him who has upheld me hitherto. Solitude may be cheered, and made endurable beyond what I can believe. The great trial is when evening closes and night approaches. At that hour, we used to assemble in the dining-room—we used to talk. Now I sit by myself—necessarily I am silent. I cannot help thinking of their last days, remembering their sufferings, and what they said and did, and how they looked in mortal affliction. Perhaps all this will become less poignant in time."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 111, 112.

And, soon after, she writes:—

"My life is what I expected it to be. Sometimes when I wake in the morning, and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through—that at night I shall go to bed with them, that they will long keep me sleepless—that next morning I shall wake to them again,—sometimes, Nell, I have a heavy heart of it.

But crushed I am not, yet; nor robbed of elasticity, nor of hope, nor quite of endeavour. I have some strength to fight the battle of life. I am aware, and can acknowledge, I have many comforts, many mercies. Still I can *get on*. But I do hope and pray, that never may you, or any one I love, be placed as I am. To sit in a lonely room—the clock ticking loud through a still house—and have open before the mind's eye the record of the last year, with its shocks, sufferings, losses—is a trial.”—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 113.

In the midst of gloom like this she began ‘*Shirley*,’—which in parts expresses the sadness of the period; and found the employment the only alleviation to mental distress. It was one feature of her literary character to desire to know *every* thing that was said of her books. She lived in two spheres, that of the woman, and the author; as the one narrowed the other expanded—and in the author's world, criticism and the opinions of the press were her society. She could never bring herself to talk freely with strangers, however interesting to her by reputation and character, so that it is no wonder that such contact as she could have—the world's judgment, sympathy, and even censure—any comment that could reach her without invading her reserve—would have a peculiar interest and weight, not known to writers who can take their part in the stir and bustle of life. The first criticism of which we read as affecting her, is a sharp attack on ‘*Jane Eyre*,’ in the ‘*Quarterly*,’ of which she writes:—

“Margaret Hall called ‘*Jane Eyre*’ a ‘wicked book,’ on the authority of the ‘*Quarterly*,’ an expression which coming from her, I will here confess, struck somewhat deep. It opened my eyes to the harm the ‘*Quarterly*’ had done. Margaret would not have called it ‘wicked,’ if she had not been told so.

“No matter,—whether known or unknown—misjudged, or the contrary,—I am resolved not to write otherwise. I shall bend as my powers tend. The two human beings who understood me, and whom I understood, are gone: I have some that love me yet, and whom I love, without expecting, or having a right to expect, that they shall perfectly understand me. I am satisfied: but I must have my own way in the matter of writing. The loss of what we possess nearest and dearest to us in this world, produces an effect upon the character: we search out what we have yet left that can support, and, when found, we cling to it with a hold of new-strung tenacity. The faculty of imagination lifted me when I was sinking, three months ago; its active exercise has kept my head above water since; its results cheer me now, for I feel that they have enabled me to give pleasure to others. I am thankful to God, who gave me the faculty; and it is for me a part of my religion to defend this gift, and to profit by its possession.”—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 121, 122.

It is curious to contrast with the public triumphs and reverses of this time, her home employments and interests, which were attendance on Tabby and Tabby's assistant, during the illness of both, and performing all the household work herself—a state of things which would not a little have surprised the Reviewer, who had probably anything but a domestic notion of his victim.

Her future friendships were formed on purely literary grounds.

A friendly criticism, a warm, discriminating letter of commendation, opened her heart. The principles of her correspondents, the part they took in controversy, the line in religion or irreligion, would not come in question, and would enter little into her consideration, even when the bare knowledge of their opinions reached her. The sympathy she received was from the ultra-liberal party, and therefore from that time she fraternised with them, and with Miss Martineau at their head, without any real agreement with abstract scepticism. 'The tone of *'Shirley'* is not at all this. There is a refreshing flavour of the old church and king school in Helstone; and her spirited account of a Sunday-school fête, the processions meeting in the narrow lane, and the victory over the dissenters, would wake no echo in her new allies. But something in *'Jane Eyre'* did; not only its remarkable genius, but a certain laxity in viewing moral questions, a defiance of restraints to the free exercise of the imagination, showed an affinity with their party which in act she could never have carried out.

She was very sensitive of criticism on moral points, and indeed showed a general scrupulousness and susceptibility for which we respect her, though we think it inconsistent with her own method of impaling living persons, obnoxious to her feelings or taste, in her own works. How she could have the face to resent anything, after her behaviour to so many of her own neighbours and acquaintance, we do not see. It proceeds from the same short-sightedness which allowed her to be sensitively nervous in concealing her authorship, while she betrayed herself in every chapter by her portraits from the life. It was this custom of hers of writing from the life—a practice evident from the style (though the circumstances and persons were all, we are assured, unknown, down to the author herself)—which, we believe, led the writer of an article on *'Villette'*, which appeared in this Review, to use the offensive word *'alien'* as applied to her.¹ No person, living on friendly, cordial terms with those about her, could, it was assumed, have adopted such a style of writing. And reserve did *alienate* her. No person living out of her exceedingly narrow circle had the slightest hold on her tenderness or sympathy; it is the tendency of all reserve. But the word *alien* might have another meaning, and as such, she complains of it in the following pathetic letter, which we are sure will interest our readers. Any one taking the trouble to refer to the article in question, will see that no such interpretation as she says some persons (not herself) drew from the words, could fairly be given, but that it was so understood by any, and thus caused her undesigned pain, is subject of regret:—

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, April, 1853, vol. xxv. p. 428.

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

'Haworth, near Keighley, Yorkshire, July 18, 1853.

'SIR,—I think I cannot be doing wrong in addressing you a few remarks respecting an article which appeared in the "Christian Remembrancer" for last April. I mean an article noticing "Villette."

'When first I read that article I thought only of its ability, which seemed to me considerable, of its acumen, which I felt to be penetrating; an occasional misconception passed scarce noticed, and I smiled at certain passages from which evils have since risen so heavy as to oblige me to revert seriously to their origin. Conscious myself that the import of these insinuations was far indeed from truth, I forgot to calculate how they might appear to that great Public which personally did not know me.

'The passage to which I particularly allude characterises me by a strong expression. I am spoken of as *an alien*,—*it might seem from society, and amenable to none of its laws*.

'The "G——" newspaper gave a notice in the same spirit. The "E——" culled isolated extracts from your review, and presented them in a concentrated form as one paragraph of unqualified condemnation.

'The result of these combined attacks, all to one effect—all insinuating some disadvantageous occult motive for a retired life—has been such, that at length I feel it advisable to speak a few words of temperate explanation in the quarter that seems to me most worthy to be thus addressed, and the most likely to understand rightly my intention. Who my reviewer may be I know not, but I am convinced he is no narrow-minded or naturally unjust thinker.

'To him I would say no cause of seclusion such as he would imply has ever come near my thoughts, deeds, or life. It has not entered my experience. It has not crossed my observation.

'Providence so regulated my destiny that I was born and have been reared in the seclusion of a country parsonage. I have never been rich enough to go out into the world as a participator in its gaieties, though it early became my duty to leave home in order partly to diminish the many calls on a limited income. That income is lightened of claims in another sense now, for of a family of six I am the only survivor.

'My father is now in his seventy-seventh year; his mind is clear as it ever was, and he is not infirm, but he suffers from partial privation and threatened loss of sight; as his general health is also delicate, he cannot be left often or long: my place consequently is at home. These are reasons which make retirement a plain duty; but were no such reasons in existence, were I bound by no such ties, it is very possible that seclusion might still appear to me, on the whole, more congenial than publicity; the brief and rare glimpses I have had of the world do not incline me to think I should seek its circles with very keen zest—nor can I consider such disinclination a just subject for reproach.

'This is the truth. The careless, rather than malevolent insinuations of reviewers have, it seems, widely spread another impression. It would be weak to complain, but I feel that it is only right to place the real in opposition to the unreal.

'Will you kindly show this note to my reviewer? Perhaps he cannot now find an antidote for the poison into which he dipped that shaft he shot at "Currer Bell," but when again tempted to take aim at other prey—let him refrain his hand a moment till he has considered consequences to the wounded, and recalled the "golden rule."

'I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
'C. BRONTË.'

Though criticism was never more needed than in the case of Currer Bell, yet this is inevitably a sad book for critics.

We do not blame ourselves for what has been said in our pages of the author of 'Jane Eyre.' We could not do otherwise than censure what was censurable. Where would books get their deserts, how could judgment be given, if private considerations had weight to restrain independent public opinion? Critics would then be no better than partial friends. But such revelations as this book gives us are a lesson to weigh words. We should never forget that the unknown author has a known side; that he is not an abstraction. And here we are taught that the private side of a character may be in strong contrast to its public manifestation; that it needs rare discernment to form a true estimate of a writer from his works; and that the boldest, most fearless style, may emanate from a nature which has its sensitive, shrinking, timid side. We believe that all the critics thought they had a tolerably tough nature to deal with, that there was no need to sugar the bitter draught in this instance; and when a woman assumed a masculine tone, wrote as well or better than any man amongst them, and showed herself afraid of nothing, that gallantry and patronising tenderness which is commonly bestowed upon women was changed to gall. And now the administrators of the potion have to reflect on the private most feminine sorrows of this Amazon; of a patient life of monotonous duty; of the passionate hold the purest domestic affections had on her character; and which amongst them, if he could rewrite his criticism, would not now and then erase an epithet, spare a sarcasm, modify a sweeping condemnation? We own it wounds our tenderest feelings to know her sensitiveness to such attacks; and when she sheds tears over the *Times* critique—of all things in the world to weep over—our heart bleeds indeed.

But besides the judgment of the press, she had friendly criticism more to her taste to reply to. Mr. Lewes had commended Miss Austen to her as a model, and she answers—

"Why do you like Miss Austen so very much? I am puzzled on that point. What induced you to say that you would have rather written 'Pride and Prejudice,' or 'Tom Jones,' than any of the Waverley Novels?"

"I had not seen 'Pride and Prejudice' till I read that sentence of yours, and then I got the book. And what did I find? An accurate daguerreo-typed portrait of a common-place face; a carefully-fenced, highly-cultivated garden, with neat borders and delicate flowers; but no glance of a bright vivid physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck. I should hardly like to live with her ladies and gentlemen, in their elegant but confined houses. These observations will probably irritate you, but I shall run the risk."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 53, 54.

And again:—

"What a strange lecture comes next in your letter! You say I must familiarise my mind with the fact, that 'Miss Austen is not a poetess, has no "sentiment" (you scornfully enclose the word in inverted commas), no eloquence, none of the ravishing enthusiasm of poetry,'—and then you

add, I must 'learn to acknowledge her as one of the greatest artists, of the greatest painters of human character, and one of the writers with the nicest sense of means to an end that ever lived.' . . . Miss Austen being, as you say, without 'sentiment,' without *poetry*, maybe is sensible, real (more real than true), but she cannot be great."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 55, 56.

We do not wonder that Charlotte Brontë could not enter into Miss Austen. With certain powers in common, their education, training, and experience of life were so absolutely different, that no chord in harmony could be struck between them. Miss Austen described life as she saw it, genteel, decorous, every-day domestic life. Her disciplined mind and easy temper saw in this aspect of existence all that satisfied the wants of her nature. She could take her part in it well. Herself fortunate in a pleasing person, agreeable address, and friends in the sphere of society she depicts, what she drew she shared in. She knew perfectly how people acted in the intercourse of every day; she had insight into deeper currents of feeling, as experienced by the society to the delineation of which she devotes her powers. For, we must assure Mr. Lewes and Miss Brontë, Miss Austen *was* a poet. It would be just as reasonable to deny the title to Gray, because he was precise in his dress, and careful not to soil his shoes in his search of the picturesque and sublime, as to refuse it to the author of 'Persuasion,' because her characters are all well-behaved gentlemen and ladies. Her imagination knew how to work in such decorous, veiled excitement as 'society' gives room for. The happy stir of domestic love, the thrill of a reciprocal passion, the trials of unrequited tenderness in a chastened, well-regulated nature—all this, as disciplined by the will or by the conventionalities of society, she drew as no one else can do. She wrote of human nature precisely as she heard and saw it. She never attempted what she had no pattern for, and Miss Brontë's rough and ready specimens never came in her way. She would not have taken to them as Miss Brontë did if they had presented themselves.

Now, into society, technically so called, Miss Brontë had no insight, because she never saw it, never was in it, and knew nothing about it. Men and women never were viewed by her as united by one social bond, as acting upon one another in a certain acknowledged and received relation. The persons we come in contact with under her guidance are in no such connexion; they are independent of any social code. They expatiate in a freedom which persons once feeling themselves members of a body cannot attain to. Moreover of these she saw but little, and conversed with them still less. There was little active companionship; they were studies rather than acquaintance. Shyness and self-consciousness kept her apart from her fellows. Again we cannot doubt that curiosity (such as she attributes to that clever boy

Martin Yorke, in 'Shirley') influenced her intercourse with others rather than good fellowship. She was so much an artist, that her liking was for whatever would make a good picture and *tell*. She was lenient therefore to picturesque vices; they were so many books given her to study. She mused over them, she pondered, she looked anatomically into their construction. She entered into their motives; and what we can sympathise with and enter into, we are lenient with. All this in contrast to her rival, if we may call her so. But to go on: her life was a silent one, an ascetic and recluse one. She did not see enough of life, so called, or hear its speech, to know how it talked in its careless, common-place moods. Her study of the heart, her interest in its deeper emotions, made her know how it would act when stirred; she put the excitement into words, and the reader, recognising as true the *feeling* in that utterance, does not trouble himself to consider whether it is true as *spoken*. When she says Miss Austen is more *real* than *true*, she expresses this difference between them; the one tells us what people *say* on any given occasion, the other what they *think*. The distinction is carefully noted and acted upon by Miss Austen, and totally disregarded by Miss Brontë. Hear Mr. Knightly, in 'Emma,' on this point:—

'Another thing must be taken into consideration, too—Mrs. Elton does not talk to Miss Fairfax as she speaks of her. We all know the difference between the pronouns he, or she, and thou, the plainest spoken amongst us; we all feel the influences of a something beyond common civility in our personal intercourse with each other—a something more early implanted. We cannot give any body the disagreeable hints that we may have been very full of the hour before. We feel things very differently.'—*Emma*, p. 225.

This most true distinction never seems to have entered Miss Brontë's mind. The things, for example, that people say to one another in 'Shirley' are perfectly out of the question from one human being to another, though so precisely what they would *think*, that the reader is hardly aware of the impossibility. They are the *mute* responses, the *solitary* revenges the mind indulges in: bitter musings, unspoken reflections of a spiteful, an angry, or an eloquent heart. As soliloquies on the one hand, and the answers of the heart to provocation on the other, they could not be better; but no living being could really dream of giving either utterance in words. There are occasions, rare in each man's life, when all the barriers of custom break down; then the heart speaks out regardless of the chains of habit. These occasions are Miss Brontë's opportunity. There is hardly any analogy between ordinary life and such moments. Experience of the measured movements of society may even hamper the imagination, from penetrating, as it otherwise would, into the eccentricities, the grotesqueness, the rude power of a nature

standing free from every restraint, and speaking out from wounded feeling, injured pride, or awakened passion. This certainly is not Miss Austen's sphere. The argument carries us further. Without being misunderstood, may we not say that there are things that may be *thought* of which should not be written or talked about? The mind flies on to consequences. There are subjects which, in the nature of things, pass through the mind, which it is not fitting should pass the lips, except on rare and compulsory occasions. It is the peculiarity of Miss Brontë, that she never knew, owing to her share in the almost insane family reserve which shut them out from all general conversation, the boundary-line which separates thought—the musings and reasonings of the heart—from what passes the lips. Moreover, the exceeding curiosity we have noticed to look into the human heart may not be compatible with scrupulous feminine delicacy. Women generally portray best what they hear—either society as it is, or as they think it ought to be, if men were influenced by higher motives and a larger and more spiritual view of life. But Miss Brontë liked men best as she knew them; she liked their roughnesses, and to look into their hearts, and divine what their undisciplined natures would lead them to under trial and temptations. She disclaims any attempt at a perfection. She recoils from a perfect character as we do from a ghost, and for the same reason, the predominance of the spiritual element. Humanity, even in its most vulgar temptations—even to its love of money—she can allow for; she sees in fact they are inseparable from the men she knows of: she likes what she is used to, whatever it is, better than any unfamiliar amendment. She likes breezes, and storms, and rough scenes, or whatever shows nature's strength; and because Miss Austen is not at home in them she will not care for her works.

We are not surprised to find that Miss Brontë was a deliberate writer; whatever fault may be found with the matter, the manner deserves unalloyed praise. She was conscientious in always doing her best; even with applause sounding in her ears and every motive stimulating to authorship, she would always bide her time. She knew her own strength and weakness; she felt that she had not a large experience to draw upon, and she would not exhaust herself by rapidity. Her writings are from imagination, not cleverness, which is a perennial spring, and will bear a greater drain than any but the most prolific genius. Mrs. Gaskell calls the attention of the reader to her excellent choice of words. Few women have attained to such precision and force of style; few so absolutely express what they mean. It is interesting, then, to know how she attained to this excellence; and we find what we suspect is the case with all clear, exact, luminous styles, that she took her time—

she waited for the right thing to say—she waited for the right word to say it in.

‘Any one who has studied her writings,—whether in print or in her letters; any one who has enjoyed the rare privilege of listening to her talk, must have noticed her singular felicity in the choice of words. She herself, in writing her books, was solicitous on this point. One set of words was the truthful mirror of her thoughts; no others, however apparently identical in meaning, would do. She had that strong practical regard for the simple holy truth of expression, which Mr. Trench has enforced, as a duty too often neglected. She would wait patiently, searching for the right term, until it presented itself to her. It might be provincial, it might be derived from the Latin; so that it accurately represented her idea, she did not mind whence it came; but this care makes her style present the finish of a piece of mosaic. Each component part, however small, has been dropped into the right place. She never wrote down a sentence until she clearly understood what she wanted to say, had deliberately chosen the words, and arranged them in their right order. Hence it comes that, in the scraps of paper covered with her pencil writing which I have seen, there will occasionally be a sentence scored out, but seldom, if ever, a word or an expression. She wrote on these bits of paper in a minute hand, holding each against a piece of board, such as is used in binding books, for a desk. This plan was necessary for one so short-sighted as she was; and, besides, it enabled her to use pencil and paper, as she sat near the fire in the twilight hours, or if (as was too often the case) she was wakeful for hours in the night. Her finished manuscripts were copied from these pencil scraps, in clear, legible, delicate traced writing, almost as easy to read as print.’—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 9, 10.

When publishers urge haste, and desire to press forward her labours, she answers:—

“It is not at all likely” (she says) “that my book will be ready at the time you mention. If my health is spared, I shall get on with it as fast as is consistent with its being done, if not *well*, yet as well as I can do it. *Not one whit faster*. When the mood leaves me (it has left me now, without vouchsafing so much as a word or a message when it will return) I put by the MS. and wait till it comes back again. God knows, I sometimes have to wait long—*very* long it seems to me.”—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 237.

She felt herself almost superstitiously under the influences of her genius. To Mrs. Gaskell—

‘She said, that it was not every day that she could write. Sometimes weeks, or even months, elapsed before she felt she had anything to add to that portion of her story which was already written. Then, some morning she would waken up, and the progress of her tale lay clear and bright before her, in distinct vision. When this was the case, all her care was to discharge her household and filial duties, so as to obtain leisure to sit down and write out the incidents and consequent thoughts, which were, in fact, more present to her mind at such times than her actual life itself. Yet notwithstanding this “possession” (as it were), those who survived, of her daily and household companions, are clear in their testimony, that never was the claim of any duty, never was the call of another for help, neglected for an instant. It had become necessary to give Tabby—now nearly eighty years of age, the assistance of a girl. Tabby relinquished any of her work with jealous reluctance, and could not bear to be reminded, though ever so delicately, that the acuteness of her senses was dulled by age. The other servant might not interfere with what she chose to consider her exclusive work. Among other things, she reserved to herself the

right of peeling the potatoes for dinner; but as she was growing blind, she often left in those black specks, which we in the North call the "eyes" of the potato. Miss Brontë was too dainty a housekeeper to put up with this; yet she could not bear to hurt the faithful old servant, by bidding the younger maiden go over the potatoes again, and so reminding Tabby that her work was the less effectual than formerly. Accordingly she would steal into the kitchen, and quietly carry off the bowl of vegetables, without Tabby's being aware, and breaking off in the full flow of interest and inspiration in her writing, carefully cut out the specks in the potatoes, and noiselessly carry them back to their place. This little proceeding may show how orderly and fully she accomplished her duties, even at those times when the "possession" was upon her.—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 8, 9.

We doubt this 'possession' in the distinct marked way in which she puts it. Beyond the bare fact that she was some days in better cue for composition than others, we think the notion superstitious. Such an impression always gives a writer an undue confidence in the efforts of his brain—as though he himself were not responsible under the divine *afflatus*—which approaches to a belief in his own inspiration. Our perceptions, at least of right and wrong, truth and error, do not depend on times and seasons, and happy moments; and yet it sometimes seems as if she made them do so, and justifies herself under misconstruction by the feeling of having obeyed an impulse which her conscience dared not resist. But she was too real and strong a character for conceit. There is no vanity of successful authorship. She never for a moment loses her head. Old associations, and affections, and friendships, lose nothing of their sway. When fame comes, and she is sought out and pointed at and courted, her home and her father are still the most potent influences. After being made a lion in London, and men of note and distinction, in their several ways, pressing their acquaintance upon her; after, as far as her shy timid nature and weak health allowed, she had tasted the charm of literary intercourse and brilliant society; after having conversed with her hero—her Titan—Thackeray, and breakfasted with Rogers; after scientific men had shown her the Crystal Palace, and artists had shown her pictures, and fellow authoresses had sought her intimacy, here is still the picture of her oppressively quiet home life. We give some sentences from Mrs. Gaskell's report of her visit to Haworth:—

"I went round the house to the front door, looking to the church;—moors everywhere beyond and above. The crowded grave-yard surrounds the house and small grass enclosure for drying clothes.

"I don't know that I ever saw a spot more exquisitely clean; the most dainty place for that I ever saw. To be sure, the life is like clock-work. No one comes to the house; nothing disturbs the deep repose; hardly a voice is heard; you catch the ticking of the clock in the kitchen, or the buzzing of a fly in the parlour, all over the house. Miss Brontë sits alone in her parlour; breakfasting with her father in his study at nine o'clock. She helps in the housework; for one of their servants, Tabby, is nearly

ninety, and the other only a girl. Then I accompanied her in her walks on the sweeping moors: the heather-bloom had been blighted by a thunder-storm a day or two before, and was all of a livid brown colour, instead of the blaze of purple glory it ought to have been. Oh! those high, wild, desolate moors, up above the whole world, and the very realms of silence! Home to dinner at two. Mr. Brontë has his dinner sent into him. All the small table arrangements had the same dainty simplicity about them. . . . I soon observed that her habits of order were such that she could not go on with the conversation if a chair was out of its place; everything was arranged with delicate regularity. We talked over the old times of her childhood; of her elder sister's (Maria's) death,—just like that of Helen Burns in 'Jane Eyre,' of those strange, starved days at school; of the desire (almost amounting to illness) of expressing herself in some way,—writing or drawing; of her weakened eyesight, which prevented her doing anything for two years, from the age of seventeen to nineteen; of her being a governess. . . . We have generally had another walk before tea, which is at six; at half-past eight, prayers; and by nine, all the household are in bed, except ourselves. We sit up together till ten, or past; and after I go, I hear Miss Brontë come down and walk up and down the room for an hour or so."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 297—300.

This was the aspect of her home when cheered by the presence of a congenial friend; but that was not often; and we read admissions 'of solitude fearfully aggravating other evils;' of a craving for support and companionship, such as could not be expressed; 'of sitting day after day in her chair, saddest memories her only company;' allowing her mind to range over an immoral or sceptical literature as a change for her own thoughts; and yet resolved to stay, refusing every kind solicitation of friendship; restricting herself even in the pleasures of correspondence, lest letters should interfere with the exclusive claims of home, from a mingled sense of duty and fatalism. We cannot judge depression and lowness of spirits, otherwise we should say that what she now wanted was an object of faith out of herself; her rigid, restricted, partial notion of duty was a sort of heathen god to her and held her down. Her mind needed to be taken upwards, away and far above perpetual self-questioning. Temptations came with solitude, in the shape of gloomy earth-born musings, standing alike in the light of human and divine comfort. How true is it that extraordinary gifts are a gift to the world and not to their possessor; and that those who amuse, rouse, and divert others often sink for the want of their own stimulants! So poor Charlotte Brontë sat at home, alone, late, late into the night, conversing with the spirits of the dead, and longing for them, till their voices seemed to reach her ears in the wild storms of wind that raged around. She had such fancies: when some one objected to the supernatural summons in 'Jane Eyre,' where Rochester calls her miles away, she replied in a low voice, and drawing her breath, 'But it is a true thing; it really happened.' All her life she had shuddered at death. She thought of it only as

'cold obstruction.' Though living in a churchyard, she could not, as a girl, walk over a grave unawares without turning faint. The loss of an acquaintance made a ghastly void which she feared to think of. Her realizing power was her tyrant—for such a nature and temperament as hers solitude was terrible.

But now came a real legitimate diversion from loneliness and gloom—not in fame and success, which only brought a transient and fitful relief, but in a straightforward proposal of marriage, made, not in admiration of her genius, but herself. In her heart she did not care for being thought *clever*—she thought the term meant 'a shrewd, very ugly, meddling, talking woman;' but here was one who loved her for herself, at an age when women value and are more grateful for attachment than in youth. However, Mr. Brontë liked things to go on as they had done. He objected to his curate's marrying his daughter; and the exemplary daughter of thirty-seven submitted to his decision, and dismissed her lover. She could not vex *him* by her opposition to whom she had shown implicit obedience her whole life. We are not told how, after some months, the subject was revived, and the father's consent obtained, not for his daughter to leave him, but for her husband to share her charge—a charge which he felt so binding, that when subsequently he was offered a living he declined it, as feeling bound to Haworth while Mr. Brontë lived. In brief terms we are told of Charlotte Brontë's wedding-day, the only witnesses her two oldest friends, Miss Wooler and E., of whom we have heard so much. The father had a consistent return of reluctance at the last moment, which made him, we have no doubt characteristically enough, refuse to be present. So Miss Wooler, in the emergency, had to give her faithful friend and pupil away. It is one of Charlotte's best traits, her keeping up a lasting steady friendship with this good lady. She was married June 29, 1854. Then follow the simple mention of months of great happiness and remarkable contrast to a life of trial and depression, too soon brought to an end by some imprudence of over-exertion.

'Soon after her return, she was attacked by new sensations of perpetual nausea, and ever-recurring faintness. After this state of things had lasted for some time, she yielded to Mr. Nicholls's wish that a doctor should be sent for. He came, and assigned a natural cause for her miserable indisposition; a little patience and all would go right. She, who was ever patient in illness, tried hard to bear up and bear on. But the dreadful sickness increased and increased, till the very sight of food occasioned nausea. "A wren would have starved on what she ate during those last six weeks," says one. Tabby's health had suddenly and utterly given way, and she died in this time of distress and anxiety respecting the last daughter of

the house she had served so long. Martha tenderly waited on her mistress, and from time to time tried to cheer her with the thought of the baby that was coming. "I dare say I shall be glad sometime," she would say; "but I am so ill—so weary——" Then she took to her bed, too weak to sit up.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 321, 322.

Two last letters are given to her friend E—— and a Brussels schoolfellow. In the last she speaks of her father—'of course I could not leave *him*'—and her husband, 'No better, fonder husband than mine, it seems to me there can be in the world'—'I do not want now for companionship in health and the tenderest nursing in sickness;' and then in a very few weeks the end came.

'About the third week in March there was a change; a low wandering delirium came on; and in it she begged constantly for food and even for stimulants. She swallowed eagerly now; but it was too late. Wakening for an instant from this stupor of intelligence, she saw her husband's woe-worn face, and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. "Oh!" she whispered forth, "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy."

'Early on Saturday morning, March 31st, the solemn tolling of Haworth church-bell spoke forth the fact of her death to the villagers who had known her from a child, and whose hearts shivered within them as they thought of the two sitting desolate and alone in the old grey house.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 324.

Who can sum up such a character? who can reconcile its contradictions, account for its eccentricities, nicely discriminate and mark out its good and evil, bring the whole nature into harmony? We have not attempted the task. A strong original character vividly portrayed has its lesson, whether we fully understand and master it or not. If to some we have seemed over-lenient to certain grave errors it discloses, to them we would protest that our tenderness has not been won by mere admiration for strength of intellect; but we cannot realize the contrast, and almost antagonism between mind and temperament, without perceiving a force of temptation and trial to which few are exposed, and respecting, and even reverencing accordingly, that sense of duty, dim and narrow as it often was, which directed her daily steps and influenced her whole existence. How can we do otherwise than pity that life of 'labour and pain,' where duty was a harsh master, and gave so few rewards; and trust that in the period of late happiness which preceded her end, she may have been guided to the easy yoke and light burden which should have been her service in the heat of her dreary day.

We have already commented on the one great blot and failure on Mrs. Gaskell's part. As a work of art, this biography cannot be too highly commended. When we consider how her task must have appeared to herself at its

commencement, what small store of incident lay before her out of which to frame a narrative, how uneventful and externally insignificant was the life given her to portray, we own we wonder at her courage and success. When some local worthy passes from the scene, prominent, almost necessary, in his own sphere, and his friends contemplate the gap and loss, it is a universal impulse to write his life. One so important, so loved, so missed, should not be forgotten. The world must certainly be told of his excellences, and learn to know him. So Mr. So-and-so is deputed to write a biography. If this gentleman is a dull man, he probably accomplishes his task, and does not know that he has failed. Our readers may guess how Miss Brontë would fare under his hands. If he has taste, experience, and discernment, he presently becomes aware that this life, so impressive in its sphere, presents, under his handling, no points sufficiently distinguishing to awake new interest. Peculiar traits so pleasing to friends cannot be conveyed to strangers. The good deeds are common-place where the face, and form, and voice that set them off, are away. He feels that so far from doing honour to the dead, he would be committing the injustice of exposing him to an unfair ordeal, of parading him where he was not understood or cared for. And after weighing and deliberating for a sufficient length of time, he comes to the conclusion that most men's lives are to be witnessed, not recorded; that their example is for their own generation, not a future one. Mrs. Gaskell understood her work better, and realized from the first what she had to do—not the comparatively easy task of recording events, but delineating a character without the aids which incidents and adventure always furnish. Impressed by her subject, she was roused rather than repelled by its difficulties. Her fellow-feeling as an authoress, her tenderness as a friend, sympathy and admiration, pity, resentment, all stimulated her to the effort—for an effort it must have been—of presenting this various, contradictory, yet strong, interesting and remarkable woman, to the world. The wants and voids of that mind she could not feel as we must feel them. Therefore she is sustained throughout by undoubted reliance on the intrinsic excellence as well as genius of her subject, and rejoices to bring all her own powers to her task. And admirably suited they are to the purpose—her pathos, her romance, her graphic descriptions, her skill in drawing character, her singular felicity of arrangement and combination, all join to produce a picture harmonious, thrilling, impressive; which, if it rouses criticism, demands attention, and compels interest, and forms, as every forcible history of an original mind must do, a valuable addition to the world's experience.

ART. V.—*L'Angleterre au dix-huitième siècle ; Études et Portraits pour servir à l'Histoire du Gouvernement Anglais, depuis la fin du Règne de Guillaume III.* Par M. CHARLES RÉMUSAT, de l'Académie Française. Deux Volumes. Paris, 1856.

THE reign of Queen Anne interests us in a way for which neither the grandeur of the characters which played out their parts in that scene, nor the greatness of the results of their policy, can account. Hardly a single personage acted without a consciousness of selfishness and insincerity fatal to the very conception of noble undertakings. At the end of the reign no generous or profound principle had been enunciated for the first time; no new phase of the constitution had developed itself. The battle-field of that constitution was far away, and the echoes of the conflict, prolonged from the militia debates of Charles I.'s last Parliament and the Civil Wars, and through the reciprocal anathemas of the petitioners and abhorers of his son and namesake's government, even to the brief but decisive struggle for liberty against James II., had long since subsided. Only the prominence of party badges told through what dangers the State had passed, and by what means it had escaped. But, though the storm of civil discord had almost died away, men's passions still, as it were, rose and fell with the uneasy swell of suspicions and plots which enabled bystanders to measure the height of yesterday's waves.

From this point of view the period in question derives its main historical interest. The memories in which names or nominal distinctions were steeped invested them with an unreal importance, and excited politicians to contend in mock-serious combat for principles which had been determined already, and foregone conclusions. Parties or factions might make the Stuart's cause a war cry, and carry the country with them; but, as soon as ever the question was put, 'Will you give up a single privilege which the Civil Wars or the Revolution established?' the nation which had made a martyr of Sacheverell ignored its own enthusiasm, and refused to hold solved problems any longer for open questions. Party zeal needed badges and watchwords for party purposes; but even parties, when called upon to make good their own professions, turned a deaf ear to all propositions which might compromise England. They suffered George I. to be proclaimed, Bolingbroke and Ormond to flee their country, and Charles Edward to march into England,

without stirring a foot, or raising their voice for their favourite cause. Their leaders might well be deceived by the contrast between the apparent sense of terms, and the obligation to action, which they were not understood to connote. We, from our vantage-ground of time, can better compute what the state of public feeling really was. The importance of the study of the period consists to us in the observation, how the grand innovations, fought for and won on other occasions, had gradually worked their way into the national system, and modified all the relations of parties and society in accordance with themselves. In William's reign the progress towards this result had begun; but the contest was still too recent, and the indignation against the old *régime* still too little affirmed by the recognition of the new. Under George I., and Walpole, the contested principles were practically allowed, and any exceptional violation of them considered just matter for censure and explanation. The regular appeals of ministers to the people, through the press, and through Parliament; the responsibility of administrations to the nation for the sovereign's acts, spite of any plea of the sovereign's personal intervention; and, yet more, the felt inability of an almost unanimous cabinet, backed up by a strong Parliamentary majority, and the personal inclinations of the monarch, to rescind the nation's vote of exclusion of the Stuarts, make the reign of Anne the debatable ground, well marked out and defined, between the old and the new aspects of the constitution.

But, even more than this, more even than the causes which have erected a period, prolific chiefly in party tracts, into the 'golden age' of literature, what engages our fancy is that strong personal element, which manifests itself so clearly, as well in that literature, as in the conduct of affairs. Queen Anne's era bears the same relation to sober history which Mr. Disraeli's novels do to a serious political treatise. It is as though the spirit of the Parisian coteries of the time of Louis XIV., and the regency of Orleans, had blended with the violent humours and passions of an English electioneering season. Not till the issue of the struggle, which surprises us from its complete independence of the vicissitudes of the struggle itself, can we discover the true national pertinacity of adherence to a deliberate decision. The intermediate period is given up to a chaos of drawing-room schemes, back-stairs' plots, and the intrigues of club-committees. We feel (and there is a certain charm in the discovery) that the State is, after all, not an abstraction, but an aggregate of living beings, moved by the same impulses, and susceptible of the same vexations and pleasures, with the rest of mankind. Posterity is brought more

behind the scene than at other times; and more of character appears in the prominent agents, than can usually be perceived in the instruments of a nation's will. Above all, these instruments and agents of national policy did not pass away with the measures they originated. Round one of them, the master-spirit of an administration once, gathered subsequently all the strength of opposition. It is he whose influence we trace in each more important act of the reign, and who, by fashioning the most brilliant of political and literary societies, when out of power, and even half an outlaw, has brought both within the verge of the same sympathies. Those sympathies are the same which explain our delight in 'personal talk,' and the curiosity whence arise the sudden life and animation infused into a grave Parliamentary debate by the slightest infusion of personal malice or feeling.

From Henry St. John's mere genealogy it might have been predicted that he would, if possessed of any genius, assume a conspicuous position in politics. It might have been predicted, further, that his career would be daring and adventurous, extreme in this or that direction, perhaps, at different times, in both. Violent partisanship ran in the blood of the race. His ancestors, when they did act, chose no safe or moderate course, but delighted seemingly in everything ultra. The grandeur of the family dated back from the marriage of a scion of the Saxon de Post, of Basing, with the heiress of the Norman St. Johns, of Bletsoe. It had never been obscured since the days of the Conquest, though, till the seventeenth century, chiefly conspicuous in the details of county history. During the whole of that century, and far into the following one, it was in the van of all political movements. Henry St. John could count in the male line among his near relatives the Earls Bolingbroke of the Parliament, and the chivalrous Viscount Grandison of Clarendon's History, one of the first victims of Charles's cause. Through females, he was grandson of that gloomy Solicitor-General of the Commons, and nephew of the High Church and Tory Earl of Nottingham. He himself was destined to run the gauntlet of principles seemingly contradictory, and to illustrate in his own life the extreme conclusions of the most adverse political factions of the preceding age. Too small a portion still stands to testify to the splendour of the old house at Battersea, the gift of Charles I. to the St. Johns, Viscounts Grandison: with its forty rooms on one floor, the cedar parlour, where Pope loved to compose, and the terrace overlooking the Thames, so often paced by the statesman and the poet, only in death estranged. There he was born. In his education was displayed that unfortunate combination of strict

theoretical principles, with the example of a lax private morality, which could not but deprave a disposition such as his. The contrast of the stern discipline maintained by the old Puritan, his grandfather, throughout the household, even to his death, in 1708, with the precedent before his eyes of the life of a libertine father, who made a jest of all political and religious principle, might have corrupted good dispositions. It was the worst possible training for one whose very versatility of character disposed him to mimic tenets, and only to be consistent in obedience to the passion at the moment in possession.

His school-days at Eton, where he had Walpole for a contemporary, seem to have foreshadowed that strenuous idleness, that petty ambition of supremacy in licentiousness and genius, which distorted into a something, at once grotesque and picturesque, repulsive and attractive, the whole course of his life. It is easy to imagine in the boy a historical Vivian Grey, leader of the school and terror of masters, already preparing the minds of his friends to expect the statesman, and to fancy the keen aversion which his quick perceptions, and rather inconclusive judgment, must have instinctively conceived for the astute careless-seeming temperament of his life-long rival. Unhappily for the hypothesis, however certain it may be that the child is father of the man, the very completeness of the parallel between the relations of two individuals, as children and as men, makes one doubt the truth of the facts as to the earlier period. A disposition may be developed early, and the circumstances into which it may lead its possessor typified; but the complication of the relations of two individuals in after years is very seldom anticipated in their boyhood. We know more about his life at Christ Church. There, under the auspices of Dean Aldrich, famous for port and music, architecture and logic, 'Priest of Bacchus,' as Whigs styled him, 'Champion of the Church,' as Tories, a licence was, at that time and long after, allowed students of noble families, which would astonish the present generation. St. John, however, possessed that perilously happy constitution, both of mind and body, which both enabled and tempted him, like Alcibiades, to enter into excesses, which must have else quickly degraded him to the condition of one of his future partisans, of the October Club. It was his ambition to become the Rochester of his time, not him of James's and Anne's reigns, but the brilliant friend and rival of Charles II., whose genius had a spontaneous bouquet, or fragrance, about it, which however has, in its evaporation, left behind it nothing but a deposit of vapid immorality. In emulation of his model, and the wits, he became a poet, as poets were then, in the mere effervescence of youth, and various very wretched com-

positions are ascribed to his muse, too weak and poor, with a few exceptions, even for Dodsley's Collections. He had already propitiated the favour of Dryden with eulogistic verses on his Virgil, and been admitted to the deliberate orgies over which he presided. In him all this licence was not, as in so many, a mere result of youth, but an indication of the inquietude and restlessness of organization, to which Aristotle attributes much of men's intemperateness. The manners of his family had not implanted in him any fixed principles. The manners of the time were not likely to supply the defects of such an education. Of all men he was the most incapable of supplying it for himself. Not a man of that class of intellect, which implies the union of a high moral tone and energy with acuteness and subtlety—in fact, the character which Lord Shaftesbury (the philosopher) denominates 'wisdom'—he yet possessed a capacity and abilities which the world has rarely seen in so complete a state of development. There was nothing for which they were not prepared. Still, they were a mere instrument, of the finest temper, but wanting a hand and heart to guide. Without enough of conscientious patience to conceive and maintain principles of action for himself, in that age when factiousness was the only consistency; and without enough of the moral sagacity and self-restraint, needed for comprehending the fundamental theory of a party, and identifying himself with it, heart and soul, as Nottingham among the Tories, and Cowper among the Whigs;—he only cared to guess, with his marvellous shrewdness, the petty selfish motives which instigated the policy of parties. Then, as soon as he had thus worked himself into all their schemes, and become their administrator and guide, he could not refrain from prosecuting the party measures, even *ad absurdum*, in the same petty, selfish spirit, and boldly ignoring the existence of that public state-conscience, which shames men into cloaking their selfishness, even in themselves, under the guise of patriotism. He possessed the instinct of guiding men, or rather of constituting himself the guide of men, in perfection; but the spirit with which he inspired them was not his own, but theirs, only heated and enkindled with that fiery energy, and consciousness of power, which carries one in a crowd beyond his fellows. In the days of Henry VIII. he would have probably been another Cromwell of Essex; under the Commonwealth he might have emulated his maternal grandfather, though with less of stern consistency; in the semi-literary, semi-political agitations of Queen Anne's reign, he became the representative of the Gallican partisanship and the Court intrigues of the second Charles, and the new philosophico-political spirit of the Hanoverian dynasty.

Between the wit and debauchee of Oxford, and the hard-drinking bigot of the October Club, lay no such wide interval. It was the doom of his nature to be ever eager to constitute itself the centre of a faction rather than a party, of a knot of personal adherents, who would make his conduct their lode-star, and look on his conduct, however various, as a law and its own theory. No period could be found better adapted for the rapid growth of his special temperament than that commencing with the year 1700, when he first entered the House of Commons. At all times he must have proved himself a remarkable man, full of the statesman-like power of seizing opportunities, however wanting in the unerring sagacity which teaches the best and most prudent use of them. He could not but have become the somewhat factious leader of an Opposition, and sometimes high in the ranks of the forlorn hope of an Administration. But portions only of his character and powers would have been then matured and manifested. The attraction and repulsion of other luminaries in the political hemisphere would have restrained his aberrations, and kept him in one certain orbit. The revolutionary aspects of William's reign, and the unstable basis on which rested the boasted legitimacy of Anne's title, with its regular inconsistency of party-badges, and glaring contradictions in political creeds, formed a lurid and troublous atmosphere, in which blazed and strayed at will the baleful comet-like genius of Bolingbroke.

The same year in which he entered Parliament as member for Wotton Bassett, in Wiltshire, the seat of his own and his wife's interest (for he had made a marriage of convenience, if, at least, we may judge from the fact that his wife possessed a fortune of forty thousand pounds, and that they lived in a state of perpetual discord, though never legally separated), was signalized by the return of Robert Walpole for Castle Rising, in Norfolk. Both were unscrupulous in the details of political morality, both free in their maxims of private conduct. But there was something in the nature of Walpole, which at once attracted him to the ranks of the great Revolution party; and something in that of St. John, which, notwithstanding, or even perhaps partly in consequence of, early associations, drew him to the side where all was yet to be won, and a party constructed from the foundation. The very anarchy and humiliation of the Tories served only to attract St. John. He was no mere country gentleman, like Walpole, nor had he his cold determined thirst for power for power's own sake. Of the best blood in England, he felt the same envy and jealousy of the close oligarchy of the Whartons and the Churchills, which might have roused a young noble of the Greek or Middle Age Republics of Italy to seek

in a tyranny revenge against the ruling Houses. With the consciousness of originality and resource sufficient for a whole cabinet, he wanted no established system, no groove, along which the wheels of his policy might safely glide. Followers were what he needed, and not champions or counsellors — a strong cry, and not previously settled rules of action.

It was the epoch of the peace of Ryswick, the title of the Revolution dynasty was recognised at home and abroad. Now at last, might the Tories argue, had arrived the time for illustrating the benefits brought about by the expulsion of the Stuarts. What if the Protestant Government desired to rule by the same military arm which had terrified Church and cavaliers into revolt from the son of the 'Blessed Martyr!' William unhappily possessed no facility of temper. If the nation proved resolved on a measure, he could not but acquiesce: but the manner was most ungracious. His enemies pretended they saw in his reluctance an evidence rather of a tacit protest or reservation of assent, than of the good faith and extorted resignation to what could not be avoided, which was so noble a contrast to his uncle Charles's readiness of concession and facility of retraction. In short, though William felt himself bound by the will of the majority, he was ever too open in his denunciations, and too bold in his expressed forebodings of the evil consequences thence likely to ensue. The King threatened to abdicate if the army were disbanded. The Whig leaders supported him in vain. Their arguments had been too deeply imprinted on the minds of the mass of their followers, and afforded too convenient a handle for the Opposition. Strangely enough, William construed this defeat by a coalition of Whigs and Tories into a sign of a sure majority on the side of the latter, and at once replaced Somers, Sunderland, Shrewsbury, Orford, and Montague, by Rochester (Lawrence Hyde), and the pliant conservatism of Godolphin.

St. John soon flashed his maiden sword in the battle of parties. He had cast in his lot with Harley, that pre-eminently clever upholder of principles, at least not Tory, by the help of Tory adherents. With him he had supported the Act of Settlement, and carried the insertion of clauses meant to coerce the prerogative of the new family. With him too, and all the chiefs of the 'Young England' Tories, did he carry up an impeachment of Portland, Somers, Orford, Halifax (of the second creation), to the Peers, in April, 1701. Now it was that the young statesman felt for the first time, what he experienced so often in his long political career, that the Tory majority in the Commons, though elected by the nation, in its dissatisfaction at the conduct of a Whig

ministry, was watched with suspicion by their own constituents. They were sent up to Westminster to gratify a popular pique ; but, their work once done, the kingdom had no intention of letting them, to use Aston's expression on the final triumph of the long Parliament, 'go play.' St. John was among the foremost in inflaming the ready passions, and not so ready courage, of his fellow members against the 'Kentish petitioners. The imprisonment of these persons for what was called a libel gave the Whigs a watchword and an argument, which they employed so successfully as to ruin their adversaries. This *faux pas*, and the ineffectual menace of impeachment thrown out against the late Government, provoked the incomparable efforts of Swift and Defoe, so soon to become opponents. The House of Commons felt how powerless it was but as the representative of the people, and succumbed to the storm it no longer dared openly resist. William's last days were cheered by a more unanimous sentiment of loyalty than had ever attended his acts, even among his own political partisans. Anne, on her accession, found a Tory majority in Parliament (headed by Mr. Speaker Harley, the experienced successor to the all-accomplished Marquis of Halifax, in the leadership of the Trimmers), and eager to employ the prestige of office which still lingered about them, in gratifying all her blind instinct of animosity to the memory of her brother-in-law. She found the powerful revolution families lying exposed to popular rancour ; charged with a subservience to the monarch's will—in the letter—and, as they themselves, if the sovereign had been any one else, would have allowed, most unconstitutional ; with abnegation, finally, of the right of Parliament to discuss all the preliminaries of all great and permanent measures. But she also found the principles of the Revolution recognised, and registered in the Act of Settlement, which she could not impugn, since her own title depended on the same basis. Abroad, besides the obligation imposed by the despotic friendship of the Duchess Sarah, and the mighty genius of her lord, the complication in affairs, arising from the utter failure of the Partition Treaty, for allowing which to pass unchallenged the Whig Cabinet had incurred so much obloquy, compelled the reluctant continuance of hostilities with France.

In this state of things her first ministry, though composed of Tories, was scarcely a representative of that party. The sovereign's personal predilection was rather their title to admission, than the fact that they were the organs of a certain pronounced policy. Harley and St. John were still left without office. There were great Tory families as there were great Whig families. The Finches, Earls of Nottingham, Godolphin, sure of place, from his long experience, his wariness,

and his connexion with Marlborough, and Rochester, as son to Clarendon, and the Queen's uncle, had a sort of hereditary claim to be employed. When not courtiers of the King, they had been courtiers of the heir; and to them the sovereign naturally looked as the legitimate chiefs of Opposition. It had been so throughout the life of William, but, during that period, a strong and genuine Tory confederacy had been growing up, not a small knot of statesmen—political Tories (our modern Conservatives), with certain traditionary tactics in Parliament,—but the tremendous country interest, that true conservative party, which must ever exist in a kingdom having at once commercial and agricultural interests. These, whom we may be allowed to term 'social Tories,' Tories not because there were Whigs, but, with characteristics deeply marked in the entire tenor of their lives and circumstances, had put Harley into the Speaker's chair, and maintained him there in Anne's first Parliament. They recognised him and his lieutenant, St. John, as their spokesmen, but they did not adopt measures at their mere dictation. There is always this practical distinction between political bodies, that one gathers together for the sake of advocating some certain line of policy, while another, with its ultimate objects no less definite, has its intermediate course marked out by its chiefs. Harley had a decided bias, in many respects, to the Nonconformists, but he only committed himself to vague professions, and never compromised his position by a vote. St. John was a libertine in practice and doctrine; yet he protested against latitudinarianism in doctrine and discipline, along with the most vehement country members.

The new Parliament, which had met in the October of 1702, soon manifested its tendencies. Its first act was to vote thanks to the General, while they interpreted this as designed rather to reflect on the late King than to exalt so doubtful a Tory as Marlborough, by refusing him a pension on the Post-office revenue. But the most significant motion was that against 'occasional Conformity.' The bill was vehemently supported by St. John, but dropped for this time, in consequence of a quarrel between the two Houses artfully inflamed by the leading Whigs. There had existed, since the Revolution, two fruitful sources whence the thirst of the two great factions for reciprocal calumny might be readily quenched. The Whigs accused the Tories of advocating the cause of arbitrary power, and the Tories the Whigs of culpable laxity in religion. Never was a motion introduced reflecting on the one side, but forthwith—'blast and counterblast'—came retaliation in the shape of a bill reminding the nation what it had to fear from the other. The Whigs had saved themselves on this occasion by a manœuvre of analogous kind to those so often practised by Shaftes-

busy. Their turn had now arrived. It was moved that every attempt to disturb the Protestant succession as established by the Act of Settlement should subject the offender to the penalties of treason. Harley, with the Trimmers, could not reasonably oppose a resolution, superfluous perhaps and supererogatory, yet in affirmation of a measure of which they boasted as their peculiar work. St. John took an independent part. It was even now his ambition to be identified with the Tories, while he acted with Harley. None of these measures were strictly what we should call Ministerial. A Whig administration really was the voice and representative of the Whig party. Not so with the Tories. In Godolphin's cabinet, as originally constituted, the majority was Tory; but, not having been called to office by the voice of a party, its members did not conceive themselves pledged to any special course. Doubtless Parliamentary influence was taken into account in the selection of them; but as a sign of official ability, rather than as a tribute to the power of the Houses. So, when Rochester had resigned the Lieutenancy of Ireland in a fit of jealousy at Godolphin's superiority in the council, and Lord Nottingham, after finding his reiterated complaints of the sway there of the Whig Dukes of Somerset and Devonshire disregarded, had retired, there was nothing self-contradictory in the appointment of Harley, Hedges, and St. John; the two former to be secretaries of state, and the last at war, in 1704. Considering the matter from the modern point of view, it might be supposed that the acceptance of place by the favourite D.C.L.'s of Oxford, in the cabinet which had cashiered two such notorious champions of the Church as Rochester and Nottingham, would have roused suspicions of apostasy in every manor-house and rectory of England. Harley's policy had been too cautious, and his station as Speaker too neutral (though less so then than now), to have involved him inextricably in Tory pledges. But what could be said for his friend, who was always advocating extreme measures, and who confesses that he had from the first been 'dipped in the spirit of party!'

In fact, as has been suggested already, these politicians represented a different body to that which gathered round the late Lieutenant and Secretary. The Hydes and Finches were themselves parties in the State; their successors were influential Parliamentary partisans. The treasurer might, in those days, adopt means for the exclusion of men who were personal rivals. Such procedure exposed him to no imputation of treachery to his party. It evidenced neither the wish nor the power to resist the royal determination to maintain the Tory element in the Government. The whole change was the result of an intrigue in the cabinet, however clearly the victory of

Godolphin foreshadowed a future divergence from the pronounced opinions of his defeated colleagues. The absence of all appearance of defection on the part of Harley's and St. John's Parliamentary following, and the signature of Godolphin to the Lords' protest on the rejection of the 'Occasional Conformity' Bill, indicate this more unambiguously than the silence of Harley on the same occasion, and the vote of his adherent, on constitutional grounds, against the 'tack' of the supplies to the motion, prove *their* secession. The ministry was, on truth, the last one openly formed on the old principle that the sovereign, as responsible for the executive, had a right to choose the most capable subordinates he could discover. The accession of the House of Brunswick, which depended originally for its mere maintenance on the throne upon the Whigs, caused this doctrine to be obscured for half a century. George III., whose title was more secure, revived it. For many years every minister forced into office by the voice of the nation had to endure the presence in his administration of certain men, who, under the name of 'King's friends,' deemed themselves chartered to play the spy in council and the public informer in Parliament. Yet that faction but partially resembled this discordant element in the Godolphin Government. There was one great distinction. It represented no known party in the State, while Harley and St. John were admitted, actually as leaders of the Tories. Further, their junction with Godolphin could be called neither a coalition nor a defection. It was no coalition, for they succeeded to the posts of notorious Tories; it was no defection, since their chief voted for Tory resolutions. If Walpole found, in the reconstitution of the ministry, a seat at the Admiralty Board, the appointment of Simon Harcourt to be Attorney-General might be a sufficient guarantee to their party that their leaders were no apostates.

But the two friends were far too acute not to comprehend the tendencies of the ministerial changes. The sagacity of the elder, especially, was seldom at fault, when his own interests were concerned. Instead of being the dark, mysterious statesman, who made official reserve a disguise for the grossest incapacity, facts show him, to have been a politician as subtle as Danby, and less stubborn. He saw in his own elevation a design of warding off Tory opposition by securing the co-operation of Tory placemen in half-concealed Whig measures. When the chiefs should have been thus compromised, they might be cashiered with impunity. He calculated that, whatever the present views of the premier himself, the instinct of Marlborough, 'the dictator,' must teach him to look to the party of the Revolution as the only permanent support for his war policy. Finally, he understood that the day had long gone by,

when the representatives of two antagonistic interests could meet in the same cabinet, and, confining themselves to the business of their departments, treat all the great topics of the era as open questions, and free neutral territory. For the present, especially since the elections of October, 1705, which overclouded the prospects of their party, the two new ministers addressed themselves exclusively to the work of their offices. The brilliant abilities of the Secretary at War proved no bar to the display of capacity for business and industry, which won golden opinions from the great captain, whose commissariat he superintended. Repeatedly, in his correspondence, does the latter entreat the treasurer to confide in Mr. St. John. In Parliament they were less conspicuous than formerly. It was at once dangerous to provoke dismissal by too violent a partisanship, while their plans were still immature, and to offend the Queen even by the appearance of active cooperation with the other side. As it was, the now open Whigism of the majority in the cabinet, and the inveterate mistrust conceived by all of Harley, united in bringing about the catastrophe of the bed-chamber plot between the latter, Mrs. Masham, and Anne, against the tyranny of the Marlboroughs and the family compact of the administration. The expulsion of the most active offender, and the triumph of his adversaries in the new Parliament of 1708, succeeded. Godolphin himself, no longer now even a traditional Tory, yielded himself absolutely to the counsels of the 'Junto,' Somers, Orford, Halifax, Sunderland, and Wharton. Harley had well earned his dismissal. The red eyes of the Queen, remarked by the suspicious curiosity of the courtiers, bore witness to many a midnight conference, enlivened only by an infinity of tea. St. John had scarcely an opportunity for displaying his knowledge of character and his ability for intrigues. Yet his resignation accompanied that of Harley. Walpole, who always dogged his steps, succeeded to his office. He had the additional mortification of finding himself excluded from Parliament. His seat, gained by a combination of family influence and presumed adherence to the political creed of his Whig grandfather, had been retained by the prestige of place. Now, a suspected Tory, and a known foe of Government, he had to betake himself, with a poor attempt at self-congratulation, to literary pleasures, and, probably, also to others which were not quite so innocent. He had scarcely yet attained to the sublime stoicism or hypocrisy which could elicit the lofty sentiment, 'no life should admit the abuse of pleasures; the least are consistent with a constant discharge of our public duty, the greatest arise from it!'

This very unanimity, however, of country and Parliament,

was quietly preparing the downfall of the ministry. All those complicated forces implied in the Greek 'Nemesis'—the supernatural principle of envy of all self-confident prosperity—were at work to upset this too strong cabinet. There was haughtiness and ingratitude, real or supposed, to a host of adherents, who were for the most part no genuine Whigs, but scoundrels of the carcass of patronage—a crowd, which, as comprehending all would-be placemen, could hardly complain with reason of not being all gratified with lucrative offices. There was a growing discontent at the burdens of taxation, which, as the condition of Marlborough's grandeur, Sunderland and Godolphin felt themselves pledged to sustain. Harley, who knew by instinct all the ins and outs of faction, nursed this increasing disaffection. He hoped to be enabled to turn it to account by means of the naturally anti-Whig prejudices of the Queen, now exasperated and roused by the capricious insolence of Lady Marlborough. Again, St. John had only a subsidiary part in this long and dexterous extra-parliamentary campaign. When the object was to seduce from a rival the affections of his partisans, never existed, as Harley found to his cost, a more incomparable intriguer than he. He possessed, in perfection, the chameleon, or Mephistopheles-like capacity of displaying himself in the aspect most attractive to each man's peculiar temperament. But it is one thing to win over an individual, another to have grown by long study and habituation so morbidly sensitive to every thrill and throb of national or party feeling, as to be able to predict infallibly the direction which a popular movement will take. Harley was sole 'undertaker' for opposition. But it was not till the impeachment of Sacheverell for impugning the doctrines of the Revolution, and calling the Lord Treasurer 'Volpone,' that the secret interviews of Anne with him were renewed. The latter was at his country seat, and at table, when news came of the rash step to which ministers had committed themselves. He set off for London the same hour. The Whigs found that they had indeed, in St. John's language, burnt their fingers in trying to roast a priest. Hardly could the managers, Boyle, Smith, Walpole, and Stanhope, prevail with the House of Peers, the natural stronghold of the Revolution, to impose a sentence of two years' suspension. The Doctor employed the beginning of his leisure in solemnly visiting all the churches of the metropolis, to offer up thanks for his virtual deliverance. Bonfires, and addresses, and civic banquets (not that the great seat of the moneyed interest could be aught at heart but Whig), shouts, and substantial presents, proclaimed the dormant strength of the party, which the semblance of a Tory element in the Government, in the person of Godolphin, had lulled to sleep.

Jealousy of the Dutch, our rivals in commerce and in the Protestant confederacy, and suspicion of a subsidizing foreign policy, were the common ground on which the nation met the party. The cry raised was loud enough to overbalance, for a time, the gratification of the people's pride from the sweets of military glory after the dreary interval of William's campaigns.

Harley's time was come. Not a High-Churchman at heart, he had ever found matter for sarcasm in Harcourt's interpretation of the sermon, as an exposition of the doctrine of non-resistance to the two Houses of the Legislature, the true sovereign power in the State. His feeling to the man was no more friendly than to his discourse. Swift says of Sacheverell, April, 1711: 'He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change.' His words in public conveyed a different impression, as did also his suggestions to the Queen.

The scheme of government which he laid before her was both in itself plausible, as everything which originated with Harley, and most dexterously adapted to her peculiar temperament. She had naturally a great jealousy of the appearance of subservience. The new fact in the English constitution of the necessity of choosing a Ministry wholly from one party, conveyed no idea to her mind. It seemed to her, naturally enough, to reduce the sovereign from a personally influential agent to the condition of a mere organ for registering the results of a party contest. Her secret adviser recommended an administration chosen on a different principle, men influential indeed in the Houses, yet not chosen in the mass for their party prominence, but selected, from this party one, and from that section another, according to the character of the departments which they were required to fill. The plan was plausible enough. It was in time to come St. John's plan. It has been the plan of all oppositions, when struggling against the seemingly irresistible power of a party in possession. But the Queen's extreme aversion to all connected with the then Ministry, Cowper and the Somersets excepted, doomed the scheme at once, however well suited to her own theory of the royal prerogative. Otherwise, with the precedent before the eyes of the Whigs, of their own facility of ejecting men of opposite views from the Godolphin cabinet, the first experiment must have demonstrated the impracticability—the superintending control of Parliament once acknowledged—of carrying on a Government without reciprocal confidence in the members of it. The dread of a colleague's Parliamentary manœuvres and intrigues must have vitiated all union of operation. Doubtless, with no very sublime or patriotic design of

destroying party rancour, but with the less exalted love of coalitions—a radical feature in all his policy—and the hope of warding off the violence of the Whigs, or even the vehemence of the undisciplined Toryism, of which he seems to have conceived an instinctive dread, he did make the attempt. Lord Cowper and Walpole emphatically repulsed his overtures. In vain did the First Lord insinuate that ‘a Whig game was intended at bottom.’ The Chancellor declares in his diary that he saw how shuffling were all Harley’s explanations, and that, ‘in a little time, when any Tory of interest would press for the place, he must have it.’ Probably the prejudice against the new minister’s candour made Cowper unjust. It was certainly Harley’s constant policy to temper the Tories with the Whigs, lest he should become an instrument of Jacobite intrigues. But as well was their policy of an opposite sort, as it was impossible for St. John and Walpole to continue to serve together.

In fact, after a flourish of trumpets in the dismissal of some subordinates, Godolphin closed the pageant of Harley’s triumph with the surrender of his beloved white staff. Marlborough lingered yet, but his fall was the slow but sure consequence of the overthrow of his connexions. The Treasury was put in commission, the conqueror being head of the Board. Rochester, as President of the Council, in the absence of a lord treasurer, was in rank Premier; and St. John assumed, with a Secretaryship of State, his historical position, as a statesman, and no longer the mere occasional orator.

The suddenness of St. John’s elevation to be the most marked man in the kingdom, dazzles the student of history. He had spoken often, and with effect; he had discharged the duties committed to him with zeal and tact; but he was never looked upon but as the follower of Harley, rising and falling with him. Even the revolution, by which his promotion was achieved, was not of his planning. To his chief the honour belonged, if honour there were, and yet St. John reaped the lion’s share of the profit. He had been lost in a party; the nation resounded with the voice of the Cabinet Minister, and Europe, for half a century, felt the effects of his policy. Harley knew better than any man how to beguile political partisans by adapting himself to weaknesses. St. John compelled their adhesion from admiration. The one could never lead a party boldly and decidedly; the other could never collect a party; but he was made to be the spirit and soul of one already formed. The wit and originality of conception, which only provoked fear in his adversaries, gave confidence to friends. Few joined his ranks convinced by his acts or arguments, but, once gathered round him, they

could not admit a single thought of secession or mistrust; yet he did not entrench himself in the camp of Toryism. This was not recognised as the national policy. Whig principles were alone constitutional, Whig statesmen the only authorized interpreters of the Constitution. The aim and object of the Harley cabinet was to impugn the deductions from the one, and the integrity of the others, without actually attacking the premises on which the inferences were based, and on which the men acted. St. John was an instrument in carrying out this policy, and by the aid of the press; but his aim was higher and more independent. In that aim is to be found the link between his Toryism and Radicalism—that subtle bond of connexion which so often escapes those who set out with the assumption that Toryism and Conservatism are identical. Shaftesbury was by turns a Republican and a Tory, and we shall see that the royalist St. John could recognise, at one time, an obligation in the sovereign to consult the popular will on every occasion; at another, to govern his territories according to the absolute bias of his own, and that both theories flowed from the same mental character. The dislike to a vexatious oligarchy is an original sentiment in certain minds, and no invention of Mr. Disraeli's imagination. St. John appealed from the mechanical force, as it were, of great lords, among whom it enraged him that he was not himself counted, to the individual majesty of the sovereign, and the collective majesty of the people. Thus it was not the capriciousness of a disposition ever attempting innovation for the sake of showing its dexterity, which inspired his peculiar political career. It was not even disgust at the cold disdainfulness of the Whartons and the Churchills, trusting in their pocket-boroughs. It was rather hatred of that policy which makes a man the mere instrument for carrying out traditional measures, the projects of a faction, which the faction itself can hardly account for on plausible selfish motives, but has taken up simply because their party always did so. As in some degree his natural genius fitted him for the work, so his feelings moved him to adopt that cause in which he would be most of a real agent—the organ, it might be, of a monarch; it might be, of a democracy, but, at all events, at liberty to adopt original plans.

In mere numbers the Tories probably exceeded the Whigs; but those men of all classes who take their opinions on trust, and who, in fact, constitute the majority in every people, thought, however they might feel, with the latter. The Whigs had achieved the Revolution; in that the doctrines of their adversaries had been defeated and renounced by the nation. To win over the neutrality of this multitude—to secure, not their incor-

poration in the Ministerial, but their defection from the opposite party—was the object of the eager patronage now extended to literature. From this scheme of action the characteristic lustre of the last four years of the reign is derived, contrasted as they are by the neighbourhood of Walpole's administration. Now especially, not a few isolated exceptions, as Addison and Montague, among writers, were caressed by cabinets; all were accepted as, of right, equals in society, by their employers and patrons. Literary men of the same political opinions were courted for the aid they brought, and, if of different, for the harm they might do, and out of compliment to the profession to which partisans belonged. Not only were Prior and Swift reckoned high among statesmen, but Steele retained his Commissionership, and Addison was always an honoured guest of St. John's. Authors felt a sort of pride at seeing politicians ambitious of a high place in their fraternity, which called out a spirit and manifest consciousness of power over affairs, unknown in the days of Charles II. The sight of so much versatility, equality in literature, and prominence in that practical faculty of ruling men, which unpractical men appreciate so intensely, made professional writers at once sworn advocates of the policy of such statesmen, and protectors of their fame. Robertson attributes the most unwarrantable glory of Francis, as contrasted with the very indifferent reputation of his rival the Emperor Charles, to his zealous patronage of letters. The vitality of the name of St. John may at least equally be charged to the openness with which he acknowledged the power of literature, and the manner in which he conciliated the admiration of its professors by his own devotion to the art.

The high rank maintained by the reign of Anne, as the Augustan age of English literature, will be found to be connected with the favour shown to authors by the minister on whose subsequent fame the celebrity of some of them has so signally reacted. A necessary condition to the promotion of any especial epoch to this rank, is a high state, not of caste, but of national culture; that state in which a whole people is able clearly to appreciate a production, and in proportion to the natural distinctions of social grade. Then only will the author write so as to move a nation, when his countrymen are in a condition to be stirred profoundly by him; and then only will the spirit of a nation be so changed or modified by the influence of mind, that it can become a cause reproducing a like effect in the minds of after generations. When in such circumstances great authors do arise, as great authors surely will (for a people at all stages of its civilization has about the same quantity of the raw material of genius waiting to be wrought and rough-hewn), they

must exercise a sure and permanent influence. But place them, with this same condition of general intellectual culture fulfilled, in a crisis of political agitation, or social progress, and enforce among them the recognition of a standard, by forming them into a community for reciprocal criticism, and the influence of the era will be discoverable in the tone of all future time. Not this alone; the works in which this tone appears will be directed to the training of national and political feeling, and will exert an ever fresh and living power. They may be scarcely intelligible as to their immediate aim and objects, when these have been obsolete for centuries; but they can never lose that interest with which a thorough perception of popular tastes and temper must invest them. Gulliver's Travels and Sir Roger de Coverley's Club can never become obsolete or unmeaning. Which shall be the golden age of letters will be determined by this circumstance of a popular taste for literature coinciding with the call to advocate popular objects. We are justly proud of the Elizabethan age, as evincing how great are the heights to which the English mind can aspire. But the age of Addison, and Swift, and Pope, and Steele, and Defoe, and Bolingbroke, is still practically our model, and the standard by which we test the works of our contemporaries.

All the literary strength had hitherto been on the side of the Whigs. Defoe, Steele, Addison, and Swift, then a *protégé* of Somers, were a host. St. John perfectly comprehended the importance of such an engine in the uncertain political state of the kingdom. Later, wearied with the various attacks on his measures, and without the hopefulness of the youth of an administration to sustain him, or in the confidence of power, he vainly brought forward a sweeping enactment against the freedom of political tracts. He did persuade Parliament to lay a heavy tax upon newspapers and pamphlets. At present, as he could not, or would not, curb the Opposition press by force, he was resolved to write it down. The 'Post-boy,' a most virulent party paper, and, less completely and directly, the 'Examiner,' commenced August 3, 1710, appeared under his auspices. The benefit to be obtained by the Government from a clever literary organ could not be overrated. It was in a most exceptional position. With the decided confidence of the House of Commons, and, by inference, the squirearchy, it was regarded by the most energetic portion of the community, by the middle classes and the trading interest, as a faction exemplified by its leaders—some the personifications of selfish unscrupulousness, some careless of everything but the gratification of personal ambition, or personal vanity. It was no answer to this that their opponents were also as a mere faction; that they did not care for the interests of

their country, or for the liberties of the people; that they had always been ready to intrigue for party ends with foreign powers, and actually did, in this reign, concert with Marlborough and the Elector a scheme for introducing Hanoverian troops to secure the Protestant succession. The success of their design for changing the dynasty had stamped all their measures with the authority of legitimacy. Both alike were factions, utterly regardless of the English principle of abiding by the will of the majority. Both would have been inclined to sympathise with the spirit of the Duchess of Marlborough (who loved to dabble in philosophy), when she denounces the patience of Socrates under a legal sentence awarded by a villain's majority. The difference still remained, that the one faction seemed to have none but private aims, the other to have identified private with public. To offer to its own party a plausible theory of their leaders' conduct and the calumnies of enemies, was the object of the new periodical. It was supported, not only by St. John, in whose style the language seemed at last to have reached its ultimate perfection, and the fierce but cold humour of Swift, but, moreover, by the confident tone, which assurance against pillories and actions of libel, and acquaintance with secrets of State, naturally taught its contributors. As 'The Review,' edited by Defoe, exhibited, with a certain residuum of positive Whiggism, the conciliatory tendencies of Harley, so 'The Examiner' displayed against Steele's and Addison's 'Tattler' the Secretary's uncompromising hostility, not to the principle of the Revolution, at least openly, but to the deductions to be drawn from it, and the characters of its agents. The sentiments which flowed so freely from his pen he would probably have justified on his tenet, that, 'to form a good and great character, the heart must be touched with esteem and contempt, with love and hatred.' While Swift poured forth the imputation of mean rapacity on the General, and of analogous conduct to that of David towards Uriah, and of bigamy, against the great Whig Chancellors, Somers and Cowper respectively, St. John vented, in a letter to 'The Examiner,' his hatred of the ambitious Duchess, 'that Fury, who broke loose to execute the vengeance of heaven on a sinful people, (but who now) is restrained, and the royal hand reached out to chain up the plague.' State measures were freely discussed, and in a way to provoke, even invite, free discussion on the other side. Steele answered Swift, and Cowper St. John. This was St. John's own design. His instincts told him, and truly, that the one thing to be dreaded by ministers was the feeling of a mystery and concealment, which made the nation suspect more than met the ear in everything done or attempted.

When the first start was fairly made, he had resigned the editorship to hands strong enough to uphold the most dubious cause—to the portentous combination of mad fury and shrewd common sense which existed in the mind of Swift. Swift was, above all, St. John's literary representative. His melancholic and diseased constitution, both of body and disposition, was not fitted for the fine balancings of party, which were Harley's peculiar delight. The writer who stigmatized the Chancellor (himself no half partisan) as 'Trimming Harcourt,' for disapproving such libels, as the charge of cowardice against the most accomplished of English generals, could be no sincere adviser of coalitions, unless as temporary manœuvres. Like St. John, whatever he undertook he lent his whole being to achieve; but, unlike him, he had a capacity of believing in his work, of never doubting the obligation which lay on him to do what he had undertaken, as a matter of conscience. Now, too, at last, disappointed ambition had driven him into the party which really suited his nature. He loved to fashion men's thoughts and institutions after a model furnished by his own fancy. There was in him an element of destructiveness, but controlled and balanced by a passion for reconstructing. A Church-establishment which should endure no occasional conformity, a monarchy which should not be at the beck and call of an oligarchy of birth or riches, such were the two fundamental conceptions in the soul of Swift. As with St. John, there was an assumption in his projects, that the Church and the monarchy should be exactly fashioned after his own, and not other men's ideas; and that as abstractions cannot act, their organs should be himself and his friends. But, to effect all this, the present state of things must be changed; and the change could only take place through an appeal, not to the great revolution families, but to the people. In this, the Radical side of his politics, as of St. John's, is the point of contact between the two. Yet he does not appear to have altogether liked the minister. One party could scarcely afford free scope for the constructive genius of two such men. Each had sufficient self-confidence and ambition for the rebuilding the entire edifice of society, and each had discovered in himself an infallible touchstone for all measures. But, besides this, there was a sort of *grand seigneur* air, at times, about St. John, as about Byron and Frederic the Great, in his intercourse with literary men. The demèanour of a man affecting to look on such employments as a graceful condescension, not perhaps in the statesman, but in the man of the world, could not but disgust sometimes his companion's earnestness and energy. The one had never known what leisure meant, and still remembered, with a feeling of loathing, the lofty graciousness of Sir

William Temple. A man whose life had been never free from anxiety about petty wants, and who threw himself, with all his heart, into the work before him, could not be satisfied to see another profiting by his efforts; but professing to look upon all this as not the real business of life, as not to come into competition with a saunter in the Mall or an assignation. Harley's complaisance and spirit of cession were more to the Doctor's taste. That statesman had learnt, in his partly neutral position of Speaker, not to affront his clients with the ostentation of patronage. Even when he annoyed the proud spirit, which rated its services at least at a mitre, with the offer of 50*l.* for his parallel between the late and present cabinets in the 26th number of 'The Examiner,' the blame was laid by the offended author rather on a want of delicacy of perception, than on the contemptuousness of a man who thought money could pay for everything. Letters and sayings betray a deeper sentiment of friendship for Harley, even while he was the admirer of the genius of the colleague, his own more immediate coadjutor.

That peculiar force of character which at length made Swift recognise in St. John the chief of the party, while he deprecated his patron's deposition, soon after the formation of the cabinet, began to be exerted against the latter. Not only was the foreign policy initiated by the Secretary as of course; but the scope and end of the general policy of the administration was also mainly marked out by him. The office of countenancing the cabinet, and giving it favour in the eyes of the hereditary Tory families, was left to Rochester, otherwise a mere obstructive. Harley's genius was rather adapted for conciliating opponents. He did not hope to gain over professed partisans, but to appease the rancour of their hostility, and to gain the votes of dubious members. The respectable appearance made by the Whigs in the new Parliament was calculated to please him. It would give scope for the practice of the art of management of the House of Commons, which no man understood more exactly, and, he hoped, for an escape from the slavish thralldom to party principles and violence, which he abhorred. As Swift represented St. John, so, as intimated above, Defoe expounded, though with more of bitterness and earnestness, the views of Harley, to whom he owed his release from Newgate. He had been sentenced for the authorship of 'A Short Way with the Dissenters,' a sarcastic burlesque on the policy of the 'Establishment,' which was, it is said, for a long time applauded by the combination room of Cambridge, as a grave and judicious suggestion to Government. Thenceforward, at peace with the ministry, though, like his benefactor, belying his professions by

his acts, he advocated with him a larger comprehensiveness and a widening of the basis of party.

But Harley was not a statesman of originality or far-sightedness sufficient for such an undertaking. Any union of parties effected by him could be only a coalition, a junction of men, and not a reconciliation of principles, by tracing them up to and concluding them within something higher. Unhappily for him, there was a spirit at work in the country, and an unquiet spirit astir in his own cabinet, which swept away the cobwebs of his intrigues, and made all his clever Parliamentary tackings vain. The 'country party' was at last thoroughly roused, and, in the height of its vigour and the unpopularity of the war policy of the late administration, complained of his conciliatory schemes, as treason against them, and a violation of the right of the conquerors. It had a leader now far superior to Rochester or to Nottingham, and him they resolved to make head of the Government, as he was already of the party. Even the attempt on the life of the 'First Lord' by Guiscard, a French Abbé, part *roué*, part infidel, which, well managed, might have caused the evil day to be put off indefinitely, did not defer for long the transfer of the pre-eminence. Yet at the moment his wound excited a degree of national enthusiasm and generous sympathy, only to be paralleled by the feeling of the country on the murder of Mr. Perceval. He was held up as a sort of martyr to the vengeance of disguised Jesuits, and elevated to the peerage. The opportune death of the Lord President opened his way to the High Treasurer's staff, a badge of headship which could not be bestowed in Rochester's lifetime. The growth of the bitterness between the colleagues, which gives so painful and personal an interest to the catastrophe of the administration, dates from this event. St. John, who had at first manifested all becoming indignation at the crime of Guiscard, grew envious of the glory his friend had acquired thereby, especially as the assassin's previous request of a private conference with himself seemed to indicate him as the original object of his fury. It was hard to see the luck of Harley, not only in the increase of his popularity with the nation at large, but as deferring, and perhaps for ever, the elevation which the Secretary's influence over the Tories had given him a right to expect. Nor was it his envy only which was roused. His vanity was wounded by the subsequent conduct of the Premier. And vanity was no powerless passion in him. A morbid craving for opportunities of action and of exercising his abilities is the key to his career; but there was also in his nature that which does not rarely accompany this, the determination not only to be, but to seem, the prime mover of the Government policy. To be left undisputed

leader in the House of Commons he thought but a small thing beside the heraldic honours of the De Veres and Mortimers. Perhaps Harley's perception of his little comparative lustre in the council, where sat his subordinate, made him feed the flames of jealousy in *his* breast by a kind of proud sequestering of himself, while he resolutely reserved the exclusive distribution of all patronage. 'We who are reputed to be in Mr. Harley's intimacy,' writes St. John to Lord Orrery, May, 1711, 'have few opportunities of seeing him, and none of talking freely with him. As he is the only true channel through which the Queen's pleasure is conveyed to us, there is, and must be, a perfect stagnation till he is pleased to open himself, and set the waters flowing.' This festering prejudice had been nursing itself in the hearts of the two, before their mutual friends discovered its existence. In February, Swift expressed his satisfaction to Lord Peterborough of their love for one another, in spite of the scandal of inconstancy under which court friendships lie. In May, he was forced to write, 'I am not now so secure.' Well might he doubt. It was never likely that so ambitious a man as St. John would long consent to be a subject in the cabinet to which he dictated. It was even improbable that he would consider it prudent to rest quiet in a position, in which all his plans had to be submitted to the carping and timorous supervision of such a principal. When the two were become secret foes, the improbability can hardly be regarded as diminished. The very delay, which he was forced to acquiesce in, only added spite to his appetite. The time was not ripe in the moment of national sympathy for a 'bed-chamber plot,' which should rudely set aside the popular idol. But it was not in St. John's nature ever to forget a scheme of aggrandizement. Friends might, as Swift attempted, demonstrate it to be fraught with ruin to himself, as well as his adversary. It might be well as a fairy dream in itself. Nevertheless, he was sure to devote all the resources of his genius to the fulfilment of it, till the nation, hurried to the very point of gratifying him, and confronted with the project, beheld it, not as idealized by him into something highly feasible and sensible, but in its true colours, as a mere chimera.

As he had converted the press into a powerful machine for cementing his party, by concentrating round himself a vast amount of literary power to be pointed and directed by him; so now he devoted his care to the task of impressing his political associates with a sense of his own talents, as contrasted with his rival's incapacity. His force of character, and mastery over the mysteries of social intercourse, enabled him to employ with this object the system, and collective weight, and the electric sympathy of mind with mind, which are essential incidents to

political clubs. The taverns of London had been from of old, before the tone of good society had become a tone of reserve, the favourite resort of men of pleasure and leisure. Every one will remember the brilliant picture of this state of things in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' The coffee and chocolate houses were of later origin; they did not supersede the life of taverns, but they extended it, and affording, as any number of the 'Spectator,' or the details of Addison's own day indicate, a more habitual resort for the purposes of conversation or business. They had their several principals, and were frequented by regular customers—'Button's' and 'Will's' have become names of history; yet they were obviously ill adapted for centres of political movements, however well they served for rendezvous of men of like opinions. 'Clubs' filled up the void. The name is an anachronism, when applied previously to the age of the Revolution. The Greek *Hetæreia* was hardly a convivial association, though it may have often had an 'Eranos' for its nucleus. Not even was the conception realized in the assemblies which listened to the republican schemes of Harrington and Sidney. It was reserved for the comparatively free epoch of the reign of William, and the daring adventurousness of the statesmen of his successors. The 'Kit-cat Club' was founded by Lord Somers, in conjunction with the poet-diplomatist, Prior, the dramatist, Congreve, and Jacob Tonson, the bookseller. It met in summer at the 'Upper Flask,' on Hampstead Heath; the rest of the year in Shire Lane, at the house of that inauspiciously-named baker of mutton-pies, Christopher Cat. We need scarcely say it was Whig, heart and soul. Whig 'sentiments' alone were given; Whig, *i. e.* anti-Tory, witticisms only allowed; and Whig beauties, as we learn from Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who herself enjoyed the distinction, the only toasts. It was the most exclusive of clubs; wit or rank were necessary conditions of admittance; and dinner was served at the ultra-fashionable hour of three. Hard drinking (a common term in all) seems to have been at once the principle and art of the notorious 'Beef-steak Club,' rather than politics. The Presbyterian Liberals do not appear to have had any such society. The 'Calves'-head Club' was rather a reunion for the remnant of the implacable Cromwellians, being designed to commemorate the execution of Charles I. The 'October Club,' so called from the devotion of its members, mostly honest country gentlemen below the rank of nobles, to the famous October ale, the favourite beverage of all but courtiers, was instituted for party purposes, and comprehended almost a third of the Commons. Harley was no favourite within the walls of the 'Clock' tavern, in Westminster, where they met. They supported his measures, but they did not dis-

guise their dislike to his character, nor even their suspicion of his ulterior intentions. St. John, on the contrary, they received with open arms; the licence of his private life was excused in their eyes by his persecution of everything unorthodox, in a generation which had no spare energies for the maintenance of morality, whether against a Wharton or a Bolingbroke. They may have thought him too clever; but his fierceness atoned for much of this. But even of St. John they would make no prophet; he must first gain their confidence. At a subsequent period, he wrote bitterly of the House of Commons and the Tory members, that 'they grew, like hounds, fond of the man ' who shows them game, and by whose halloo they are used to be ' encouraged.' (Letter to Windham.) Other and more implicit confidence was kept for men of the standing of Nottingham, or, still more, Rochester. The death of the latter did not merely remove an obstruction from the path of the Treasurer, but also, by depriving the Tories of their hereditary leader, betrayed them, as it were, to the conduct of the younger statesman; yet the latter required a more manageable and more obedient centre, whence his theories and principles might be propagated through the nation. The society of 'The Brothers'—for they would not call it a 'Club'—instituted in June, 1711, for twelve, and afterwards sixteen members, included, besides St. John, the Dukes of Ormond and Shrewsbury (the latter a discontented Whig and a most fatal convert to Toryism), Swift, Prior (a co-founder of the 'Kit-cat'), Arbuthnot, and Windham; but neither the Treasurer nor Harcourt, though their sons were admitted. In it was contained the germ of the literary 'Scriblerus Club,' far better known to posterity. The members and their wives were supposed to be linked together by the closest friendship. It was, in fact, but an extension or modification of the Saturday dinner at Harley's house. There, before the breaking out, in May, of the bitter mutual jealousies, the Secretary Swift, Lords Harcourt, Rivers, and that capricious, faithless genius, Peterborough—the Tory hero, and the Don Quixote of his age, in valour, though not in truthfulness—met regularly to dine and confer. There, over their beloved champagne, or more beloved tokay, they listened reverentially to the counsels of the great Dean, as Scipio and Lælius to the poet Ennius, only the viands were rather superior to the potherbs which, on Cicero's authority, we must believe formed the staple of these banquets. The 'society' was meant as a counterpoise, in the higher ranks of the party, to the influence among the Whigs of the 'Kit-cat.' 'The first regulation,' says St. John's proposals for the formation of it, 'and that which must be ' inviolably kept, is decency. None of the extravagance of the

‘Kit-cat is to be endured.’ The founder required such a standpoint from which to move popular opinion. All his friends became apostles to spread his views: some of them are accepted as of finer intellect than their master; but from him came the impetus which set their minds working. He might safely embellish his projects with their wit and thought, or even borrow an idea from them; just as Mirabeau pressed all the *chefs-d’œuvre* of ancient and modern eloquence into his service. All came forth bearing the genuine stamp of his genius, and the authors themselves gave him the praise.

The defect of his nature was, that the outlines were not sufficiently filled in; that there was not sufficient ballast for this weight of sail. He would be first always; and not borrow, but initiate a system. His talents made him always a leader; but there was not enough of judgment, or even power of conception, or, above all, the *morale*, which manifests itself in what we call prudence and consistency, to make a successful leader. The consequence of his career, in all its several divisions, was ever the same—a great impression of force, and a real influence to be traced in cotemporary literature, but a most evanescent effect as regarded his own undertakings. So fugitive, indeed, was the effect, that even his immediate survivors were unable to explain the reason of the sudden decline of his influence, when once the man, with all his contagious strength of will, was gone from amongst them; while posterity is unable to detect the reason of his having exerted so great an influence at the first. In his own day, the momentum and energy of his character, joined to an extraordinary subtlety and to keen perceptions, produced an extraordinary effect. His is one of the periods when an individual moved Europe. The proper circumstances were given; the spot on which the machinery was to be set up had been prepared. He had reorganized and collected the scattered powers of the Tories, turning against the Whigs their own peculiar artillery—the press. The author and head of the cabinet had been reduced by the general feeling of his follower’s capacity to the rank of a subordinate, his friends detached from him, and his policy forgotten. The sole agent in all these great changes now put forth his strength to achieve a measure which he regarded as the index of his own and his party’s predominance, and a patent for it of perpetuity. The hatred of a league with the Dutch, conceived by the Tories, was only equalled by their hatred of a war with France. Yet they had found it necessary to accede to both these measures, from the patriotic fear of royal treachery, in the reign of Charles II., of popular feeling, in their brief intervals of power under William. Godolphin’s originally Tory administration had succumbed to

this incubus. Harley, and the majority of his Tory colleagues, though backed by the Queen, did not venture to throw it off. St. John, however occasionally wanting in moral fortitude, had abundance of political courage. The difficulties which deterred others were inspiration to him; he preferred having the whole of the risk, and the whole of the glory. It would be a noble exploit, he thought, in itself; and would ensure his preponderance, at once, among his adherents, and with Anne. The negotiation of the peace of Utrecht was the great glory of his term of office. It was not merely the conclusion of a sanguinary war; it was the inauguration of a change of European policy, which lasted till towards the retirement of Walpole, when that great minister resigned his peaceful tactics in deference to popular clamour.

Even at this distance of time, there will be a vehement clashing of opinions as to the real policy of this peace, apart from any suspicions of treachery in its author. His own declared contrition for having compromised the security of the balance of power by leaving too much strength in the hands of the Bourbons, and deserting the United Provinces, when we might have carried the breach in the brazen wall of France, will not be taken at more than its proper value. The confederacy of Walpole and Fleury was wonderfully efficacious in opening his eyes to the want of patriotism, which entering into alliance with France indicates. There could be no doubt of the danger to Europe from the not improbable union of two contiguous countries like France and Spain, should the Duc de Berri die, and Philip disavow his renunciation of the French succession. The sagacity to foresee the certainty of a forgetfulness of family ties, should the two crowns remain separated, could not be expected from statesmen of those, and indeed any times, especially as the subsequent alliances of those powers against us prove this probable forgetfulness to have been no matter for safe calculation. Yet, on the other hand, a nation has a right to consider both whether there be any proximate hope of success in an undertaking, by deserting which no sacred obligations (waiving our engagement to the Catalans) could be compromised. It might even hesitate to pronounce authoritatively, that a free nation shall take a sovereign of another's choosing, and not the next heir. Again, whatever the arguments alleged to prove the peril from the present union of the empire of Germany and Spain, in the person of Charles, less than from the possible future conjunction of France and the Peninsula, so nice a balancing of risks could hardly be anticipated in that age. Men then still believed in the traditions of Spain, as head and fountain of Catholic propagandism, by war and not by

teaching, in the tales of the might of Charles V., and of the single sceptre of Philip II. They were not able to discern, as we can, that the apathy of Spain respecting the Netherlands in William's reign was really the result, not of corrupt government merely, but thorough national exhaustion. In addition to all this, we must remember the character of the Imperial House of Austria, always ready to demand subsidies, and to break its own engagements, which might frighten some statesmen from caring to put into its hands the keys of West Indian commerce. All ministers felt the impracticability of dealing with a policy so essentially and hereditarily selfish. It was not only Harley's cabinet. In 1710, Stanhope and the very men who had so severely reprobated the desertion of Charles of Hapsburgh, confessed that they were induced to form the quadruple alliance, with a view of binding down the grasping covetousness of the Emperor to some specific demand.

In fact, St. John's motives in concluding the treaty which left Spain under the Duke of Anjou, are estimated generally by the light of his subsequent connexion with the Pretender. Yet the syllogism, by which we arrive at this conclusion, is rather inconclusive. Put out thus;—all who are friends of France are friends of the Pretender; all who make peace with France are friends of France; *ergo*, all who make peace with France are friends of the Pretender; St. John made peace with France; *ergo*, St. John was a friend of the Pretender;—it might appear doubtful, whether either the major or the minor premise of the first syllogism ought to be allowed. But when men actually had before them the facts, that St. John did make a peace with France, and that he did afterwards join the Stuarts, they found no difficulty in imagining, indistinctly, a sort of union, in the way of cause and effect, between these two events. As it appears, their conclusion was true. The question of St. John's sincerity in his negotiations with James at the end of this reign, is now a foregone conclusion. The Stuart papers, and his own confession to Lord Marchmont, prove it completely. If he acknowledges so much, we are perhaps justified in conjecturing an earlier, though not so complete a collision with the court of the exiles. His misfortune it was, that this, which the country had no right to infer from the mere facts of the negotiations at Utrecht, is fully believed on the uncertain evidence of party, or anti-French prejudices. In truth, partly circumstances, and partly the bias of St. John's disposition, are chargeable with the obloquy attaching to him on the score of this treaty. It was his own peculiar work, and transacted by him with that appearance of self-confidence and selfish exclusiveness, which made him so bad a coadjutor in any political

enterprise, unless it were something in the nature of an attack. Secrecy and mystery might be necessary in preparing an assault, but are scarcely popular qualities when the captured fort is to be governed.

Hence the peace became the natural point of aggression, both for former friends, or open enemies. Harley, as head of the cabinet, was, of course, a party to the conclusion, but almost a tacit agent, excluded from all active participation in the preliminary manœuvres, which he would not have had the courage to initiate. His personal friends, aware of this, bore no good will to a peace, which was a mark of their chief's humiliation. We may be sure that he himself, the clever parliamentary trimmer, the friend of the Nonconformists, while leading the Tories, would hardly care to conceal the fact from the Opposition. On the contrary, he blazoned abroad his own insignificance. 'While this was doing,' writes the latter, 'Oxford looked on, as though he had not been a party to all which had passed; broke now and then a jest . . . ; and, on those occasions, when his station obliged him to speak of business, was absolutely 'unintelligible.' The whole Whig connexion felt itself aggrieved by such an end to such a war. The memory of this great 'deliverer' was insulted by so common-place a termination to all his confederacies and toils. They exclaimed, that the pledges of England to the Protestantism of Europe, had been dishonoured, and the presidency of the league against the revoker of the edict of Nantes deliberately disowned. Even many Tories, while rejoicing for these very reasons, had expected more from all the burdens they had borne, and the glory with which Marlborough, whom they affected to depreciate in comparison of Webb, had suffused the national name. There were, it has already been stated, two great divisions of the party, united generally against the Whigs, always suspicious of each other, not seldom at open war. These were the Parliamentary and Tories, and the great 'country party,' the abhorrrers of Charles II.'s reign, and the cavaliers of his father's campaigns. It was not so much fear for the Constitution which had made the latter recognise the *de facto* government of William, it was fear for the 'Church.' They liked the old peaceful foreign policy of England, though they nourished a prejudice against France, not the less for the thought, that there the Stuarts had learned the doctrines which made them unfit rulers of England. William's policy, however, as Shaftesbury's two reigns before, had caused this national dislike to be transferred to Holland and the allies generally. A war with France had become the watch-word almost of the Whigs, and the dreaded Hanoverian dynasty was bound up with the same idea. Thus, with this section the

peace was decidedly popular, although, as soon as it was agreed upon, the old jealousy of our neighbours revived, and prevented any concert of resistance to the murmurs of opposition. But the other division, under Lord Nottingham, had been for the most part themselves implicated in the Revolution, and had too much to lose to approve of any measure which might pave the way for the restoration of the Stuarts. They had conceived, besides, a rooted distrust and hatred of the leaders of the larger portion of their own party. The country gentlemen had chosen chiefs of their own, not those hereditary chiefs who became at last fixtures in a party, but active instruments for carrying out and representing their views. Of these they suspected Harley, but they absolutely feared St. John. They saw in him an unscrupulousness, whether rightly or wrongly, which would lead him into any situation best fitted for a display of ingenuity. His evident determination to gratify an inordinate vanity, as his enemies would term it, his talent for administration, and a proper desire to display it, according to his friends, dismayed them, unchecked as it was by the least moral self-restraint, as to the choice of means or occasions. Stanhope and Nottingham, moreover, alike saw in him a resoluteness, which would, to accomplish a party measure, make him conspire, though in office, against the present order of things. •

All this opposition made his position yet more difficult. He had, at once, to allure the French Court into a discovery how much they would concede before peace could be guaranteed by England; to outbid the Dutch and Austrians in popularity at home; and to conceal his procedure, till he should have so far compromised the nation, as to make it almost impossible for Parliament to draw back. With such an array of friends and foes against him, Whigs and Tories, he could have scarcely a right to hope to escape from a similar storm to that which broke upon Somers and Portland towards the end of the last reign. Yet, unhappily, he had so morbid a love for working, like the mole, in darkness, that he ensured himself against the mercy of parties in the hour of that utter fall which public men might in those times count upon with certainty. No nation, no party, suffers itself with impunity to be circumvented, to be duped, even into being done good to, against its consent. This was what, according even to his own interpretation of his conduct, he did. He deceived the kingdom into deliverance from a war, which had certainly become a heavy incubus, but which henceforth became invested in the popular fancy with a sort of ideal lustre. England was tricked into a peace which, however necessary, was an inadequate compensation for so much glory and exhaustion. In vain was the captious rejection of more

advantageous conditions, offered at Gertruydenburg, retorted upon the Whigs. They rejoined, that nothing had occurred to justify the acceptance of terms so inferior, or, yet more, to extenuate the infamy of abandoning the Catalans. Secretaries of State might wonder at what they deemed 'the stupid obstinacy' of patriots, fighting for their hereditary liberties (see Bolingbroke's letter to the Queen, Dec. 17, 1713); but nations often have a conscience, which party leaders, as Walpole, who have it not themselves, know how to rouse, for selfish purposes, against official violators of justice.

The whole affair was involved in mystery. Secret agents, the Abbé Gautier and Prior, traversed, in disguise, England and France. Mesnager, and the future statesman Dubois, appeared in London. Informal powers (the converse of the offence for which St. John had joined in impeaching William's favourite ministers), countersigned by no minister, not sealed with the great seal, were forwarded from Windsor; Harley and Shrewsbury were hurried on by the self-reliant Secretary; and, suddenly, the nation woke up to find the campaigns of Marlborough matters of history, and itself committed to articles which no party, no statesman approved of but a man with the reputation of a political adventurer.

Yet his work was by no means over. The allies might rouse the nation to disavow its diplomatists. Marlborough and Eugene might open a campaign so brilliant as to necessitate a rise in our demands. The Parliament might even refuse to ratify what had been, in truth, so informally done as to be the act of an individual, and not of a cabinet. Swift's journal to Stella well depicts the confusion of parties, and anxiety of St. John, whose spirit rose to the level of the occasion. An amendment to the Address was actually carried in the Lords—since the Revolution a Whig assembly—to the effect, that no peace could be safe and honourable which left the Spanish Indies and the Peninsula in the hands of the Bourbons. Harley, who did not dare to cast off his dangerous colleague, yet who would not openly subscribe to his measures, was not present. The friends of the Secretary and himself affected surprise at the apathy of the head of the Government, as though in all this procedure he did not feel his degradation from that pre-eminence, though without the boldness to break with the man, now the only link between him and the Tories. In the Lower House the genius of St. John kept the party together. The same amendment was rejected there by 232 to 106. All the resources of intrigue and faction were called out by his inventive mind. Defoe, ever grateful to the Treasurer for his pardon, though calling himself a true Whig still, wrote, unconscious of the estrangement of the latter from his col-

leagues, to vindicate the peace from the charge of being a desertion of William's lifelong policy. Swift, with a less scrupulous partisanship, poured forth a whole hail-storm of Grub-street parodies and invectives, on the leader of the 'Hanoverian' or 'whimsical' Tories (to use St. John's phrases)—

'The orator dismal of Nottinghamshire,
Who has forty years let out his conscience for hire'—

whose junction with the Opposition on the question of peace now silenced their resistance to the long-mooted 'Occasional Conformity Act.' The same scourge fell, in the 'Windsor Prophecy,' on the Whig Duchess of Somerset, against whom the Dean enigmatically warned the too partial Queen, 'beware of carrots;' and on the great General, who had been long used (though he never grew callous) to the names of 'Harpy' and 'Crassus.' At last, the peace party felt strong enough to strike openly at their adversaries. It was not Swift's insulting pen, nor the unpopularity of a tedious war, nor Ministers' majority in the House of Commons, which left them at liberty to commence the assault. It was the Queen's detestation of the whole family connexion of the Churchills, comprising the Godolphins, Sunderlands, and the Duke and Duchess themselves, which cut the knot. St. John had leave to propose in the Commons a Committee of Inquiry into the public expenditure of the late Lord Treasurer. In vain did Walpole declaim and argue. The October Club had its eye on him also, though for the moment there were greater victims to be singled out. The integrity of Godolphin himself was unimpeachable; but Marlborough did not escape. Custom, and the Queen's direct permission, were pleaded, in excuse of his malversation, to no purpose. The plea, though perhaps true in form, was, when we consider the Duchess's despotism over her mistress, too little equitable, in fact, to justify Lord Stanhope's (Mahon) indignation at the 'baseness of bringing a charge of peculation' against him. Anne gladly took advantage of the doctrine, that the sovereign can do no evil; and deprived him, at one blow, of employments from which, and his wife's places, he derived the enormous revenue of 64,000*l.* a-year. Notwithstanding Harley's caution, the Cabinet had at length drifted within the range of the fascination of the great club. The news of so radical a measure, which could only be effected with safety, finally, by the creation of a majority of twelve in the equally-divided House of Peers, where the General's interest was strongest (a measure unprecedented, in this extent, and never subsequently followed, though discussed under the Grey administration), at once struck dismay into the heart of the great Protestant and Germanic

confederacy. Prince Eugene came over, in the futile hope of dissuading the Queen, or the not unwarrantable expectation of creating such a storm of personal enthusiasm, as to compel the resumption of the policy through which he had achieved such great things for Europe. The former danger was dispelled by the insensibility of Anne, and the vigilance of St. John, who himself, in a royal audience accorded the famous Captain, bore the brunt of the conversation. The latter, and more formidable one, was obviated by the momentary popularity of the peace, and some ridiculous reports of an intention on the Prince's part to seize the reins of government. The plot was in this case imaginary, but, in itself, no impossibility in a party which actually planned, under Stanhope's, Cadogan's, and Marlborough's auspices, an expedition of the Elector into England at the head of foreign troops, in the event, not of the Queen's death, but her declining health.¹

All the heads of the Whig party were marked out for destruction by the October Club. The days of Pisander's terrible oligarchy of the 400 seemed revived, and Harley shuddered at the large majorities which affirmed Ministerial motions. St. John did not participate in these fears. He must in far different times have looked back with regretful exultation upon the epoch, when the terrible engine, for those corrupt days, of a charge of peculation was brought to bear on his enemy Walpole. All this time it is his name only which appears in State affairs. The Treasurer still had the disposal of patronage, but his once all-powerful influence over Anne had already passed into the hands of his brilliant friend, the friend and flatterer of Lady Masham. We see traces of this in the secret co-operation of the sovereign and her minister. While England believed the negotiations were being conducted at Utrecht, the latter was quietly transacting the whole matter with Torcy; and Ormond, whose presence in arms in the Netherlands still kept opposition quiet, was secretly instructed, by order of the Queen in Council, apparently acting of her own free motion, to refrain from any deed of active hostility. But the veil was soon to be uplifted. Pulteney, a name inseparable from opposition, though sometimes to, and sometimes, as we shall see, with St. John, detected the difference between the public and private instructions to the General. The leader of the Commons boldly avowed his part, and took credit for his management. On the 6th of June, 1712, the Queen came in state to communicate to the Houses the propositions for peace. The prorogation which shortly followed gave leisure for St. John's elevation to the peerage as Baron St. John of Lidyard

¹ See Macpherson, vol. ii. p. 472.

Treagoze, in Wiltshire, and Viscount Bolingbroke, the titles of two branches of his family. It was the acmé of his prosperity. We should consider the grant of a peerage, unless to a lawyer, as rather an equivocal compliment to his ability, as, in fact, an intimation of past rather than present vigour. But this was not the opinion, even so late as Anne. The power of the Commons had been acknowledged since the Great Rebellion; but that House was scarcely the place where a Minister would broach his great schemes of policy. Besides the prestige of feudal associations, still clinging to the peerage, this was a weighty argument in its favour. In the Commons the leader was too much the slave of a violent and prejudiced mob like the October Club. We may fairly doubt whether the desire of a serene political atmosphere were the more influential motive in this instance. His radicalism—for as a Tory, even as a Minister, he was a radical—was that of a noble, that of a demagogue, who advocates the popular privileges, to cast down some superior of his own order. The great chagrin he evinced at the fact of his title not being equal to that of Harley, a man ‘bred up in the Inns of Court,’ seems to bear out this view. We cannot but impute his consent to be ennobled, not so much to the desire of leisure from the daily contests of a popular assembly, nor, again, to the need of a counterpoise to the tremendous weight of Whig eloquence and sagacity in the Upper House, where it had congregated from the same motives, perhaps, with those which influenced the Treasurer and the Secretary,—as to the mere force of family tradition, the vanity of shining with a title, and the ambition of arguing in the Painted Chamber with his hat on. Whatever may have been the true reason, the party does not seem to have lost much from this defection. The Tories hardly wanted a champion in the Commons. There was no intellectual delicacy there which would make men profess readiness to allow of conviction. It was esteemed a weakness, or, at best, a sign of corruptness, in a member to change sides. The Minister could, though sitting among the Peers, yet hold the reins, and know how and when to loosen them. But there was a thorn in the new lord’s crown. He had revived an old family; but his honours paled before the splendour of his rival’s earldom, and the ancestral glories of the De Veres and Mortimers, whose heir he claimed to be. In the bitterness of after life he wrote, that he ‘was dragged into the House of Lords, in such a manner as to make his promotion a punishment, not a reward; and was there left to defend the treaties almost alone.’ It was with no sincere feeling of gratitude to his Queen and country that he set off for Paris, where the final conferences were to be held. The brilliant youthful statesman

(he was now thirty-two) would meet favourable judges in the gay Court of Louis XIV. His genius was best adapted to shine in that strange *mêlée* of politics and pleasure. His was the genius of a courtier, when kings are not independent of their subjects, but forced to avail themselves of popular abilities, conjoined with most pre-eminent social talents. The diplomatist laid the foundation of some friendships which served him well when a fugitive; and may, perhaps, have had, as his enemies reported, confidential communications with the Stuarts themselves.

His journey did not conduce to the popularity of his administration. The tone of sympathy with France was complained of, and the Jacobite relations of the Tories furnished a fruitful topic for whispers of treason. On the whole, however, spite of the natural murmurs of opposition, St. John was well satisfied with the definitive conclusion of the negotiations. In the midst of his triumph he attempted to conciliate the Whigs. Willingly, on Swift's request, did he invite to dinner their mutual literary adversary, Addison. The party was rather constrained, till drinking, protracted from two or three o'clock till midnight, at last warned the distinguished guest into a friendly political fervour. In his enthusiasm he made his host toast Lord Somers, and began socially to discuss the peace with the negotiator of it. It was always the policy, and perhaps the inclination, of the latter, to stand well with literature. More especially, on the eve of the first appearance of 'Cato,' was there reason for seeming to be on good terms with Joseph Addison. He might hope to ward off the application of the moral to his own conduct, by the indication of conscious innocence afforded by intimacy with the poet. His dexterous reference of the tirades against Cæsar to the patent for life which the Whig Commander-in-Chief had once demanded is well known. A harder conflict awaited Bolingbroke in Parliament than at a drinking bout. All Arthur Moore's and Defoe's premature arguments in favour of free trade with France, with all the zeal of the minister's private following in the same cause, were ineffectual to save the eighth and ninth articles in the Treaty of Commerce. To destroy, with the free importation of Bordeaux and Burgundy, our gainful woollen trade with Portugal, to resign a certain advantage for an uncertain, was not a more irritating proposition to the merchant, than to reverse the whole tendency of our commercial policy, since 1654, was to the ardent conservatives of all denominations. Calculations were made, showing that the annual balance against England, had the articles been approved, would have probably been not much under a million and a half. But Windham and Moore might have complained with reason, that Gould, and Lechmere, and King, and Stan-

hope, even if this most improbable computation were based upon correct principles, did not know why they were right, any more than the majority which they succeeded in securing.

The national jealousy of France gained for opposition this unexpected victory, a jealousy extending even to the moderate members of the Tory party (as represented by Sir Thomas Hanmer). They had been eager to check William's continental policy, but could not be won over to confer anything which seemed a favour on the ancient enemy. A more statesmanlike and nearer anxiety respecting the succession was added to this hereditary dislike. Those fears were, in some measure, justified by the characters of the present holders of office. Of them, poor Harley appears to have accumulated so confirmed a character for genuine insincerity, that he was trusted neither by his own nor the opposite party. Not only would opponents cordially hate a man, who 'loved tricks, when not necessary, from an inward satisfaction in applauding his own cunning.' ('If any man was born under the necessity of being a knave, he was,' says Lord Cowper in January, 1706, when his colleague and guest.) Even partisans suspected a chief, 'who was 'indeed very civil to all who addressed him, but, generally, either 'spoke so low in their ear, or so mysteriously, that few knew what 'to make of his replies; and it would appear that he took a secret 'pleasure in making people hang on, and disappointing them.'—(Lockhart Comment. p. 370.) He believed too thoroughly, what Swift charges him with thinking, 'that there is something 'profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot 'arrive to.' The truth was, that, with much of the earlier portion of his political life passed in opposition, and that the most hopeless of all—opposition to a party which had placed upon the throne the actual sovereign—he had become imbued with the spirit of intrigue and distrust of partisans. A man can hardly escape imbibing such sentiments who sees his strictest adherents perpetually seceding from him under the temptations of office, and his ranks recruited only by men in discontent, or who think to pass there their political apprenticeship, and to approve themselves fit for place, by showing themselves to be dangerous; who, lastly, is forced to cut down and pare away his schemes, from the fear of detaching one element of the incongruous faction by measures suited to the tastes or passions of another. In such a school Harley had learned that consummate dexterity which makes a man, at the same time, a champion of different opinions, at the antipodes in all but their assertor's exclusion from office. He had not learned how to conduct a cabinet, when the position attained had at last been occupied. He was perplexed by the conflicting claims of friends among the Nonconformists and partisans,

who had no dearer object than the passing of the 'Occasional Conformity Bill.' His famous 'Poh! poh! all will be well;' 'Let us go gently,' and 'Leave it all to me,' were rather inadequate watchwords for a faction whose only hope was in action, and, it might be, revolution. In his perplexity he remained neutral, a spectator almost of the procedure of his own cabinet, allowing his colleagues to carry through, uncurtailed, those measures which were certain to disgust his supporters of opposite principles. He cherished the vain hope, as well that he could not be held responsible for acts he had never advised, as that he might even gain a sort of sublime and serene ascendancy over his subordinates by sequestering himself from all their petty quarrels, and being known among them only as the dispenser of all patronage, and the sovereign's friend. It was not likely that with such a character opponents could expect from his treachery or weakness any guarantee for the Protestant succession. If he found the Jacobite cause certainly the stronger, they could not hope that he would refuse his adhesion to any Jacobite plots of his fellow ministers. He could not with his character help recalling to his own recollection, and that of the Pretender, his overtures to St. Germans through the Abbé Gualtier. If it appeared the losing side, though secure against his eventual support of their enemies, they feared lest he should countenance the conspiracy by retaining office till the catastrophe itself. The mere fact that he remained nominal head of a cabinet, where scarcely a single measure passed to which he had assented, which against his express advice pardoned apologists for the Stuarts, which instigated the Queen to rebuff addresses of the Lords against the exiles, and to compel Marlborough's favourite officers to sell their commissions, proved how little reliance could be placed either on his paternal love for the Act of Settlement, or his clemency to his Jacobite Secretary of State. The substitution at this time of Bromley, the suspected member for the University of Oxford, as secretary, in Lord Dartmouth's place, and the appointment to the Exchequer of Sir William Windham (a name which in the days of Fox and Sheridan still possessed its hereditary connotation of chivalrous recklessness, acuteness, and eloquence), close friends, as both were, of the banished family and of Bolingbroke, gave additional reason for fearing the preponderance in the ministry of a spirit much more daring than that of Harley. The promotion of Dean Atterbury, a zealous writer in the 'Examiner,' to the See of Rochester, betrayed the same policy.

The elections of August, 1713, only partially showed how the nation construed all these signs. Popular discontent was chiefly manifested in the strength of the so-called Hanoverian or Pro-

testant Tories returned by the old decaying market towns, and the influence of country clergy. The Opposition had at length got a good cry of its own, and Government, with the general triumph of the peace, and the special shame of the desertion of the gallant Catalans, and its defeat on the Reciprocity Compact, had no charges to fling back. There was no persecution now of a Sacheverell for a gathering cry. There was no perpetual dictatorship, with which to alarm the nation's suspicions. They could only call upon their partisans to stand by the throne, the security of which their principles, it was argued, alone endangered; and rehearse no equivocal arguments upon the beauty of hereditary right, which a foe on the opposite coast was most eager to support. With this for their only standard, and not even a cabinet ready to risk an open assertion of the belief, there was but a faint hope for the present administration. We cannot think that Bolingbroke judged wrongly, on his own principles, in quickly manifesting what course he meant to pursue. It may have been an instinct before, which made this chief of the October Club intrigue to wrest the first place from Harley; it may have been vanity. Now, it was the last desperate resource of a tottering party. They were certain of losing much numerical strength could he succeed. They were certain of calling forth a much more furious hostility from opponents with whom Harley had kept up relations, and was a sort of bail for his adherents' loyalty to the Constitution. But they would at length have concord in their own body, and liberty to deliberate unreservedly about their concealed projects. Concealed they only were in Cabinet Councils. The whole of England took them for granted facts, so that the Ministry which had espoused such opinions had at once the disadvantage of their unpopularity, and a kind of prohibition imposed upon them, both of repelling charges by implication which they refused to consider applicable to themselves, and of taking measures for accomplishing that revolution to which these charges pointed. Perils were on every side. A majority in the Commons, spite of the Whig denunciations of the unfortunate Treaty of Commerce, and the general assumption of Whig woollen 'favours' at the late elections, still mechanically endorsed ministerial resolutions. Steele found, by the bitter experience of expulsion from the House by a majority of a hundred votes, for the authorship of the 'Crisis,' that it was esteemed a libel on the October Club to maintain that the Protestant succession was in danger. The Whigs were not disheartened. In the House of Lords they had always been in a majority, as far as intellectual power went, and, previously to 1712, numerically. They avenged Steele's cause by committing the publisher and printer of

Swift's anonymous answer, 'The Public Spirit of the Whigs.' Only by the shrewd device of instituting a prosecution against them did Oxford save his friend from the consequences of their evidence. In vain Government endeavoured to check popular suspicions by motions, that the Protestant succession was in no danger under her Majesty's administration. In the Lords, the resolution was the signal for an ominous secession. Lord Anglesea, Bolingbroke's old friend, exclaimed, glancing at the unlucky Treasurer, 'that he durst pursue an evil minister from the Queen's closet to the Tower, and thence to the scaffold!' Even in the Tory Commons, the effrontery of the thing reduced the majority to 48. The Treasurer grew frightened and more decided. The manœuvre of the Whig Junto, in making the Hanoverian envoy demand the writ of summons for the Electoral Prince, as Duke of Cambridge, furnished him with an occasion for manifesting his disagreements with his colleagues, and attachment to the House of Brunswick, as well as his pique at the Queen's estrangement. Yet he could not be forced to declare himself sufficiently anti-Tory, as to furnish a pretext for his ejection from the Cabinet. He escaped the ambush of Windham's Schism Act, on the plea of not having considered the matter! He listened in silence to St. John, an almost avowed deist, arguing for it as a bulwark of the 'Church,' nor could he got up to defend a friend, even by the vengeful attack of Nottingham (who, strange to say, rejected the bait from the feeling that the Nonconformists must be conciliated) on 'a certain divine who, hardly suspected of being a Christian, is in a fair way of being a bishop.'

It has been sometimes assumed, that Harley had at heart the restoration of the Stuarts, and was only converted to the opposite opinions by his rivalry with the favourite of the October Club. The hypothesis is hardly plausible. He had never been a Jacobite. Chosen leader of the country gentlemen, he soon gladly exchanged his prominence among them for the headship of a coalition characterised by one broad feature—opposition to the great Whig houses of the Revolution. We cannot suppose that his cautious nature and even liberal tenets could have coexisted along with a craving for arbitrary rule. His genius was altogether Parliamentary, and not made, as that of his rival, for the office of vizier to an almost absolute sovereign. His passions were not sufficiently strong to make him ready to purchase the right of persecuting at the risk of enduring the same in turn. His negotiations with Marshal Berwick prove nothing more than the mission of his brother to Hanover, and the rather equivocal admonitions to James to quit France for Venice; not so much. Now, at all events,

Anne's dislike, and his desertion by all the high Tories of the Government, demonstrated him to be no longer fitly assigned to this political category. Traces are ever discernible of a convulsive attempt made by the falling statesman to effectuate a coalition with the Whigs and the Hanoverian Tories, by the instrumentality of his former colleague, Cowper. The taint of disloyalty in all the Treasurer's conduct must have, from the first, vitiated any such connexion; but St. John's vigour disconcerted the preliminary deliberations. The Queen had a parting interview with her old servant. She accused him of indolence in the conduct of public business, and of bad breeding, of a complete want of truthfulness, of unintelligible mysteriousness in all his statements, and of often coming drunk to confer on matters of State; a strange medley of wrongs to her as a lady and as a sovereign, evincing how intermingled as yet were the two ideas. Either she had never liked him, or, with her peculiar selfishness, merely accepted his aid against yet more detested personages, the Marlboroughs; or, a term of office had exaggerated a certain carelessness and feeling of security; or, more probably still, the sway of his rival over the great party which Anne really loved, even while sometimes fearing it, had communicated, by a sort of monarchical instinct, a sentiment of aversion to the man who hindered the consummation of its projects. We must remember that she had, to enforce this reasoning, the perpetual company of a woman, once the friend of Harley, now his bitterest foe, on account of shameful ingratitude on his part, as she would have said;—for having refused to bribe a woman of the bed-chamber with public money, according to the report of his adherents; both explanations being (the Treasurer's character allows us to believe) at one and the same time correct. The defection of his old followers seems to have been partly the result of dread of his extreme wariness in a crisis requiring boldness; but, still more, of the extraordinary capacity of Bolingbroke for infusing into his immediate intimates confidence in his energy and genius.

No man could resist such a combination of his own colleagues, — St. John, Harcourt, Lady Masham, Ormond, and, lastly, the majority in the Commons. The final scene appears to have blended a kind of dramatic solemnity with the vivacity and petulance of a catastrophe in 'genteel comedy.' The personal connexion of sovereign and minister, of which the government of Lord North is our last example, together with the sense of a responsibility to the country, now fully recognised, though not always in practice, combined to give to the interview the air of a private quarrel between friends, each accusing the other of ingratitude, and the lofty tone of a patriot's warning to rulers ready

to put in jeopardy their subjects' happiness out of private pique. Bolingbroke and Lady Masham were there, to keep the Queen to her resolution, and to triumph over their old friend. Almost up to the moment they had maintained their ancient intimacy. In the midst of the details of all this history of mines and countermines, we hear of friendly little suppers at the Mashams, of strolls in the Mall, and familiar conversations. Now the parting had indeed come. Harley, with all the wrath of a betrayed friend, and the prophetic forebodings of a retiring minister, denounced the anger of an incensed nation or the miserable ambition and traitorous scheme of the cabinet which he had formed. The prophecy in part brought its own accomplishment. Anne had been deeply agitated by the scene, agitated too by remorse, at having (on her own notions of the indefeasible right of kingship) usurped her father's possession and brother's inheritance, and by the consciousness, perhaps, that the most loyal subjects were calculating on her death as the removal of an obstruction to the reversion of the crown to the rightful heirs. From the effect of all this conflict of emotions her vital powers soon gave indications of decay. Her disorder had manifested itself on the 29th of August. A council was summoned, at which the Duke of Shrewsbury presided. He had been, as a youth, the hero of the Revolution. Once again his old zeal revived; and he rejoined that party which had long looked on him as a deserter. It is a pity that the appearance of his name in the Elector's secret instrument of regency, which had been for some time past in the hands of the Hanoverian envoy, proves that he must have so acted as to be counted upon by two parties. Few statesmen of this age can, we fear, be placed far above the systematically false Sunderland and Marlborough. At Shrewsbury's summons, the Whig Dukes of Argyll and Somerset took their seats in the Privy Council, though not members of the ministry; and, on their proposal, the president was nominated to the Queen as high treasurer.

Alas for Bolingbroke! 'The Earl of Oxford was removed 'on Tuesday—the Queen died on Sunday! What a world is 'this, and how does Fortune banter us!' (Letter to Swift, August 3.) The prize had been wrested from the grasp of his rival, but he had gained nothing by it, except a schism in his party. All the work of so much intriguing, brilliant pamphleteering and subservience to all the littleness of party spleen, was nullified in a moment. His schemes, as head of the Government, had been elaborated. It shows much judgment and self-restraint in him that he had decided on retaining the Seals of the Foreign Office, in preference to the glittering bauble of the Lord Treasurership; while the names of Windham,

Ormsford, Harcourt, Buckingham, Bromley, Mar, and Atterbury, point, at least, to a more decidedly Tory policy than had prevailed in the old Cabinet. At the same time, envoys had their instructions for coquetting with the Electoral Court; for now, when he acted on his own sole responsibility, he began to comprehend the caution of his predecessor. He even sought to establish friendly relations with the principal Whigs. Would that we had the details of a banquet at which he entertained Walpole, Stanhope, and Pulteney, a few days before the Queen's death, at his house in the now despised Golden Square. What speeches full of flowing courtesy were probably there delivered! What repudiations of private enmity, whatever the opposition of political interests! Little could a guest have augured from that meeting the fierceness of the cry for blood, which those seeming friends would soon raise with one accord against their host, or the yet more rooted spite of disappointed friendship, which should avenge his cause in the future enmity of two of those now close adherents.

Had the Queen but sanctioned the new minister's nominations one half hour before her death, he might have chosen his policy in safety, and either restored the exiles, or made terms for himself with Hanover. As it was, with a Cabinet all his own, with Anne willing to accept his counsels implicitly, the influence of three Whig nobles, supporting the Constitution, could not be resisted. The Cabinet had a great majority in Parliament, but chiefly of country gentlemen, independent members, each acting for himself, and joining in the same votes from choice, and not in obedience to the dictation of their leaders. The Whigs were, on the contrary, a well compacted body. They knew their champions, and their champions could advocate any measure with the certainty that it would be supported. They were men who had overturned an ancient dynasty. It had been strange had they been unable to counteract the plots of men like Bromley, and Mar, and the unstable Peterborough. Besides the mortification of having lost all the advantages resulting from his efforts—a mortification in which he was speedily consoled by the thought of new combinations—there were many petty vexations inseparable from so peculiar a conjuncture. The regency, appointed already by secret instructions of the Elector, did not attempt to soften them. We all know how he was superseded in the real duties of his office by Addison, and compelled to attend with his bag outside the Council Chamber, where he had so long ruled, till it should please his enemies to admit him. Very few men would have the philosophy to bear patiently these trivial affronts. Certainly Bolingbroke was not the man. But his troubles were not to end here. He took up

neither an attitude of defence nor of submission. With Harley he assisted at the coronation of the new king, and, we are told by Lady Cowper, 'bowed three times down to the very ground' in doing homage. He even intimated his willingness to take office, should it be the policy of the new dynasty to rule independently of party. 'On the same principle,' he writes to Lord Strafford (as he had served Anne), 'will I serve the King, if he employs me.' But it was not the policy of the Whigs to encourage coalitions. When offered place by Harley they had refused. It was unlikely that they would now, in the day of their triumph, consent to share their power, and forego revenge. Lord Cowper, in a memorial presented to the King, argued that it was not for the safety of his House to attempt any such distribution of favours, and suggested that the Whigs would not consent to have the experiment tried. Certainly they would not spare an enemy who refused to solicit their mercy. His whole demeanour was that of a man who may have been mistaken, but who, having acted conscientiously, keeps his own opinion, though without condemning the opposite. He proposed in the Lords, in a fine oration which lived in men's memories, the substitution of the word 'maintain,' for 'recover' (the reputation of the kingdom in its foreign relations). The Duke of Shrewsbury, the immediate cause of his present downfall, in vain supported the amendment. Everywhere he saw nothing but hostility. The Commons had returned a Whig majority to the Commons, of 244 to 138, who still dared to call themselves Tories. The names of the new Ministry, notwithstanding the admission of the Hanoverian Tory Nottingham, sufficiently indicated what reliance could be placed on the King's assurances that he would not be a partisan. Harley might trust to his late ignominious ejection from the Cabinet, and to his carefully preserved relations with the Nonconformists and the Electoral Court. But Bolingbroke's hope was, not in the justice or mercy of the House, which under different circumstances he had so often trampled on, as in the impossibility of even Whigs condemning him without proof of collusion between him and Versailles or St. Germain. His papers were already in security; and there was only one confidant who had anything dangerous to tell: this was Matthew Prior. Never was a friend more trusted than he by St. John, never a dependent treated more as an equal. We may well pity the fallen minister, when he heard that this very man had landed at Dover under an engagement to reveal all. He could not tell, what we have some reason for believing, that the whole was a manœuvre to concentrate the expectations of the kingdom on the envoy's disclosures, and then, by their triviality, to convince the nation

of the injustice of their suspicions of the late Government. He only knew that he had had an audience of the King, that he was now at dinner with Townshend and Stanhope. The news, communicated according to an uncertain rumour by Marlborough, followed him to Drury Lane Theatre. He sat through the spectacle, named the performance for the following night, and then, in the disguise of a French messenger, set off for Dover. In another day and a half he was on the French shores, and an exile.

His flight was certainly a blunder and a mistake. It betrayed a want of moral courage, and was esteemed proof presumptive of his criminality. Yet few would have acted differently in the same circumstances. The Whigs raged against him; a doggerel ballad expressed the thirst of the populace for his blood. His imagination pictured the degradation of the late victorious leader of the Commons reduced to supplicate their mercy, and the (to him) unutterable humiliation of kneeling at the same bar before his Peers in a partnership of odium and guilt with the detested Oxford. His personal friends were dispersed; Swift gone to Ireland, in wrath against the disunited Cabinet, 'to die like a poisoned rat in a hole;' Prior presumed a traitor to friendship; his Jacobite followers furious with their chief for his procrastination; he furious with himself for the same. His fears were not altogether groundless. The two-years' imprisonment of his rival proves, that though he had escaped the scaffold, a dreary doom for his impatient temperament would have awaited him. Even at the termination of his confinement, he could not hope to be allowed to return to public life; and his fiery energy had hardly yet been cooled down to rest satisfied with the literary leisure which satisfied the desires of Lord Oxford. The latter in his gardens and magnificent library, in the chief treasures of which his name still survives, at last discovered repose, never lost sight of by him even in the most tempestuous season of his intriguing life. The plots of St. Germain, and the feverish extravagances of the old *noblesse* and the Regent's Court, alone could deaden the younger statesman's regrets for the sweets of power so briefly tasted, and his eager lust of revenge upon old friends and old foes. His departure from England scandalized all his few remaining partisans, and seemed to sanction the rage of his enemies. The malignant 'Genius' of St. John's career, Robert Walpole, like the 'Genii' of the old Roman religion, born with him, and destined to die to political activity at almost the same time, was the fitting chairman of the secret committee for investigating the conduct of the Ministry in the negotiations of Utrecht. It was Robert Walpole who presented the report and moved the impeachment, not, in the first place, of Harley, but of Henry Lord Viscount

Bolingbroke. It was a foregone conclusion. But two voices were raised in his defence, those of General Ross and Mr. Hungerford. The news of the resolution, which passed on the 10th of June, (he had fled on the evening of the 26th of March,) and of the readier process by bill of attainder, founded upon it, soon reached its object. He had already established a secret connexion with the Pretender, in anticipation of such an event.

It has sometimes been questioned whether his intercourse with that Court had been of long continuance. When the Stuart Papers and De Torcy's Memoires show that scarcely a single statesman of any account of any party, whether in or out of office, in the reigns of William and Anne, refrained from corresponding with the exile, it would be almost paradoxical to seek to clear the chosen companion of the chiefs of semi-Jacobite clubs from so general a reproach. The declared Jacobitism of many of his especial instruments in the Cabinet, as Mar and Ormond, with his hostility to all supporters of the Protestant succession, are presumptive proofs of his own tenets. The same conclusion is corroborated by his bias against the Dutch, however weak an argument if standing alone. We are, at all events, justified in agreeing with M. de Kémusat's summing up, that '*la trahison envers la succession Hanovrienne entrât au besoin dans ses calculs, et fut au nombre des expédiens qu'il se réservait.*'

St. Clair, on the left bank of the Rhone, near Vienne, had at the commencement of his exile received the fallen statesman. But, when the tidings came of the vengefulness of the Whig Parliament, neither its charms, nor the greater ones of Madame de Tencin, could restrain him, though ill in bed with a low fever, from at once responding to an invitation from the Chevalier. With the royal courteousness and tact, which contrasted so favourably with the German brusqueness of the first Georges, the titular earldom of the Bolingbrokes, their descendant's never-forgotten object, was revived for him. 'I cannot, you know,' wrote the Prince, 'as yet, give you very essential proofs of my kindness; but the best I can do for so good and faithful a servant' (perhaps a poor compliment to one who always described himself as now for the first time a Jacobite), 'is in sending you the enclosed warrant, which raises you a degree higher than my sister had done before, and which will fix your rank with me beyond dispute.' The Jacobites, with the active co-operation of Ormond, still braving Whig violence in London, had resolved upon two movements, one in the south of England, the other in the Highlands. Bolingbroke persuaded them that the two must, to have a chance of success, be simultaneous. The secret of his influence in the Court of

St. Germain's or Commercy consisted in his perfect acquaintance with the spirit and sentiments of the present French ministers, through whom advantage might have been taken of the capricious change of popular opinion which was now making martyrs of Ormond and Harley, as representatives of the Church party. His old ill-luck dogged the Pretender's new Secretary of State. At the beginning of July he had arrived at the little Court. On the first of September died Louis XIV., and with him all the zeal of France for the restoration of the Stuarts, and all the authority of the negotiator of the peace of Utrecht. The Regent Duke of Orleans was anxious for a good understanding with England, the power most interested in supporting his right as heir presumptive against the claims of Philip of Spain. He had no kindness for the policy of a Cabinet from which he had been sedulously excluded. The small knot of exiles soon understood that the Secretary was no better off than themselves. They made him feel what a miserable distinction his office was, as compared with the reality which he had left behind in England. Doubtless his positive experience, and perhaps also a feeling of contempt, which could not be entirely concealed, for these minute unproductive intrigues, led him to display a conscious superiority which offended men, each of whom thought himself a martyr to his sense of duty. He soon found reason to feel disgusted with himself for his flight, and, as he declares to Windham in the famous letter, for his precipitancy in casting in his lot with a set of desperate outcasts. His sagacity made the baseless hopes of his associates ridiculous to him, 'some who could read and 'write having letters to show, and those who had not arrived 'to this pitch of erudition having their secrets to whisper.' The crowd of 'busy Irish faces,' with their rumours of bulls and benedictions and subsidies from Rome, especially annoyed him, conscious as he was of the exclusive dependence of the cause on English Churchmen.

However, no other course was left open for him. He counseled his new master to the best of his ability; he intrigued with the ladies of the French Court and the Regent's favourites as actively as though his heart were in the affair. Indeed, the entire history of the earlier portion of his residence in Paris is chiefly an unintelligible maze of negotiations with one Mrs. Olivia Trant. Overtures were in vain made to him by the French ministers, who, themselves desirous of the friendship of the English Government, would have gladly procured the pardon of a man who might, on his return home, have greatly furthered their objects. All this was not for long. On the 12th of November was fought the skirmish of Preston, the catastrophe of the fortunes of the English Jacobites; and on the 13th the

battle of Sheriffmuir, of equally important results in Scotland. The last week in February, the Chevalier was back in Paris; and the day following his return, Bolingbroke, whom the Prince had received with the greatest demonstrations of affection, was discharged almost contumeliously from his service. Of course, this mysterious step was justified by the busy gossip-mongers of the Court. Reports were actually circulated that the Secretary had joined the party in order, by betraying its secrets, to satiate his vengeance on it for the losses he had suffered from his old attachment to the cause. The story is too preposterous even for refutation, especially by the side of the much more plausible explanation which his hatred to the Whigs furnishes. More than probability would be required to bear out the report; an improbable tale can hardly be preferred to the unison of the testimony of Lord Stair, the King of England's ambassador, Marshal Berwick, and of the published papers of the Pretender's Secretary's office, to his honesty and zeal. Consider the Marshal's opinion of his capacity and fidelity:—'It is admitted by all England that there have been few greater ministers than Bolingbroke. He was born with splendid talents, which had raised him at a very early age to the highest employments; he exerted great influence over the Tory party, and was, in fact, its soul. . . . I was in part a witness how he acted for King James, while he managed his affairs, and I owe him the justice to say that he left nothing undone of what he could do; he moved heaven and earth to obtain supplies, but was always put off by the Court of France.' There is more of intrinsic plausibility in the conjecture that the grave Pretender's disgust was excited by the demeanour of his Secretary in one of his not unfrequent drunken fits. Though this may have been the proximate cause of his abrupt dismissal, the discontent he took no care to hide at the misery into which his rashness in giving in his adhesion had brought him, must have developed a very apparent coolness in his loyalty. He himself afterwards asserted that his resolution had been already taken to quit his post, as soon as the affairs of the Stuarts should have been in some sort arranged.

Never was there a man of spirit less inclined to sit down under an affront, or to neglect the opportunity, afforded by the severance of old ties, of following that wherein his soul delighted—some new combination. He was once more the English agitator and pamphleteer, and in much the same attitude as of old. In office he had been the leader of a party opposed, both practically and in principle, to what was, since the Revolution, the actual Constitution of England. It was equally, when in power as in calamity, a faction, however gallant. During his

brief term of service under James, his capacity for organizing a plot had been almost dormant; now it blazed up anew, and, from the circumstances which called it forth, demanded all the resources of subtlety and virulent irony which the friend and rival of Swift possessed. The moderate Whigs were to be personally conciliated, and persuaded of the harmlessness of the writer; while sufficient animosity was shown to their tenets to satisfy his Tory friends. Finally, all the wretched jealousies and disputes of the Court he had just quitted were to be withered up by the scornful pen of this political 'pariah.' The home Government had, from the first, expected his secession from the foreign Jacobites. Some, judging him so faithless that he could never refrain from betraying his employers, had authorized Lord Stair to bribe his confessions. Others, more truly, discerned in his character a restlessness which could never let things be, and which must, sooner or later, interrupt the connexion. He was not unwilling to prove them right in their conclusions. His letter to Sir William Windham, in its present state, is an attempt at once to justify himself to the English Tories, and to win favour with the Government. The character of the man is, as M. de Rémusat aptly remarks, well illustrated by the fact, that at the very moment when the relenting of the King and Whigs promised his restoration, he drew up, in the manner of Seneca, various reflections on the consolations of exile. If he thought he should no longer need them for personal use, and therefore could spare them to the world, he found himself for some time disappointed. His celebrated Letter was written in the September of 1716; it was not till 1723 that the incidents of the attainder were so far done away as to restore him, when a resident in England, to the protection of the laws. The tedious delay was owing partly to the rooted suspicions of the Whig leaders, and partly, perhaps, to Walpole's jealousy of the opponent who had at the first so far outstripped him. The discovery of various plots for the re-establishment of the Stuarts—of one especially in which Bishop Atterbury, Bolingbroke's ancient ally, was implicated—gave fresh point to their reluctance.

There was, beside, a coalition of all parties against him. He was at variance, at once, with the Jacobite section of the English Tories (though still the friend of Windham) and with the adherents of the late Treasurer. He had never ceased to cherish a strange implacability of enmity against this man, only to be explained by his belief that to Oxford's wariness and pertinacity in retaining office had been owing the postponement, till too late, of those plans which might else have guaranteed their author a dictatorship under a new dynasty. The triumph

of the former, on June 1, 1717, through Walpole's coalition with the Tories, to vex the Cabinet whence he had been ejected, must have spoiled many a dream of rural contentment at St. Clair. The popular cry of 'High-Church and Harley' must have sounded in his rival's ears like the war-trumpet to a captive knight. The discord in the victorious Whig party, the cabals of Sunderland and Stanhope against Townshend, and of Townshend and Walpole against Stanhope, cannot but have vibrated even through the non-conducting atmosphere of 'divine philosophy.' Yet meantime he did not let life slip by unenjoyed. It was the main characteristic of his disposition that, while there could be no one with a more pertinacious constancy in the pursuit of any objects, however various, or however minute, whether of pleasure or of ambition, his nature seems to have had so indomitable an energy and capability of enjoyment, as to employ itself with equal vehemence on a scheme for destroying a system of faith, or an intrigue in Paris. Vainly did poor Lady Bolingbroke use all her powers in her husband's services; her lord requited her exertions (which M. de Rémusat himself seems to regard with a rather sceptical admiration) with a complaint that the cession of his goods for her benefit eventually proved a serious loss to him. In the interval he was falling in love with the brilliant Madame de Villette, niece of Madame de Maintenon, whom he married on the death of his wife, in 1720; or, in the same year, under the safe auspices of the Regent, whose companion in pleasure, though not in politics, he had always been, and, through the enterprises of law, eking out a subsistence which the 11,000*l.* he brought from England could but ill have supplied. His usual residence was the Château of La Source, where, amid fair gardens, rises the Loiret. There, by the aid of Madame de Villette, he learned to despise the world, and (strange employment for the great recluse!) to perfect that marvellous political pamphlet style, destined in future days to gall the blunt sense of Walpole. But the gaieties of Paris not unfrequently drew him from philosophical contemplations. He was peculiarly fitted, with the reputation of his name, the versatility and eccentricity of his genius, to delight alike the courtiers of Versailles and the new school of polite philosophers. Voltaire writes of milord Bolingbroke in a strain of rapture, which may have been, he half confesses, somewhat heated by the admiration shown by his idol for the 'Henriade.' He describes his universal learning, and the cosmopolitan tastes, which French encyclopædists adored. But the recollection that all these gifts met in a man who had been the greatest *roué* of his time, seems to have kindled in the Frenchman the same glow of enthusiasm as in Swift. He only spoke the general opinion.

From the French philosophers of the Entresol, including d'Argenson and St. Pierre, and Swift in Dublin (his chivalrous champion against some recent Jacobite maligners), with Pope, and Gay, and Arbuthnot at home, down to the ladies and hangers-on of the French Court, the impetus of his mind, and his power of impressing the one stamp of genius on all pursuits alike, had gained him an universal sway.

At length, after nearly eight years of banishment, his residence in France drew to its close. In May, 1723, the pardon promised in 1715 passed the great seal, but Walpole gave him no hope, at present, of a Parliamentary restoration in fortune and peerage. The latter distrusted his professions of friendship, and only replied to hints of his power to bring over Lords Gower and Bathurst, and Sir William Windham, to the Whigs, by warning him against Tory connexions. The minister had, in truth, only waived his hatred in deference to Melusinda, Duchess of Kendal; that hatred, which still fresh in 1719, had drawn from him, in allusion to Harley's acquittal, the indignant words: "His rival in 'guilt and power even now presumes to expect an act of the legislature to indemnify him, and to qualify his villany.'" The same far-sighted fear of finding in the reinstated political scapegoat a rival, which is said to have prompted Pitt's unsympathetic assent to the impeachment of Warren Hastings, may have confirmed his dislike to the man, once leader of the Tories, the future leader of the Whigs. On the whole, his reception was so chilling as quickly to despatch him back to the shores of La Source. Not till the 25th of May, 1725, durst his friends move his restoration in fortune. Then the bribed court (the Duchess received for her share 11,000*l.*) only extorted a sullen acquiescence from the premier by the menace of dismissal. His Parisian friends contributed not a little to the result. They had lamented his departure in 1723, but they used all their influence to effect his complete restitution. Two visits were paid by the Marquise de Villette to England; and, in the latter, he succeeded in buying the good offices of George's ugly mistress. Besides, his foreign friends procured him information of court secrets, highly serviceable to the envoy, Horace Walpole. The latter, the minister's brother, applauded himself for having got all he could, 'without having given to St. John any handle to become the negotiator of his Majesty's affairs.' Lord Townshend, whom it enabled to triumph over Carteret, was more grateful; and the Abbé Alary, founder of the Entresol, like all French societies of the period, a social, philosophical, politico-literary reunion, exerted his influence on a visit to England in the same cause. What so many wished was at last granted to the active mediation of Harcourt, become a Whig in 1721, but still mindful of

the merry dinners at which the early policy of the Harley Cabinet used to be initiated. The Whigs, on the one side, roused themselves to oppose the motion, under the leadership of Onslow, Methuen, and Powlett, though Walpole, without any affectation of magnanimity, intimated to his adherents that their enemy was to be excluded for ever from office and Parliament. On the other, the memory of long severed associations brought over to the side of clemency, spite of their Jacobite chiefs, Musgrave and Sebright, the mass of those country gentlemen whom his voice had once woke to victory. The motion passed by a majority of 231 to 113. Bolingbroke was at length free to begin the world again; after being tired out, he writes to Swift, 'with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, and with nine years of autumnal promises and vernal excuses.' Still shut out from Parliament, the natural sphere of his talent, he made it his profession to be a Meccenas to men of letters, and the pattern country gentleman, as in the old days, when he presided at the October Club, to his neighbours at Dawley; but to his political friends a secret counsellor, who held in his hands the strings of many a Parliamentary struggle. Such a life was not perhaps altogether unsuited to him. It offered opportunities for that personal intercourse which ensured his personal influence. Accordingly, we soon find his sway equally acknowledged by Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, among literary men, and by Windham's political following, as among the philosophers of the *Entresol*. Swift himself came to England, for the first time since his friend's banishment, to do him homage. It was something to be able so to attract a person, who had the fame of being the best loved man in Ireland, and who brought over a manuscript destined to overshadow the reputation of the Drapier's letters themselves. Another writer of an influence which was yet almost of the future, but of a yet more pre-eminent power to change a nation's spirit than even the author of *Gulliver*, soon joined the circle. We have already mentioned the fervour of Voltaire's respect for St. John. Observation of the universality of the admiration conceived for his hero at home, did not diminish his enthusiasm. It is to the contagion of that intellect that is owing the infusion of an English tone into Voltaire's works, which, it may be, contributed to their immense popularity in France, and, perhaps, to the continental idea of English society illustrated by the account in the '*Philosophical Dictionary*' of doctrines held by Lord Cowper (Bolingbroke's political adversary) on the subject of marriage; '*Il est public en Angleterre, et on voudroit le nier en vain, que le Chancelier Cowper épousa deux femmes, qui vécurent ensemble dans sa maison avec une concorde singulière qui fit honneur à*

‘tous trois. Plusieurs curieux ont encore le petit livre que ce ‘Chancellor composa en faveur de la polygamie.’

Without deserting this literary society, the devotee of rural leisure soon hurried into the strife of politics. Walpole, he conceived, by withholding his readmission into Parliament, had forfeited all title to gratitude. He felt too that Walpole's fear of rivalry would produce in him an instinctive aversion to the co-operation of him especially, who, having begun as the client of Harley, had ended as his supplanter and foe. The Tories, on the other hand, from their Jacobite predilections, even though good subjects of George, were no party for the man who had insulted the Chevalier. A way was opened by that same jealous and despotic temperament of the Premier, which made him reject the aid of so experienced a statesman, for the return of the latter to public life, without open coalition, either with Whigs, or with Tories. The Opposition, headed by Windham, a Tory, and once a Jacobite, and by Pulteney, an old Whig, and ancient enemy of St. John, was founded on a basis broad enough for any principles. In fact, its sole and sufficient principles seemed to be hostility, savage and uncompromising, to the ‘sole minister,’ the ‘grand corruptor.’ He himself furnished a sufficiency of topics by disdaining to veil men's corruptness, or to hide his belief that all men have their price. The honour of the nation sold by the Government, to avoid financial embarrassments, which might disgust the people, and put power, along with the public purse, into the hands of the Commons; the principles of liberty, and deliverance from the thralldom of a Cabinet, which yet appears to have guarded carefully against violating private rights, though not cautious enough of hurting the self-respect of partisans or enemies; these were the grievances under which Bolingbroke sheltered private spleen and ambition. As Windham, the head of the remnant of these old cavaliers, who had ruled in the beginning of Charles II.'s Long Parliament, the Tories of sentiment, not the Conservatives, not the men of reflection and statecraft, who had been represented by the Nottinghams, father and son, so Pulteney's classic wit and eagerness of temper shone in the van of the Whig revolvers. Their leader had long been the chief friend of Walpole, even after the latter had so far forgotten the fidelity which carried his brother minister into opposition with him in 1717, as, on his return to power, to insult him with the offer of a peerage, and with the place of Cofferer of the Household. Pulteney had cause to think, with Bolingbroke, of Walpole, as a man, who ‘had usurped on his fellows, by wriggling, intriguing, whimpering, and bargaining himself into the post to which he was not called by the general suffrage, nor perhaps

'by the deliberate choice of his master himself.' The principle of union among these disaffected politicians had, throughout, been unity of wrongs and of interests. It was the lot of their new colleague, who had been insulted by the chief of the party, in whose cause he had been politically and socially a martyr, to explain what the theory of Government was, which they believed their conduct in opposition illustrated. That the dominant faction should not look upon all things from this one point of view; that the party which had carried the nation with it in one enterprise, should not assume that all its own objects were national ones; that, finally, though the will of the majority must prevail, the majority at any particular time is not to deem itself possessed of a '*jus divinum*' to oppress its adversaries,—are the doctrines which lie at the root of all his later political life. By retrospective reference to them (as he had no doubt often salved his conscience then), he now excused the earlier stages of his wild career as a statesman. For the present, he attacked ministers, and not the sovereign, according to the modern constitutional text, only that he represented them, not as instruments of the sovereign's will, but usurping tyrants over both him and the nation. The dynasty he accepted as an accomplished fact, though the deductions from the fact of its establishment he attempted to demonstrate should be rejected. It was as a writer, as the author of a series of brilliant leading articles, that he did his part in the active struggle, though meanwhile Opposition was indebted for many a clever Parliamentary manœuvre to the inventiveness of the same energetic spirit. To his pen, Pulteney's organ, the '*Craftsman*,' commenced in 1726, owed its most stimulating passages; as witness those letters by '*An Occasional Writer*,' in the February of 1727, on the subject of the Spanish quarrel.

All this time he had not declared open war with Walpole, whose neutrality had been an essential condition of his return. But, besides fierce attacks on him, through the press, he was incessantly intriguing against him with the Duchess of Kendal, who was jealous of the sway of any one over her lover. Fortunately for the minister, the days when a mistress's favour could make or unmake a statesman had passed away with the Sarahs and Abigails of Anne's reign. It was the defect of St. John, as a politician, that he loved such crooked schemes; and all his experience conduced but to increase his constitutional belief in the efficacy of the '*deus ex machina*' of royal closets. He had observed cabinets changed and exchanged, from neglect of attention to these minutiae, when a ruler at home. The Court of Louis XIV., and the Regency, had taught, not untaught, him this faith. When the long-solicited interview,

long sought in vain, at length granted with the consent of Walpole to the interested prayers of the Duchess, turned out a complete failure; when St. John found the King unable to comprehend the benefits of emancipation from a minister, the main support of the Act of Settlement, who relieved him of the entire care of government, attended to his solicitude for Hanover, and paid him his revenue regularly,—baffled, though not despairing, he patiently set himself to weave another net, and, this time, for the heir apparent. He began to concert measures for forming a ‘patriotic’ ministry with Lord Chesterfield, the guide and adviser of that little Court. Once more his plans were disappointed, even though formed with the most plausible prospects of success. He had thought that the main object was to conciliate the mistress. Lady Suffolk was admitted the lady-patroness of the entire politico-literary clique. She became Pope’s muse, and Swift’s correspondent. The King died. Walpole gave way to Sir Spencer Compton, the speaker. All Opposition was triumphing, when, lo! it began to be whispered, that to the wife, and not the mistress, to the philosophical, or rather metaphysical Caroline of Anspach, was to be entrusted, virtually, the conduct of affairs. Walpole in a few days resumed his places and influence, and Bolingbroke, in despair, withdrew to his farming and hunting.*

Never did there exist a more resolute and persevering mind, along with equal vivacity and ardour. The disappointment of his conspiracy with Lady Suffolk, as formerly with the Duchess of Kendal, did not make him relax his efforts in the ‘*Craftsman*.’ There an animated style, resembling—if the reader can conceive the commixture—Johnson tempered with Addison, oratorical and slightly rhetorical, with a good deal of satirical wit, but, too often, with an insinuation or a metaphor in the place of argument, bore its due fruits after eight tedious years. What strikes us now in his dissertations, is a certain want of speciality, a vagueness, that is, in the topics of declamation, which sometimes enunciates an universally received maxim, in lieu of convicting his one mighty adversary of the violation of it, and sometimes rings the changes on some triviality, without demonstrating the impolicy of the end which it subserved. William Stanhope’s peace with Spain, in 1729, was quite in accordance with the general views, and acknowledged by himself to be so, of the negotiators of the peace of Utrecht; yet he marshals a most elaborate series of attacks upon special details in the preliminaries. His genius was better fitted for tracing some great general idea throughout the meanderings of a cabinet’s whole policy. This talent shines out conspicuously in the series of letters published in the ‘*Craftsman*,’ under the signature of

Humphrey Old-Castle, entitled, 'Remarks on the History' of England.' There he endeavours to prove that, in the annals of our country, the spirit of liberty and the spirit of faction have never coexisted; that, therefore, the administration, in complaining of the seditious and querulous tone of public feeling, as manifested by the Opposition press, was, in effect, condemning the tyranny of its own rule. It is strange that M. de Rémusat should express surprise at the fact of such sentiments proceeding from the late leader of the Tories, as though that party, subsequently to the Revolution, had been Conservative, interested in maintaining the existing state of things; *i.e.* in securing the power of their opponents. It evinces how necessary it always is to consider how the relative position of circumstances and doctrines may have changed, before we can discover the clue in a maze of apparently contradictory tenets. In the 'Dissertation on Parties,' republished in 1735, with a dedication to Walpole, he pleads with all parties, that they should unite in one common opposition. He argues that the marks of separation are, in effect, only of antiquarian interest, though revived, and treated as realities, by an administration which found its safety in dividing its adversaries; bribing some, persecuting others. A powerful Young England party, the Patriots, comprehending, with some brilliant exceptions (as Windham and Pitt), all condemned by the dictator's harsh decree to serve their country, and not the King, rallied under him and Pulteney, and accepted his essays as the exposition of their principles. They learned, under his auspices, to declaim against the man and the system whence sprang 'the tyranny of faction by Whigs, 'factiously for the Government, and Tories factiously and rebelliously against it.' Perfect independence of political theory is compatible with a combination for the destruction of a cabinet which equally ignores all theories. Not till that object has been attained is the impracticability of holding the reins of power, with an infinity of open questions, discovered.

It was not likely that Walpole would submit quietly to all these savage attacks. Pulteney's personalities had almost provoked a duel; but St. John's invectives against individuals, as impersonating vicious principles, irritated him no less, from the associations of a lifetime of rivalry. He was not himself a man of letters; without taste for it himself, he could not conceive the existence of it in other men. Swift he did, indeed, once invite to dinner: but he dozed while the Dean argued. So all the *beaux esprits* of the period were treated by him. Writers, he thought, could be bought like votes, when the occasion came. The consequence was, that the strongest ministry ever known in England, and which more resembles

the French government of Richelieu, and Mazarin, and Fleury, or the Spanish of Ximenes and Alberoni, than anything we are acquainted with, has been traduced to posterity, though with a cause by no means indefensible, and that by the miserable apologies of their own hireling panegyrists. The finest geniuses of the time sought the munificent patronage of Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, and (the to them only generous) Pulteney. The Premier retaliated by vague charges of sedition, and the true ones of selfishness and disappointed ambition. In Parliament he could defend his own cause manfully against the phalanx of the 'Craftsman' in the Commons, and the 'Rumpsteak and Liberty Club' in the Lords. (See Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 19.) Windham might bring forward motions of censure, and Pulteney, his Whig coadjutor, thunder against 'the monster, the many-headed monster, Excise!' He could always parry the attack, with more or less open menaces directed against the hidden worker of the machinery. Twice did Windham lead the onslaught. Twice did the minister pass by the weaker foe, and strike at the traitorous anti-minister, whose Parliamentary agent, as it were, Windham was. It was a desperate conflict. The majority of 125 on the former occasion diminished, by gradual desertions, all through the long struggle for turning out ministers, till finally it had dwindled to sixty-one on the first reading of the Excise Bill, and, on the second reading, to sixteen. One other such victory would have destroyed him. But Walpole was obstinate in nothing but in clinging to office. He did not care to injure himself, because men would not let themselves be benefited: the third reading was postponed. His majority rose again, on the debate for repealing the Septennial Act, to sixty-five. This was a measure too democratic for the old Whiggism of Pulteney, one of the chief agents in passing the original Bill. It was forced on the Opposition by Bolingbroke; and his friends among the Tories, Bromley, St. Aubyn, and Windham, bore the brunt of the battle. In this famous discussion, in rejoinder to the noble picture sketched by the latter, of a nation with an automaton king, a king Log, and tyrant minister, Walpole drew the companion portrait of 'the mock patriot.' 'Suppose,' he exclaimed, 'this fine gentleman lucky enough to have gained over to his party some persons really of fine parts, of ancient families, or of great fortunes; and others of desperate views, arising from disappointed and malicious hearts; all these gentlemen, with respect to their political behaviour, moved by him, and by him solely; all they say, either in private or public, being only a repetition of the words he has put into their mouths, and a spitting out that venom which he has infused into them; and yet we may suppose this leader really not liked

‘ by any even of those who so blindly follow him, and hated by all the rest of mankind. We will suppose this anti-minister to be in a country where he really ought not to be, and where he could not have been but by the effect of too much goodness and mercy, yet endeavouring, with all his might and all his art, to destroy the foundation from whence that mercy flowed. In that country suppose him continually contracting friendships and familiarities with the ambassadors of those countries which at the time happened to be most at enmity with his own; and if, at any time it should happen to be for the interest of any of those foreign ministers to have a secret revealed to them, which might be highly prejudicial to his native country, suppose this foreign minister applying to him, and he answering, “I will get it you; tell me but what you want, and I will endeavour to procure it for you;” upon this he puts a speech or two in the mouth of some of his creatures or new converts, and what he wants is moved for in Parliament. . . . Let us, further, suppose this anti-minister to have travelled, and at every court where he was, thinking himself the greatest minister, and making it his trade to reveal the secrets of the court where he had before been, void of all faith or honour, and betraying every master he ever served.’ But the dissolution could no longer be deferred; and the Opposition were mentally arranging their new cabinet, and St. John planning the resumption of his long-interrupted Parliamentary career.*

The dissolution came. The new House met; and, to the consternation of their foes, the divisions showed that ministers still had an assured preponderance. Bolingbroke perhaps feared to provoke the realization of the threats thrown out so darkly against him; perhaps he despaired of eventual success; perhaps his fortune could no longer support the position of, at once, a patron of literature and a party-leader. At all events, he resolved upon withdrawing himself for a time from England. At fifty-seven he found himself still half an outlaw, with his means impoverished, the gay witty mistress he had married in France old, and sickly, and querulous, and the mighty coalition, into which he had infused a principle of union, ready to fall to pieces from hopelessness. The Tory section still recognised his aid, and with gratitude; but Pulteney and the Whigs were willing to forget their obligation. Pulteney himself found his ascendancy diminished by his contrast with a loftier spirit, and with a man never contented with an inferior, or even an equal rank. The Whigs were frightened by the scandal of their alliance with one whose old treason still left its stigma upon him, in the shape of civil disabilities; against whom a minister could launch, without any internal evidence of

improbability, strange charges of actual correspondence with the enemies of our country. At all events, he was either an absolute and uncompromising Radical, a species of politician never much loved by the old Whigs, or, at best, a partisan still of the Tory and Jacobite principles, though no Jacobite himself, and even a professed hater of the Tories. He himself assigned for the cause of his retirement, a craving for literary leisure and rural pleasures, without attempting to disguise his vexation at the seeming impregnability of his opponent's position. But he also complains, in 1739, to Lord Polwarth, that, at this time, 'certain persons, who had supported themselves on his exertions, thought his name and, much more, presence in Britain, did them mischief.'

Chanteloup, or, as he writes it, Chantelou, a famous château in Touraine, was his favourite place of residence; but he also possessed a hunting lodge, Argeville, on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau, of which a near relative of his wife was ranger. There he read, and wrote, or followed the chase with the royal hounds. Pope speaks of his life, while there, with enthusiasm. There must have been some strange fascination about a man who could gather round him so many of the greatest minds of the age, and keep them his fast friends in prosperity and misfortune. He of whom Swift, and Pope, and Voltaire, wrote, not only with admiration, but respect and affection, must have had some peculiar grandeur of genius to counterbalance the allowed fitfulness of his temper. The life itself which he led, with the earnestness with which he could throw himself into every different pursuit which circumstances recommended to him, shows a certain largeness of nature and spontaneity of intellect, which quite explain the zeal of contemporaries to do him honour. He possessed, above all, that undoubting self-reliance—a quality, perhaps, inseparable from his great mental activity—which so impresses us in his friend Swift and Napoleon the Great. He had been a student of philosophy after the manner of men of literary tastes. Now, he began to apply his thoughts more exclusively, he writes to a friend, in, March, 1741, 'to those abstract meditations whose objects are generals and not particulars,' to wean them from sombre reveries, or schemes of ambition disappointed, and years spent in vain. The pursuit of philosophy was, after all, we may well believe, not a mere veil to hide, but a means of dispelling or healing his chagrin. This result, it is to be hoped, was more perfectly achieved than the design of teaching the world. In the intervals of the chase, he undertook the composition of a work, which should set at rest all the more doubtful questions of metaphysics, and cut away all debatable ground,

through the simple method of demonstrating the nullity of the subject as a science. Most readers will be satisfied with forming their judgment as to the extent of his success, in this bold but common enterprise of amateur philosophers, from a perusal of Pope's 'Essay on Man.' It was deliberately written to embody the conclusions of those infallible processes of reasoning, which were to be fully, with all their steps, drawn out in prose by the teacher. Little that is new occurs, either in the noble verse of the disciple, or the equally fine diction of the master. Shaftesbury had already anticipated the praises of universal order, which so often indicate a tendency towards deism. The two rather prematurely congratulate each other on having at last thought out all the principles of the Theatine truth. They very unwarrantably assume that the assent of the great Dean of S. Patrick's had been given to their conclusions.

While his literary adherents were stimulating his researches in the bewildering circles of metaphysics, his political friends naturally called for some work, which might, from behind the transparent *Ægis* of history, affright Walpole with the stony visage of Impeachment. Indeed, his relations with the Opposition had at no time been altogether interrupted. The correspondence with the chiefs went on vigorously; and the secession from Parliament, carried out, but scarcely to the advantage of the party, as secessions never are, in 1739, had been planned from of old by him. The occasion which they did seize, the insignificance of ministers' majority on the address of congratulation for the convention with Spain, rather, he thought, called for an appeal to the country at large; but he was decidedly opposed to Pulteney's opinion, that the declaration of war with the same nation furnished a decent pretext for returning to the House. Once a professional politician, always one, is a truth illustrated in every age and people. With an affectation of regret, the veteran statesman resumed his political lucubrations. The 'Letters on the Study and Use of History' was a work which had apparently been suggested by Lord Chesterfield, the chief counsellor of Leicester House, when George II. was Prince of Wales, and was addressed to Lord Cornbury, whose influence was great over the present occupant. The inhabitants of Leicester House, once firm 'patriots,' had perfidiously adopted the sentiments of their new residence, when they migrated to St. James's. Now, the old house was tenanted by a new Court, which followed the time-honoured policy of the heir apparent of a new dynasty, and, as men untaught by experience hoped, with greater sincerity. In the 'Spirit of Patriotism,' Bolingbroke depicts to the Prince, in glowing colours, a great coal-

tion, in which parties should be merged, and men allowed to think for themselves while prosecuting, with all their energies, the few great common objects of all lovers of their country. In the second of the two letters to Lord Lyttelton, a confidant of the same Court, is drawn the portrait of the Patriot King, whose prerogative is limited by the willing obedience of a grateful nation, and not the selfish pride of a dominant faction in the creature of their policy.

About the same period he had visited England, but with an appearance of secrecy. His presence was barely known out of the circle of his immediate friends; nor did the spectacle of the state of things here make him think it advisable, as yet, to change his residence. In the seventh year of his scarcely voluntary exile, after a tumultuous session, Parliament was dissolved, and Walpole found himself in a minority, or what would have soon become so. He retired; and the contemporaneous death of his father, Viscount St. John, left Bolingbroke free in all ways, whether fear or poverty had induced his expatriation, to become once more an English citizen (February, 1742). He was an English citizen, but not an English peer; still less an English minister. The coalition which he had nourished up had in it no principle of union, when once the enemy was overpowered. Out of the office, all its sections and members had one common feeling, hatred to the holders of office; one common end, their subversion. But, that end attained, all community of sentiment and hopes disappeared. Each then had his list of positive desires to be gratified, no longer merely the negative passion of envy of others who could gratify theirs. They had accepted his co-operation in their need; they were not at all ready to share their prosperity with old enemies. Above all, the eloquence, and acuteness, and friendship, which were blended together in the fiery soul of Windham, about whom even adversaries confessed that 'everything seemed great,' had been already (in 1740) quenched in death. He who had lost so many parties never lost one true living friend; and, of all his friends, Windham had been the most tried, and found most faithful. Though a vehement adherent of the Stuart cause, he had made that no plea for deserting the ancient patron whom all factions delighted to make their scapegoat. •He was mainly instrumental in effecting his leader's restoration, and as loyally followed his counsels, when himself a chief in Parliament, as when a subordinate in Queen Anne's Cabinet. Well might his friend write, '*multis fortunæ vulneribus percussus huic uni me imparem sensi.*' He had been the link between the politician of a bygone generation and the politics of the present; and this link was now severed. In vain did St. John return home. He found no compensation

for his toils from his late companions. To this neglect has been unhesitatingly ascribed his discontent. It may have been so; it probably was in a great degree. Can we blame the worn-out statesman excessively for murmuring at such forgetfulness? But this is certain, that, if he had been the purest and the truest of patriots, he must still have cried out on men who, after having denounced ministers, whether rightly or wrongly, as a reproach to England, nay, to the human race, then, when the outworks--to use Bolingbroke's own metaphor--had been stormed, capitulated with the defenders; and, on this condition, that the miners and their under-workmen alone should enter in, and hold it *jointly with the garrison*;—yet worse, on the old terms, which had been the sole pretext for the assault, viz., acquiescence in the influence of Walpole, though now nominally fallen, and the interest of Hanover.

He found himself, whether from conviction or private disappointment, perhaps from both, forced again to betake himself to weaving those melancholy tissues of intrigues, which were always doomed, at the moment of consummation, to be swept away by some ordinary but unforeseen circumstance. It is wearying to contemplate so great a master of subtility, like a squirrel in a rolling cage, like the Danaides drawing water in sieves, or Sisyphus with his ever-relapsing rock, seeing the accomplishment just within his grasp, then suddenly put back. He might survey the fortunes of the old Duke of Leeds, Prime Minister both to Charles II. and William, never without some dormant impeachment overshadowing his name, yet climbing, through all the gradations, to the head of the peerage. He might meditate over the prosperity of his more immediate contemporary Sunderland, leader of the Tories and leader of the Whigs. He might even contrast himself, not so very unfavourably, with his late pamphleteering colleague, the former patriot, and 'Great Commoner' once, Pulteney, Earl of Bath. Of him Lord Marchmont writes, in 1744, that 'he was mustering a set of *honest* men, who should be free from the fury of the Opposition, and consult the interests of their country without regarding the favour or offers of the Court;' and, with what great object of constitutional or social reform? 'To intimidate the Court, so as to obtain the Garter.' Amid the general depravity of statesmen, Bolingbroke, who almost alone had got his deserts, chafed at his doom of perpetual disability, and thought it hard to have been singled out for acting but a few months as servant of the Prince, openly, with whom Marlborough, and Walpole himself, did not refuse to maintain a secret correspondence. There was some quality, however, in his disposition which prevented his ever retrieving a fall. There was a restlessness, an

incapability of stooping out of notice, till the gust of unpopularity had passed over, a taste for tacking in the tempest, without caring whether he made any way or no, instead of putting in till the approach of calmer weather. This temperament made the one false move fatal, since it kept him continually before the public in the light of an inveterate enemy determined on revenge. Even on the formation of the 'Broad Bottom' administration, in 1744, when he had taken up his abode for good at Battersca, he soon discovered that Chesterfield, though delighting in his wit and acuteness, did not care to act with him in politics; that the feeling which prompted the Earl's exclamation on the discrepancies in his friend's character, 'Alas! poor human nature!' proceeded from a general idea of the politician's instability. It was rather needless to repeat so emphatically to him, his 'joy in the privacy, to which circumstances and his own desire had reduced him; and that all he had to request of those who had come into power, was that he might enjoy the private life he was in,' without being exposed to what he calls *avaux*. It can be more readily credited that Pitt, though an ardent admirer of the 'inimitable beauty of style' in Old-Castle's remarks, could briefly describe the person who ventured to lecture him as 'a pedantic old man who quarrelled with his wife.' Pitt was of a higher and more generous spirit than all his cotemporaries. He did not understand that '*astutia Italiana*,' which the other had studied so exactly, and urged so cunningly; nor did the latter, on the other hand, comprehend that boldness of conception and singleness of policy, which were soon to astonish Europe. All this energy he set down to passion and anger against individuals, not to the confidence of original genius, and a detestation of minute intrigues. He saw only that his junior 'of fair parts, but narrow, did not know much of the world, was a little too dogmatical and extremely supercilious.' He writes bitterly, that, when he was a young man, Sir Edward Seymour and Musgrave heard him with more deference than he had done; and that 'the coalition, which neither Lord Chesterfield nor Mr. Pitt had formed, but himself alone, younger men wished to manage and control.'

We cannot, perhaps, look upon the relations of statesmen, especially at times of such political vicissitudes, from the same point of view with cotemporaries. The very succession of persevering exertions, though with ever the eventual disappointment, which forces us, when contemplating the political history of the period, to end with admiring and pitying this statesman, whom we can very seldom approve, would naturally produce the contrary effect upon adversaries whose own power was in momentary danger from those patient yet fierce assaults. It is

too easy a thing for posterity to be generous. But it does seem implacable, and even unwise, in the enemies of such a man, not to have relented at last towards the ruling spirit of Queen Anne's reign, and of the thirty following years. As it was, his position was high in Europe. He was a patriarch among politicians; and recognised as a Destroyer of Cabinets, though so long himself excluded. Possessed of a competent estate by the death of his father, at nearly ninety, in 1742, and of pre-eminent fame, he might have ended his days in a state of literary Epicureanism. Though an under-current in his mind of regret for his disqualification never ceased to flow, his was not a nature to pine away with craving for one sort of nourishment refused. Round him at Battersea, as on the banks of the Loiret, at Chanteloup, the purlieus of Fontainebleau, and at Dawley, gathered all the most eminent in the ranks of the old Opposition. Marchmont was there, always formidable, though excluded from Parliament by the barren honour of a Scotch peerage; and Chesterfield, whose letters have come down to an age which has proved the fond predictions of his friend, a far greater man, respecting the durability of his own works, false; and, sometimes, Pitt; and, often, Murray, afterwards greatest of Chief Justices. There he dictated to his intimates their political and philosophical creeds, sometimes hearkened to, and sometimes not, but always with an eloquence which never lost its force or colour. There he watched the progress of plots from which he was excluded, and wondered at the veneration of England for Pitt, when he himself was neglected; and from thence he beheld the growth of Wesley's and Whitfield's influence, without the clue which might have enabled him to comprehend the cause. (Marchmont Papers, vol. ii.)

Unhappily for his tranquillity, he had been born with a love of glory and predominance, which the great calamity of his life, and the catastrophe of his subsequent schemes, soured into an insatiable suspicion of the sincerity of the flattery which his vanity courted, and his genius always made plausible. The want of candour, which he had learned in his misfortunes, rendered him, in this season of comparative prosperity, prone to account for men's actions by some bad motive. If not a Cabinet Minister, he yet had always been able to govern the mind of Pope; and had often, for his use, meditated rhetorical arguments against the discussions of Warburton. One of his chief employments, on his return to England in the winter of 1743, was the confirming his sovereignty over the poet's convictions. He, in return, most querulous and most timid of men though he was, passionately adored the genius of St. John. He had also a real love for his philosophy, but a yet more vehement

fear, of popular disapprobation. The history of the conflict in his mind between trust in the orthodoxy of Warburton, and reverent admiration of the brilliant deist, has been often recounted. M. de Rémusat labours successfully to prove, that all his astonishment at discovering the real tendency of the opinions, of which he had in the 'Essay on Man' become the mouthpiece, was assumed. The 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' perceived, and indulged the defects in his admirer's character. It was with his consent that the latter infused that ambiguity and vagueness into the doctrine of his poems, which made it possible for Warburton to defend them. We are certainly not obliged to adopt, in explanation of the enmity shown by the survivor to his deceased friend's memory, Warburton's hostile suggestion, that Bolingbroke had long sought, and at last counterfeited an occasion for avenging Pope's manifest depreciation of his arguments. Something more than hypothesis is requisite to convert the pathos of the death-bed scene, and the affectionate tone of a long correspondence, into an unnaturally hideous exhibition of hypocrisy. Bolingbroke's rage was excited (and justly, though not to the extent in which he indulged it) at finding that his friend had been induced, by what we cannot but deem avarice, to have 1500 copies struck off secretly from the manuscript of the 'Patriot King,' entrusted to his care, instead of a score or so, according to agreement, for private distribution. The breach of confidence on the part of the poet in having altered parts, both of this pamphlet and the 'Letters on Patriotism,' and, moreover, having shown them to Warburton, the author's chief philosophical antagonist, and, to his obvious vexation, his disciple's literary executor, exasperated him still more. His vanity was alarmed; certainly his temper was not soothed by finding how coldly the compositions in question were received even by old fellow-workers, as Lyttelton and Pitt, now become friends of Walpole's friends, when republished with an introduction by Mallet, detailing Pope's perfidy.

But, though conscious of the little direct effect he produced on the national councils, he could never entirely forget politics, nor resign the excitement of State intrigues. We view him watching with eager interest every change in the administration, and contented with none; bewailing the impending ruin of England from the increase of the national debt, and criticising the policy of our wars, in 'Reflections on the State of the Nation,' composed in 1749. Again, we observe his genius for management carrying him, spite of all his protestations five years before, of a determination to retire for good and all from the world, into all the agitations and mazes of Leicester House manoeuvres, and into attempting to guide the youthful Prince as he had the reigning

King, in the vain hope of being borne back, with the accession of his pupil, into his old honours, and even the exchange of the titular earldom, conferred by the Pretender, for the much coveted family title, for the denial of which he still owed a grudge to Harley. With the death of Frederick, in 1751, ended at last all his hopes and all his schemes for a complete restoration. His own days were numbered. Himself gradually pining away under a cancer in the face, and other acute maladies, he had the additional misery of seeing his wife, the Marquise de Villette, 'the comfort of his life in all its melancholy scenes,' of whom he never speaks without love and affection, go before him. Thus, with old friends dead, and even the memory of their friendship embittered, but with the ardent feelings of youth still alive, with the consciousness of glorious gifts, which had only accomplished one great work, the Peace of Utrecht, but with a habit of accounting for his failures by an excessive confidence in the loyalty of his associates, the statesman, who seemed to link together the twilight age of the Stuarts and the grey dawn of the more prosaic modern times, dropped into his grave. He left a space in the literature and politics of his day, which, at the moment, attracted more notice and more emotion than had attended upon his later living efforts; but which was soon closed up with new men and new interests. 'It is strange,' says an American author, 'that, of all the events which constitute a person's biography, there is scarcely one—none certainly of anything like a similar importance—to which the world so easily reconciles itself as to his death.'

It is painful, after dwelling upon the sad annals of the closing years of a great man's life, to be forced to conclude with the proof of mingled vanity and fear of popular reprobation afforded by the bequest of his philosophical MSS. to Mallet for posthumous publication. His vanity is manifested in not having the heart to suppress such brilliant evidences, as he most certainly esteemed them, of his powers of reasoning and breadth of thought; his cowardice, in that he was not ashamed, according to Dr. Johnson's indignant expressions, 'to leave half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to pull the trigger,' though he had not nerve to do it himself. Could he have replied to this accusation, he would have probably argued, as on a similar occasion, that his writings were 'a vindication of reason against philosophy, religion against divinity, and God against man;' that he 'not only disowned, but detested the character of *esprit fort*, a character usually applied to them 'whom he looked upon as the pests of society.' But, when we search deeper, we discover his defence of religion was a maintenance of the government of the world by general laws alone,

without the intervention of any particular providences, and that he advocated the encouragement of religion as a matter of police, 'as a curb in the mouth of that wild beast, man, whom it would be well if we could check by half a score others.' (Letter to Swift, 1724). With the same plea, no doubt, to his own conscience, he attended his parish church at Battersea, and held forth, to the admiration of his parishioners, that 'quarto Common Prayer-book, fit for a decorous lord of the manor,' which we find him commissioning a correspondent to purchase for his use. There is some consolation in knowing that the bequest turned out most unprofitable to the literary executor. It was not so much, we fear, conscientiousness and disgust, which caused these writings to accumulate dust, but rather the want of that adventitious incentive to curiosity, which partisanship to a living statesman supplies in reference to performances out of his beaten track. Horace Walpole need scarcely have complained, that the cause of Moses and S. Paul was taken up fiercely by men who had applauded the author's patriotism, philosophy, and heroism, when he broke the ties of friendship, and plotted against his benefactors. The publisher's balance sheet is the true and mortifying measure of the success of his attack upon revealed religion. With this before them, his friends and fellow-thinkers could hardly have felt contented with the signs of public attention afforded by the refutation of Warburton, the presentment by the grand-jury of Middlesex of the works in question for a bill of libel, the prosecution commenced by the Archbishop of Canterbury against the printer and editor, and the address of the London clergy to the King against the publication of dangerous and irreligious books. The dissertations themselves, apart from the author's name, are destitute of all merit, even of the force of reasoning and subtilty which Hume's essays so prodigally display; of all except the grave dignity of style and correctness of emphasis, which never fails. Their composition and publication are chiefly worthy of remark as closing in England the epoch of systematic and avowed deism. Bolingbroke had been the centre of a strong literary and political party, which accepted his conclusions without disdaining to observe enough of outward respect for religion to avoid scandal. They pretended to reverence Christianity as an institution well adapted for maintaining order. With Hobbes, they looked upon it as an useful machine of discipline; or, according to Hume's more guarded confession, as suitable for repressing that great stumbling-block of the tranquillity of the upper classes, fanaticism, in the lower. But, with a truer insight into the wants of human nature than those colder intellects, they sought to construct in the place of dogmas, which they were too

proud to take upon authority, a shadowy scheme of natural piety. Voltaire recognises Bolingbroke from this point of view as the philosopher of the eighteenth century. His name yet lives on the Continent as that of a master in the school of unbelief. The love of virtue for virtue's own sake, which he inculcated, was, in his teaching, too vague a principle to coerce men's passions, or satisfy their affections. The positive part of his system has been long forgotten, the negative and destructive is still remembered. He was a sceptic in philosophy, and a sceptic in politics, with too much vanity to swim with the tide, and too little conscientiousness and too great an impatience of obscurity to bide his time, till the tide turned. For a man of great administrative genius, few spheres could have been more discouraging than an atmosphere of perpetual conspiracy; for vanity like his, no retribution more humiliating than the utter neglect which, the fear of vengeance and the motives of curiosity once removed, attended the cherished offspring of his leisure.

ART. VI.—*The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By M. F. MAURY, L.L.D., U.S.N., Superintendent of the National Observatory. An entirely New Edition, with Addenda. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1857. Pp. 360.

MOST of the elder part of the present generation can remember the time when geography was one of the dullest and most uninteresting of the lessons they had to learn. And it is no wonder that it was so, when one considers the mode in which it was taught, and the books from which it had to be learned. It seemed, in fact, to be but a dry catalogue of names of rivers, towns, cities, mountains, gulfs, lakes, peninsulas, &c., without any help afforded to the memory of the reader by reference to other branches of knowledge, either for the explanation of the meaning of the terms used, or for exhibiting the influence that physical conformations have had on the state of society in general, and the condition of those people who have at different times occupied the different regions of the earth. We can well remember when it was thought too great an indulgence to be allowed to say a geography lesson with the map before the learner's eyes, and when, indeed, a map was by no means thought an indispensable adjunct to a book on this subject. It may easily be supposed that the amount of knowledge acquired in this way was neither great, nor easily retained in the memory; it consisted, for the most part, of a catalogue of names of places, and the nearest approach to things of human interest was made in the enumeration of the imports and exports of the different countries into which the globe was divided. We believe the philosophy of the subject never reached so far as to give the reasons why great towns are usually placed upon some large river.

Certainly, things are considerably changed since the commencement of the present century; and if there is, as cannot be well denied, a good deal of dabbling in science, we must confess that there are some subjects even of a scientific nature, with which we would rather people had a superficial acquaintance than none at all. And perhaps in no subject has so complete or so satisfactory a change taken place, as in that of which we are speaking. Moreover, the subject has become popular in proportion as it has become deeper; its results are so immediately practical, that almost all classes of society are interested in them, and perhaps even to children in a parochial school this may be made the most interesting of all the subjects taught.

Even the mere names of the great divisions of the science belong to the present century; and such terms as physical, mathematical, and political geography, which are now known to everybody, were but a few years ago new even to scientific men. We need not here attempt to investigate how far the kindred subject of geology, by settling down into a definite science, has contributed to this result. The physical sciences must make progress together, and the more nearly akin they are to each other, the more will the advance of one affect the progress of another. And the particular science which we are now recommending to our readers may perhaps be considered to be one of the links which connect geography and geology; or at least must be said to be mainly indebted for its existence to the rapid progress which both these sciences have of late years made. We need not defend the title which it has adopted, which, we must confess, sounds to our ears somewhat like an Irish bull. We can only say that it has established itself with its present name, and that it would be much less easy to deprive it of the name which it has assumed than to enlarge the definition of geography to which we have been hitherto accustomed.

A few years ago we could have imagined a reader asking, What can there be to be known of the bed of the ocean? and how is it possible to learn anything about such a subject? and to what practical use could such knowledge be applied? These are questions which we may spare ourselves the trouble of saying anything more about at present, than barely to remind our readers, that perhaps before these pages meet their eyes, the eastern and the western world will have been united by the cable which is now being laid down between Ireland and Newfoundland—that it will be possible to transmit a message in an instant of time, from the Old to the New World—that an event which is chronicled as happening at noon on this side of the Atlantic, will simultaneously be recorded as happening a few hours earlier on the same day in the other hemisphere. Truly, the results of science are wonderful. We remember hearing an American in his own country making boast that he had telegraphed from California to New York, and had received his answer from his partner in the latter place in the course of the same day, the sum of money which he wrote for being paid into his hands only a few hours after he had asked for it. But probably even American sagacity would scarcely at that time have believed in the possibility of the same being done between two places separated from each other by the breadth of the Atlantic Ocean. Yet this is only one of the many practical advantages that have already resulted from the study of this juvenile science. For the interest which is generally taken in this subject, we have a

sufficient voucher in the fact that Lieutenant Maury's work, which we have placed at the head of this article, and of which we intend to give some account, has, in less than two years, reached its sixth edition. The treatise itself originated in an attempt made by its author to collect and chronicle the experiences of navigators as to the winds and currents of the ocean. Every one knows, in whatever department of life he may be employed, how dearly bought experimental knowledge frequently is; perhaps sailors, more than any other class of men, are exposed to the hazards attendant upon inexperience and ignorance. To remedy this state of things, and to supply the young navigator with that which he could not have of his own, 'The wind and current charts' were published. In them it was proposed to exhibit to the navigator the tracks of all vessels that had preceded him on the same voyage, with the winds and currents that had been met with at all the different seasons of the year, together with the temperature of the ocean, and the variations of the needle; and thus he might be enabled to set out on his first voyage with all the amount of experience he might have derived from having made the same voyage many times before. In stating the matter thus, we are estimating the advantages of such a chart at the lowest possible rate. It is obvious, that as time goes on, if a sufficient number of persons can be induced to co-operate in the work, these charts may furnish considerably more information than the experience of the longest life, even though spent in continually traversing the same path, could possibly supply. These charts were not long in attracting the attention of navigators, and all were invited to contribute their quota towards the bringing them nearer to perfection, an additional inducement being held out by the promise of a copy of the charts and sailing directions that might be founded upon the observations of any who would take the trouble to keep an abstract log of their voyage, and forward it to the Observatory at Washington. And thus the author tells us in his Introduction, there were in a little while more than a thousand navigators occupied incessantly over all parts of the ocean in making and recording observations upon a uniform plan, and thus adding to the amount of the knowledge we possess of the currents of the sea and other phenomena connected with the subject of physical geography. The important results thus elicited attracted the attention of the commercial world; and no wonder, when it is considered that amongst these results was the reducing the time of sailing from New York to California, from 183 to 135 days, and the consequent saving of a large per centage on the freight of goods, a saving which may be estimated at nearly one-fourth of the whole expense of transporting goods between those two

places. It was impossible that an undertaking which had already produced such good effects, and was sure to effect still greater results, should much longer remain a merely national concern; and accordingly in the year 1853, the Government of the United States proposed to the maritime states of Europe to hold a conference at Brussels, on the 23d of August, to take into consideration the advantages of a combination of all friendly nations for this purpose. Some other nations which were not represented at the conference have since offered their co-operation, and we are glad to think that, independently of any advantages that may accrue to science and commerce from this joint effort, it will tend in some degree to establish amicable relations between the different nations of the world. The observations are to be carried on alike in peace and in war; and in case any of the vessels in which such observations are being conducted should be captured, the abstract log is to be considered sacred.

It is scarcely possible to estimate the rapid progress which this science is destined to make, with such an immense number of observers stationed all over the sea,—the subject itself, too, possessing so large an amount of interest, and suggesting so ready a return for the labour bestowed upon it. The readers of this volume, therefore, will not be surprised to find the author speaking of his work as intended to show not merely the present state of the science, but its progress from time to time; nor, we hope, will its purchasers be annoyed at thinking that the value of the copy which they possess is gradually diminishing, as successive editions suggest new explanations of phenomena only half explained or erroneously interpreted before. Already the author speaks of having been obliged to revise his fifth edition, recasting parts, omitting other parts, and adding the results of fresh investigation. And in a postscript, dated December, 1856, he adds a piece of information, which at the present moment will be read with interest, that on the deep sea soundings along the great telegraphic plateau, stretching from Newfoundland to Ireland, there has been discovered a line of volcanic cinders, stretching for a thousand miles, and reaching entirely across the Gulf Stream where it is crossed by the submarine telegraph. A detailed account of this wonderful discovery has been thrown into the Addenda—from which it appears that the line of volcanic *débris* extends from about lat. 50°, long. 38°, to lat. 52°, long. 16°, and that about midway between the extreme points of longitude, *i.e.* about 27°, the volcanic matter is most abundant.

‘It was thought they might possibly be *steam-boat* ashes, as the steamers that ply between this country and Europe pass that way. Specimens of these

were obtained from the ash-pit of the "Baltic" and other sea-steamers, and examined through the microscope. The examination only satisfied the Professor still more completely as to the volcanic origin of the others.

'Thus the question is fairly presented, Where did these "Plutonic tallies" upon the current of the ocean come from? Did they come from the volcanoes of Mexico and Central America, which have been known to cast their ashes into the Gulf of Mexico, and even as far as the Island of Cuba? If so, the Gulf Stream would have strewed them along the coast of the United States. But specimens from the bed of the Gulf Stream off our coast have been obtained by the Coast Survey, and subjected to the microscope, and no volcanic cinders have been found in them. This negative fact, together with the positive one that they are heavier than the organic tallies which mark the foot-prints of the Gulf Stream as it travels across the ocean, seemed to place those volcanoes as the source of these cinders out of the question.

'Nor do I perceive by what channel they could be conveyed to the place where the deep sea apparatus fished them up, from any of the volcanoes that are now in activity. They were out of beat of the East Greenland current, and seemed to be too heavy to carry far. I, therefore, turned to the region of extinct volcanoes, and was immediately led to suspect the Western Islands as the probable source. The fact that the cinders were coarse and heavy in comparison with the shells among which they were found, is very suggestive, for it tends to confirm this conjecture. That no traces of volcanic action are found except in the deep trough of the Atlantic, would seem to indicate that in this part of the Gulf Stream they had, on their way to the north, sunk below the submarine step which leads up from the depth of the ocean to soundings off the Irish coast.

'These specimens—bits of down from the bed of the ocean—appear fully to confirm all that I have previously advanced concerning the bottom of the deep sea and the adaptation of this part of the Atlantic for a telegraphic cable. My investigations show, that the bottom is so free from currents and abrading agents, that a rope of sand, if once laid there, would be stout enough to withstand the pulling of all the forces that are at play upon the bottom of the deep sea. . . .

'The discovery of facts like these has proved of the greatest value to those concerned in establishing lines of submarine telegraph. The French Government, in ignorance of the status of the deep sea, has made two attempts to lay a cable from Sardinia to Algeria. There was failure each time, with great loss, for the cable was one of iron wire, of immense weight, and stout enough to hold the largest ship; but the currents and the storms parted it, or made it necessary for those on board to cut or perish. Its core was of gutta serena, in which were contained the conducting-wires.

'The systematic attempt to explore the depths of the sea, and to investigate its winds and currents, which has been inaugurated at the National Observatory, has brought to light the fact that the core alone, without the iron cable or any casing save that of the insulating material, is strong enough to resist all forces at the bottom of the sea; that the forces of the currents through which the cable has to sink, and while it is sinking, are the forces, and the only forces, which try its strength; and if resistance be offered, no cable, as the French have proved, is strong enough to withstand them and sink. It was a cable of this sort which was lost in the laying between Newfoundland and Cape Breton, during the summer of 1855. The currents of the sea are to be overcome not by resisting, but by yielding. The sea, if obstruction or resistance be offered to its waves, will dash the strongest works of man to pieces, and sport with the wreck like toys; while the tiny nautilus, by yielding to them, will defy the most violent ragings of the sea, and ride its billows triumphantly in the utmost fury of the storm.

So with the gutta percha core and its conducting-wire of copper: if it be paid out slack into the deep sea, so that it will yield to the currents,—drifting with them hither and thither, while it is sinking through them.—it will soon pass beyond their reach, and be lodged on the bottom without any the slightest trial of its strength.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company, availing itself of this principle, have, instead of attempting to span the ocean with a wire cable, which would require several ships to transport, wisely decided to use a single conducting thread of copper, or a fascicle of them, coated to insulation with gutta percha and properly protected. Instead of being, like the lost French cables of the Mediterranean, as large as a man's arm, this for the Atlantic will probably not be larger than his finger, and one vessel can carry enough to reach across and lay it out.

I speak with caution, and with a due sense of the responsibility I incur; but I think the researches and discoveries in this field warrant me in saying that there is no limit but the electrical one to the length of wires of submarine telegraph that may be established; that, in deep water, telegraphic wires may be laid across the Indian and Pacific Oceans, as well as across the Atlantic and Mediterranean; that they may be laid in any direction; that the expense of *laying* a thousand miles of telegraphic wire—for we should call it cable no longer—in the deep sea need not exceed the expense of stretching a wire of equal length over the land; and furthermore, that there is this difference in favour of the submarine telegraph: once at the bottom of the deep sea, there will be no wear and tear as for the renewal of posts, wires, and the like on the land, and no interruption of communication by storm and accident. In shallow water and "on soundings" there will be such liability. I speak alone of the *deep* sea, and upon the assumption that the durability of gutta percha is lasting, and its insulating powers proof against the hydrostatic pressure of the ocean.

Professor Morse has passed telegraphic signals through an unbroken wire "upward of 2,000 miles in length," at the rate of 270 per minute. This was passed through gutta percha coated wires underground. How far can they be passed through submarine wires? The answer to this question, and not the depth of the sea, will express and fix the limit of maximum length to lines of submarine telegraph.—Pp. 357—360.

But our readers will be asking the question how it is possible to ascertain the nature of the surface of the earth at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Our author has devoted one chapter to this subject, and we will endeavour to present as succinct and intelligible an account as we can of the methods employed.

Many attempts had been made in the English, French, and Dutch navies, to fathom the depths of the sea, before the commencement of the plan at present adopted in the American service; but these attempts were made upon the fallacious supposition, or at least in the hope, that the reaching of the bottom would be indicated by a shock felt at the moment when the lead should touch it, or by the line slacking and ceasing to run out. Several attempts had been made with lines of several miles in length, and scarcely one had been successful in discovering the bottom; whilst in one place, where the bottom had been reached with a line of 46,000 feet, another attempt with a

line of 50,000 feet was entirely unsuccessful. It appears that there is no reliance to be placed upon the communication of a shock at very great depths, and that the currents beneath the surface frequently exert a force sufficient to carry out the line when the weight attached to it has ceased to do so. The author thinks little reliance could be placed upon these methods where the depths reached were above 8,000 or 10,000 feet. Several other ingenious methods were adopted, but we need not weary the reader with accounts of inventions of which we need say no more than that on the score of ingenuity they deserved to be more successful than they have proved. The plan at present adopted in the American navy is substantially the same with these. Every vessel may be furnished, if it is desired, with sounding-twine, marked at every hundred fathoms, and wound on reels of 10,000 fathoms each; a ball of 32 or 68 pounds weight is used as a plummet, and is thrown overboard from a boat, being suffered to take the twine as fast as it can from the reel. The supposition was, that when the bottom was reached, the line would cease to run out, and thus by breaking the thread and measuring the quantity remaining on the reel it was thought the depth of the sea at any given place would be ascertained at the expense of the ball and the twine. But, as might perhaps have been anticipated, the currents entirely destroyed the efficiency of this method. Moreover, a further difficulty was experienced in the inability of the twine used to bear the tension, and accordingly a stronger line was afterwards used, after being subjected to the tension of a weight of sixty pounds freely suspended in air. Again it was found necessary to make the soundings from a boat which the men were to keep from drifting, with their oars. A remedy for one of these inconveniences was discovered; by timing the descent of each hundred fathoms, and thus establishing the law of descent, it became easy to distinguish between the effect of currents and the expenditure of thread caused by the descent of the plummet. An under-current would of course sweep the line out uniformly, whilst the plummet dragged it out at a decreasing rate. At the depth of 500 fathoms it would take nearly $2\frac{1}{4}$ minutes to descend through 100 fathoms, whilst at the depth of 1,000 fathoms it would take $3\frac{1}{4}$, and at the depth of 2,000 fathoms more than $4\frac{1}{4}$ minutes. This was important, as proving the negative proposition, that the depths were probably not so great as they had been reported; but it remained to ascertain what was the nature of the bed of the ocean—and a simple machine for this purpose was invented by a young midshipman of the American navy, and has been designated after his name, 'Brooke's deep-sea sounding apparatus.' In this instrument

the cannon-ball is pierced and a vertical shaft inserted, which projects both above and below. The ball is attached, by a thread which runs round it, to the upper end of this shaft. The thread hangs by a loop, which when the instrument strikes the bottom is easily disengaged, by the hook to which it is fastened turning upside down. At the lower end of the shaft is a cup containing soap or tallow, which brings up with it a portion of the surface which comes in contact with it; and in this way specimens of the ocean-bed have been raised from a depth of two miles; and the greatest depth in the North Atlantic that has been reached is about five miles.

One result of these measurements has been the establishment of the fact of a large plateau, extending between sixteen and seventeen hundred miles from Cape Clear, in Ireland, to Cape Race in Newfoundland, the depth of which is estimated to be in no place so great as ten or twelve thousand feet; and along this elevation, if so it may be called, the telegraph is at this moment in process of being laid down.

The specimens brought up have been subjected to microscopic investigation, and are pronounced to be, in every case, animal and not mineral. Professor Bailey, writing to the author, says—

‘I was greatly delighted to find that *all* these deep soundings are filled with microscopic shells; not a particle of sand or gravel exists in them. They are chiefly made up of perfect little calcareous shells (*foraminifera*), and contain also a number of silicious shells (*diatomacea*). It is not probable that these animals lived at the depths where these shells are found; but I rather think that they inhabit the waters near the surface, and when they die their shells settle to the bottom.’—P. 254.

One important conclusion may be drawn from the absence of sand or gravel from amongst these shells. This could not be the case, unless the waters at that depth were perfectly at rest, and hence the security we possess that the electric wire, once laid down upon this plateau, will remain there undisturbed.

The following passage is suggestive of a further use to which these infinitesimal shells may be turned,—

‘Now may not these shells, which were so fine and impalpable that the officers of the *Dolphin* took them to be a mass of unctuous clay—may not, I say, these, with other specimens of soundings yet to be collected, be all converted by the microscope into tallies for the waters of the different parts of the sea, by which the channels through which the circulation of the ocean is carried on are to be revealed?’

‘Suppose, for instance, that the dwelling place of the little shells which compose this specimen from that part of the ocean be ascertained, by referring to living types, to be the Gulf of Mexico, or some other remote region; that the *habitat* and the burial place, in every instance, be far removed from each other—by what agency, except through that of currents, can we suppose these little creatures—themselves not having the powers for more than a very restricted locomotion—to come from the place of their birth, or to travel to that of their burial?’

Man can never see—he can only touch the bottom of the deep sea, and then only with the plummet. Whatever it brings up thence is to the philosopher matter of powerful interest; for by such information alone, as he may gather from a most careful examination of such matter, the amount of human knowledge concerning nearly all that portion of our planet which is covered by the sea must depend.

‘Every specimen of bottom from the deep sea is, therefore, to be regarded as probably containing something precious in the way of contribution to the sources of human knowledge; and each as it is brought up will be viewed with increasing interest, and will suggest to us thoughts more and more profitable concerning the wonders of the deep.’—P. 260.

It would be impossible, within the limits of such an article as this, to convey to the reader’s mind any adequate idea of the contents of this interesting volume. Lieutenant Maury himself speaks of it as if it were but an index to the different subjects which are at present, or will be hereafter, brought under the domain of the physical geography of the sea. Yet, brief as the notices of each branch of the subject necessarily must be, when the chapter devoted to it occupies an average of about fifteen octavo pages, there is enough, we think, told in each chapter to set the mind of most readers upon inquiring as to what further information may be gleaned; and we cannot but hope, that, over and above all the additions to physical science, and the practical advantage to the commercial world, which are likely to result from this study, it may do good service in a higher point of view. We trust it may succeed in awakening the minds of many, who at present devote themselves to no pursuit, to an interest in at least one branch of science, and thus indirectly contribute to the well-being of society by increasing the intellectual resources and the innocent enjoyments of its members. Let it not be supposed that we are blind to that engrossing idolatry of science, and especially physical science, which is one of the evils of our day. We recognise all advance in knowledge as fraught with a danger peculiar to itself, and affecting alike societies and individuals; but it would be in vain, however much any one might desire it, to arrest the progress of the physical sciences; and it should be the aim of Christian philanthropy to guide and direct it, so as to abate, as far as possible, those evils which necessarily attend its path, and turn it, as much as may be, to the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. It would be a great injustice to the author of this treatise to omit to mention the religious tone which pervades the whole work. There is no affectation of striving to ‘look through Nature up to Nature’s God;’ but the remarks occasionally interspersed show that the writer, in the midst of describing new and unheard-of wonders of creation, is led naturally, and as it were by the very bent of his mind, to feel the wisdom and goodness of its great Creator.* The appearance of such views,

when they are natural and not forced, will be felt to be of great value by all who know how the absorbing interest of physical phenomena is apt to engross the mind of the investigator, and make him forgetful of Him who originally created and continually preserves all things in their appointed order.

There is one class of people to whom the possession of such a book will be invaluable; we mean those whose life is for the most part spent upon the ocean; and there is a much larger class whose business carries them from time to time across the seas, and by whom the actual time of transit is spent in doing absolutely nothing. Now, the smallest amount of knowledge on subjects connected with the ocean would both employ and interest such people, who might again, by their own individual observations, be contributing somewhat to the further advance of science. With regard to the advantages offered by these studies to those who follow the sea as a profession, we cannot do better than transcribe a passage which Lieutenant Maury has quoted from 'Methren's Log of a Merchant Officer':—

'To the cultivated lad there is a new world spread out when he enters on his first voyage. As his education has fitted, so will he perceive year by year that his profession makes him acquainted with things new and instructive. His intelligence will enable him to appreciate the contrasts of each country in its general aspect, manners, and productions, and in modes of navigation adapted to the character of coast, climate, and rivers. He will dwell with interest on the phases of the ocean, the storm, the calm, and the breeze, and will look for traces of the laws which regulate them. All this will induce a serious earnestness in his work, and teach him to view lightly those irksome and often offensive duties incident to the beginner.'—P. xii.

But we must proceed to notice one or two more of the subjects to which Mr. Maury introduces us. Perhaps the most interesting of all the phenomena alluded to by him are the trade-winds, and the Gulf Stream. The theory of the trade-winds is no new theory; the knowledge of their existence would soon produce an attempt to account for a phenomenon of which commerce availed itself so largely, and the paper read by Halley to the Royal Society in 1686 assigned the true cause of the prevailing easterly direction of the wind between the northern and southern tropics. Yet Halley did not pretend that he could give an adequate account of all the facts connected with these winds, that were then known, and there is a great deal of conjecture concerning the subject even in Lieutenant Maury's volume, and a great deal, moreover, which we should not be surprised to see considerably modified and altered in future editions. He adds many facts which it did not come in Sir John Herschel's way to notice in his 'Outlines of Astronomy,' which contains the best popular exposition in our language of the phenomena of the trade-winds; but we regret to say that

the author has not given nearly so clear an account of the general fact as may be found in the 'Outlines.' It has long been known that the cause of these winds is the ascent of the heated air of the tropical regions, leaving room for the colder air from the polar regions to rush in and occupy its place, whilst the place once occupied by this colder air is, in its turn, filled by the hot air, cooling, and as it were tumbling over towards the north and south poles. Now this, on the supposition of the earth having no diurnal motion of rotation, would cause continual currents of air, rushing from the north and south towards the equator, and meeting each other with a direct shock, the effects of which would be very disastrous storms perpetually occurring in the neighbourhood of the equator. Now, if we take into consideration the rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east, remembering that the superincumbent atmosphere partakes of this rotatory motion, and owes its apparent and relative stillness to this cause, it is easy to see that as the regions near the equator move with greater velocity than those nearer the poles, owing to the greater amount of space they have to traverse in a day, the air which is transferred from the poles to the equator has a less velocity than the regions into which it is moved, and thus it, as it were, drags upon the earth's motion, and relatively to it moves from east to west, presenting the phenomena of permanent north-easterly and south-easterly winds. But what account is to be given of the equatorial calms?—for, as far as the present explanation goes, it would seem as if these regions would not be exempt from the east winds that prevail in latitudes north and south not far removed from them. Sir John Herschel gives Captain Hall the credit of first explaining, or at least distinctly stating, the cause of this. It might have been expected that the air, in its progress towards the equator, would gradually have acquired an apparent increase of velocity towards the west, as there is a gradually increasing velocity of the localities over which it passes in succession, towards the east. Such, however, is not the case, and the explanation of the true state of the case is to be found in the influence which the immense mass of the earth exercises over the thin coating of atmosphere with which it is surrounded, and the tendency of this friction which exists between the air and the surface on which it lies is to communicate to the former the same amount of velocity which the latter possesses.

The general result of all this evidently ought to be what observation has established, in point of fact, to be: that there are two great belts, north and south of the equator, where easterly winds prevail, whilst this westward tendency will disappear at and near the equator; and that there will be a prevalence

of north-westerly winds in southern latitudes, and of south-westerly in our own latitude. Our author has added an account of the calms that exist in what are called the 'horse latitudes.' This is one of those points which he does not profess to have entirely made out, and so we shall not attempt to follow him through his explanation, but shall content ourselves with noticing that there are two belts of calms exactly under the tropics; the author has designated these respectively the Calms of Cancer, and the Calms of Capricorn. With regard to most other physical facts connected with the trade-winds, we must rest satisfied with them as they are for the present. There does not appear to be any theory which entirely accounts for the observed fact that the region of the south-east trade-wind is much larger than that of the north-east,—that the former are stronger than the latter, and extend occasionally into 10° or 15° of north latitude. How little has been added to the general theory of the trade-winds may be gathered from the following quotation from Halley, written in the year 1684, and adopted and applied to the present time by the author. 'It is likewise very hard to conceive why the limits of the trade-winds should be fixed about the parallel of latitude 30° all round the globe, and that they should so seldom exceed or fall short of these bounds.' One of the most practically important results in connexion with this subject, will probably be the knowledge of the laws of hurricanes. There can be little doubt they owe their origin to local, and, so to say, accidental causes, operating upon the different currents of air, and precipitating strata of one level upon those of another. However, all this is at present mere conjecture; and though the true theory should never be discovered, the accumulation of the facts will be extremely useful to navigators, who may learn from them to a tolerable degree of certainty what course will be taken by a storm at a given latitude and longitude, and a given period of the year.

But, perhaps, the most interesting of all the subjects treated of in this volume, is the one with which it commences,—the Gulf Stream. And in attempting to give some description of this singular phenomenon, we must ask our readers to follow us with a map before their eyes.

It is, as Lieutenant Maury has graphically described it, a river in the ocean, whose banks and bottom are of cold water, whilst its current is of warm, issuing from the Gulf of Mexico, and terminating in the Arctic Seas. Its waters, for a long distance, are of a deep blue colour, and so marked that the line of junction with the sea-water may be traced, and 'one-half of the vessel may be seen floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea.' Its bed is an

inclined plane, with an ascent supposed to be not less than ten inches in the mile, all the way from the Straits of Florida to Cape Hatteras in North Carolina. And the distinctive character of its waters is perceived for more than three thousand miles. Its waters are saltier than those of the ocean; to compensate for the additional weight which they would thereby possess, they are warmer by from 20° to 30° of temperature. The maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86° , and after running for full three thousand miles, it retains the heat of summer in the depth of winter. With this temperature, it, so to say, overflows its banks, and dispenses warmth to the adjoining waters of the Atlantic, and thus serves to mitigate the rigour of an European winter.

The amount of this influence of the Gulf Stream may be gathered from a comparison of the temperatures at places in the same latitude on the two sides of the Atlantic. The great and intense cold of the winters in Newfoundland and New Brunswick is well known, and yet they are in latitudes below the most southern part of the coast of the British Isles. The author asks, Who ever heard of the port of Liverpool being blocked up with ice even in the depth of winter?—yet it is stated that, in 1831, the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, 2° more to the south, was closed with ice in the month of June. The temperature of the Gulf Stream at different depths has been ascertained by means of the thermometer, and it has been discovered that at the depth of three thousand feet the heat is less by 23° than at the surface. The stream gradually widens as it proceeds on its north-western course, and gradually mixing with the water of the ocean, proceeds till it reaches the British Isles, when it is broken into two currents, one proceeding northward, and one to the Bay of Biscay. It may easily be supposed that such a rush of water towards the north and west must be compensated for in some way by a counter current from the parts to which the Gulf Stream flows; and such a current is well known, though its course is much less defined than that of the Gulf Stream. It may at first sight be thought a difficult matter to ascertain the currents and drifts of the ocean. But the method adopted is the simple expedient of throwing labelled bottles overboard with the date and place of starting marked upon them. And these have in all instances confirmed the view suggested by the appearance on the coasts of Western Europe of substances which have manifestly drifted there from the West Indies. It appears that the water from all parts of the Atlantic runs forwards to the Gulf of Mexico; bottles thrown overboard in the middle of the Atlantic, and on the coasts of Europe, Africa, and America, finding their way either to the

West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, or else to the British Isles, —and the evidence appears to show that in the latter case the bottle has made the tour of the Gulf Stream before arriving at its destination. The state of the Sargasso Sea is, moreover, confirmatory of the same supposition. 'It is the triangular area between the Azores, the Canaries, and the Cape de Verd Islands, and is as full now as it was in the days when Columbus first crossed it with the *Fucus natans*, which has reached it from the south-eastern shores of North America. The accumulation of this weed in this place seems to indicate a circular current. It should have been mentioned before that the method of determining the greater amount of salt in the waters of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, is by examining its effects on the copper with which hulls of ships are cased; and it has been ascertained that the amount of action of the salt upon the copper is greater here than in any other part of the ocean. The Gulf Stream possesses another peculiarity which remains to be noticed. The author tells us that he never heard of any instances of drift-wood, trees, or seeds from the West India islands being cast ashore on the Atlantic coast of America, whereas they are said to have been noticed on the western shores of Europe. Now it might have been expected that these, as they must be conveyed by the Gulf Stream, would have been found in its waters. This is not the case, for the Gulf Stream casts out to its outer edge all solid bodies that are found floating upon it. One reason of this is the roof-shaped surface of the stream; another cause is the diurnal rotation of the earth, which causes the same tendency in a stream running northward, as it does in a railroad, to throw off to the right hand; the former cause is the peculiarity to which we are alluding, and has been proved to be a fact from observations upon the course of a boat lowered from a vessel sailing in the middle of the current. Whilst the vessel, owing to its greater depth in the water, will float along the axis of the stream, the boat will drift to one side or the other, thereby indicating the presence of a superficial roof-current which does not extend far beneath the surface. That the Gulf Stream throws off to its outer, rather than its inner edge, cannot of course be accounted for in this way, and must, therefore, be attributed, in part at least, to the rotation of the earth exerting a force upon it which, in combination with its own motion, causes a tendency towards an easterly direction.

The course taken by the stream is gradually more and more eastward, till it reaches Newfoundland, where it runs nearly due east. It may be doubted whether the Newfoundland banks are the cause, or effect of this change. Certain it is, that its course from Benini to the British Isles is very nearly in a great

circle. Its bed, however, varies, with the seasons, and its fluctuations are compared by the author to the waving of a pennon in the breeze; its head being fixed between the shoals of the Bahamas and the Carolinas, and its other extremity changing from its winter position of latitude, 40° — 41° , to its most northerly position in summer, which is about 45° — 46° . The last phenomenon of the Gulf Stream which we shall notice, is the alternate threads of warm and cold water, by which it is, as it were, streaked. They are not found at its source, and may perhaps, as the author thinks, be an incident of the process by which its waters are gradually cooled.

We have already said something on the beneficial influence exerted on the climate of Europe by this stream; it remains to say a few words on its commercial importance.

The improvements that have been made in nautical instruments, and the increased accuracy of tables, and other facilities afforded for computation, have caused that the direct use made of the Gulf Stream for purposes of navigation is less than it was little more than half a century ago. An error in minutes would be thought as much of now, as an error in degrees was then; and in the uncertainty in which vessels at that time were, with respect to their longitude, the suggestion of Dr. Franklin to measure the temperature of the waters of the Gulf Stream was a valuable assistance to them. Before the discovery of the warmth of these waters, vessels were frequently obliged to go south as far as the West Indies and wait for spring, before they could venture to approach the northern coast of America. The advantages of this discovery were, the affording a refuge to vessels overtaken by snow-storms, and offering a land mark by which the proximity of the coast might be determined. The line of separation between the warm water of the stream and the cold water between it and the American coast is so sharply defined, that the trial with a thermometer enabled the sailor to pronounce, to a very great degree of accuracy, whereabouts he was. The author seems inclined to connect the comparative rise of the trade of the north, and the simultaneous decline of that of the south, with this discovery. Though it was found out by Dr. Franklin in 1775, it was not commonly known till 1780, and the two things undoubtedly are not a mere accidental coincidence, though it is probable that many causes have combined to produce this remarkable result. However that may be, the fact is undeniable, that since the application of the thermometer to the Gulf Stream, the average passage from England has been reduced from upwards of eight weeks to a little more than four.

There are so many other interesting subjects which occupy

the nineteen chapters into which this volume is divided, that it is difficult to make a selection, and we can only hope, that when we say that the subjects which we are forced to pass by without notice are almost as interesting as those which we have fixed upon for review, we shall be the means of persuading some at least of our readers to procure the volume, and judge for themselves of the whole of its contents.

We will, however, select the seventh chapter, which is perhaps most closely connected with the subject of which we have been speaking, and endeavour to give a brief account of it. Its subject is 'the Currents of the Sea.' Under this head, the author has alluded to the currents of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, as well as those of the Indian Ocean and of the Pacific. Of these latter, there is one that bears a remarkable resemblance to the Gulf Stream; and here again we must invite the reader to follow us with a map. It is a warm stream which passes through the Straits of Malacca, and flowing between the coast of Asia and the Philippine Islands, thence bends off towards the Aleutian Islands and the north-west coast of America. A glance at the map will point out the resemblance between the two streams: Florida and Cuba are represented in the eastern hemisphere by the Malay peninsula and Sumatra, the Bahamas by Borneo, the coast of China corresponds to that of the Southern States, the Philippines to Bermuda, and the Japan Islands to Newfoundland. The comparison may, perhaps, seem somewhat grotesque, when the inferior magnitude of most of the western islands as compared with the eastern is taken into consideration, yet it serves very well to indicate the general set of the current, which starts from a latitude many degrees south of the starting point of the Gulf Stream, and describing a much longer course, reaches up to the Aleutian Islands, a chain of small islands stretching far out into the North Pacific, beyond the peninsula of Alaska in the Russian territory of North America. Yet the resemblance is not merely fanciful, as no doubt the course of both streams is in part determined by encountering these obstacles. The resemblance, however, does not cease here; just as there is a cold-water current between the Gulf Stream and the coast of America, so is there between that of China and this stream; and as the Atlantic Gulf Stream is said to convey productions of the West Indian islands to the coast of Europe, so does that of the Pacific perform the more important service of carrying to the Aleutian Isles the timber on which they depend for the ordinary uses of life. Little, comparatively, is known of this stream, which is called by the Japanese the Kuro-Siwo, or Black Stream, from the blue colour of its waters. There is

another point of resemblance noticeable, viz. that there is a south current along the coasts of California and Mexico, as there is along the coast of Africa, towards the Cape de Verd islands, and an attempt at a Sargasso Sea, to the west of California, resembling that between the Cape de Verd islands, the Canaries, and the Azores. Here the author says the drift-wood and sea-weed of the North Pacific are collected, though in small quantities. We may reasonably suppose that the absence, in the Pacific, of any islands corresponding to these, which act, as it were, like the side of a basin upon the current, is the chief cause of the character of this sea being so much less marked than that of the Sargasso. The effect which these seas produce upon climate may be judged of from the great similarity of the temperature along the eastern coasts of Asia and America, as well as the resemblance said to exist between the upper coast of California and Spain, which is in the same latitude with it, and the sandy plains of Lower California with the African deserts.

It is evident that, as the shape of the earth and the sea remains almost unaltered, wherever there is any current carrying away a considerable body of water, the place which that body of water occupied must be supplied from some other source. If no such currents, therefore, can be found on the surface of the ocean, it is natural to look for them beneath the surface. The existence of such an under-current in the Red Sea is almost demonstrable. The height of the water of this sea during the summer months is less by two feet at the Isthmus of Suez than it is at the Straits of Babelmandeb, a thousand miles further south. This effect is ascribed by Lieutenant Maury partly to the evaporation which takes place during the time occupied by the waters in flowing from the Arabian Sea to the head of the gulf; during this progress the salt water becomes heavier, the process of evaporation carrying off its freshness, and as equilibrium cannot subsist between the heavy water at one end of the sea and the lighter water at the other, the heavier water, being at a lower level, must run out as an under-current. That this is not a mere baseless theory, may be judged of from the table of experiments upon the water of this sea, which the author subjoins to his interesting description of it. From these observations it appears that, subject to slight variations, which may perhaps be accounted for on the score of inaccuracy, or may have to be corrected by a larger number of experiments, there is a gradual, though very slight, increase of specific gravity, as well as of presence of saline particles, with the increase of latitude. We omit noticing the differences of longitude, as probably not affecting the case much. After

making various assumptions, to the truth or the probability of which we by no means wish to pledge ourselves, the author thinks he has made out, that if it were not for the presence of this under-current, the Red Sea in the course of three thousand years would have been one mass of solid salt.

There is supposed to be a similar under-current in the Mediterranean, the existence of which was conjectured as early as the year 1683, and there is a remarkable confirmation of the conjecture in an observation made in 1712. As usual in philosophical investigations, an accident led to an important discovery, if indeed the fact can be considered as established. The account of it we will give as it was communicated to the Philosophical Society in 1724, by Dr. Hudson:—

‘In the year 1712, Monsieur du L’Aigle, that fortunate and generous commander of the privateer called the *Phoenix*, of Marseilles, giving chase, near Centa Point, to a Dutch ship bound to Holland, came up with her in the middle of the Gut, between Tariffa and Tangier, and there gave her one broadside, which directly sunk her, all her men being saved by M. du L’Aigle; and a few days after, the Dutch ship, with her cargo of brandy and oil, arose on the shore near Tangier, which is at least four leagues to the westward of the place where she sunk, and directly against the strength of the current, which has persuaded many men that there is a recurrency in the deep water, in the middle of the Gut, that sets outward to the grand ocean, which this accident very much demonstrates; and possibly, a great part of the water which runs into the Straits returns that way and along the two coasts before mentioned; otherwise, this ship must of course have been driven toward Ceuta, and so upward. The water in the Gut must be very deep; several of the commanders of our ships of war having attempted to sound it with the longest lines they could contrive, but could never find any bottom.’—P. 155.

However, in the face of the contrary opinion of Sir Charles Lyell and Admiral Smyth, we must be content to consider the question of the under-current conveying the salt water of the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar as still unsettled.

We scarcely know how to part from this interesting volume; but we must say a few words on the subject of the short chapter which follows that on the currents of the sea, if only with the view of illustrating the probable or possible importance of little things in a scientific point of view. We often hear people speaking in contemptuous language of the careful and minute investigation of matters, which seem, to those not concerned in them, trifling and unimportant. In philosophy, nothing is to be judged of trifling value. There is sufficient evidence that the accidental falling of an apple from a tree suggested the extension of the law of gravitation from places near the earth to distances as great as that of the moon. And the great faculty which has ever played the most conspicuous part in science, is that of the mind’s attention being turned to and fixed upon that which presents itself to it. It is not the interest felt in little

things, but the want of attention to them, which deserves the stigma of narrow-mindedness. Who would have thought that any important result could have been gathered from the custom which whalers have, of marking the date and the name of their ships on their harpoons? What connexion was it likely to have with the discovery of the North-West Passage? Yet, when it is remembered that the whale does not cross the equator, and that one of these creatures is found on the Pacific side of the continent of America, with the harpoon with which he had been wounded in the Atlantic, what other conclusion was there possible? It proves at least that there is at times a passage through the Arctic Sea, from one side of the continent to the other. The value of the fact as an illustration of our principle is not in the least degree interfered with by subsequent discoveries having established beyond a doubt that there is an open sea above the parallel of 82° . The description of this sea is probably familiar to some of our readers since the publication of Dr. Kane's '*Arctic Expedition*.' Such an account, had it been published ten years ago, would have been thought extravagant beyond the utmost bounds of romance. After crossing near 100 miles of ice, and reaching a region where the cold, as shown by the thermometer, was 60° below zero, his party saw an ocean extending as far as the eye could follow, abounding in seals and water-fowl, the temperature of whose waters was 36° .

A question arises as to how this water got there. A possible answer to this question is suggested in the following words of Lieutenant Maury:—

'Now, if water flowing out of the polar basin at the temperature of 28° , may, by passing along the secret paths of the sea, reach the Gulf of Mexico in summer, at a temperature of only 3° above the freezing point, why may not water, leaving the torrid zone at a temperature of 85° , and travelling by the same hidden ways, reach the frigid zone at a temperature of 36° ?—P. 177.

We say that this suggests a possible explanation. It is an hypothesis which, perhaps, there may appear hereafter some means of either verifying or disproving. In future editions of the '*Physical Geography of the Sea*' we shall perhaps find more upon this subject; and meanwhile, we must leave it in the reader's hands, for him to form what judgment he may upon the subject.

We have before alluded to the religious tone which pervades this volume. So natural and so hearty is it, that it meets with our warmest sympathy; yet we feel that we cannot go along with many of the author's remarks on the coincidence of the phraseology of the Old Testament with the revelations of modern science. It is, indeed, a subject for humble admiration, when,

after various theories of geology have been perpetually trying to destroy the credit of the book of Genesis as an authentic and literal account of the process of creation, we find that modern infidel authorities are, at last, driven round to the opposite view.

'The cosmogony of Moses,' says M. Henri (*Egypt Pharaonique*, vol. i. p. 155), 'simple, clear and natural, is evidently the result of learned research. The author of this system, respecting the origin of the earth and the heavens, must necessarily have devoted himself to profound meditations on the history of the globe; and it is certain that geology must, in his day, have reached an extraordinary point of perfection for the historian to follow, as Moses has done, step by step, on the mysteries of that creation.' It remains for modern infidels to make their choice between Moses as an inspired writer, and Moses as a profound geologist. Neither do we at all doubt that the view which we would here uphold will be confirmed eventually by advances in other branches of science; but the view itself may easily be overstrained; and it is dangerous to drag forward passages of Scripture which may be poetical, or expressed in a manner adapted to the scientific knowledge of their day, in illustration of a view which, after all, may itself be untenable.

Thus it is possible that the theory of the circulation of the wind may be darkly hinted at in the passage quoted from *Ecclesiastes*—'The wind goeth toward the south and turneth unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuit.' But it is scarcely wise to quote it in this relation, for it may be matched by 'the sun rejoicing as a giant to run his course,' and other expressions which, at first sight, seem to fit in more naturally with a theory of a diurnal revolution of the sun. And, again, we should not have expected to see the 'soft influence of the pleiades,' converted into the centre of attraction round which the solar system is supposed to be moving. Perhaps some of our readers will accuse us of excessive caution in objecting to the suggestion of such a connexion of meaning between the texts of Scripture and the phenomena of the universe. But we answer, that we, in common with other Churchmen of the present day, have learned the danger of the reaction which is sure to occur when facts and arguments have been strained beyond what they will bear. And we may well be content to accept a conclusion, like that we have just quoted, from our opponents, and for the rest wait in patience for the adjustment between scientific investigation and revealed truth, which is sure eventually to commend itself to all reasonable and religious minds.

ART. VII.—*Annales Ecclesiastici: quos post Cæsarem S. R. E. Cardinalem Baronium, Odoricum Raynaldum ac Jacobum Laderchium, Presb. Cong. Oratorii de Urbe; ab anno MDLXXII. ad nostra usque Tempora continuat Augustinus Theiner, ejusd. congreg. Presbyter.* Romæ: e Typographiâ Tiberinâ. Folio Tom. I. 1856, pp. 560; Tom. II., 1856, pp. 642; Tom. III., 1856, pp. 844.

IF ever the adage—‘a great book, a great evil’—received a palpable and striking exemplification, the new *Annales Ecclesiastici* may claim to have impressed it on their readers. We approached the work with very great interest; we hoped that, as the new Bollandists in Brussels are forwarding and successfully prosecuting the gigantic labours of former generations, and slowly but surely accomplishing the enormous edifice of the *Acta Sanctorum*—so the prodigious undertaking of Baronius was now, though his two immediate successors had ceased from their labours, to receive its tardy accomplishment. One word on the original *Annales*, before we speak of their continuation.

It was nascent Protestantism which first seized on the idea of an Universal History of the Church, as a means to fortify its own position, and propagate its own tenets. The Magdeburg Centuriators, whatever were their deficiencies both in learning and moral qualities, and however defective—when tried by the rules of a truer criticism—they are found, won for themselves a prodigious reputation, and amazed Europe with their ponderous and gigantic learning. Rome found that she needed her own labourers in the same field; and, with her usual tact, she sent forth the fitting champion to preserve her reputation. Cæsar Baronius, born at Sora in the year 1540, and entered as a member of the Oratory at an early age, commenced his *Annales Ecclesiastici* at thirty, laboured on them till seventy, bringing them down, in what now form nineteen folio volumes, to 1198. His mantle descended on Odoricus Raynaldus, of the same congregation, who closed his labours with his fifteenth volume, and at the year 1565. To these Mansi added his notes, and Pagi such laborious chronological researches, as almost to have made that part of the history his own. Laderchius took up the history in 1565, and brought it down seven years further.

There it remained unfinished, and many had been the wishes expressed that it were possible

• 'To call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold :'

or, failing that, that Moses might find his Joshua, and Elijah be succeeded by his Elisha. The late Pontiff, Gregory XVI., entreated and almost commanded another member of the same congregation, Augustine Theiner, to continue a work which seemed to belong to his own order. After the labours of twenty years, we have the first-fruits of the result in the three volumes of which we have just quoted the title.

The first thing which will strike the ordinary reader, is the vast length to which these Annals run. The first volume, in 560 pages, contains only three years; the second, in 642, only four; the third, with 844, is made to embrace seven years. It is easy to calculate that, at a similar length of narration, it would require between sixty and seventy volumes to reach the present time. What estimate M. Theiner may have made of the probable existence of human life we know not; but at the end of his preface he speaks of intending, when his task is accomplished, to re-edit the continuation of Raynaldus, with large additions. One is reminded of the question asked by the Pope, when the plan of Bollandus for the Lives of the Saints was first laid before him,—'Does the man expect to live two hundred years?'

Of course, when we see an ecclesiastical history issuing from a Roman press in all the elegance of the Tiberine typography, and with the imprimatur of the master of the palace and other Roman officials, we know exactly what its sentiments will be. It would be absurd to look for anything but Ultramontaniam, according to the strictest sect of that religion. On that score, therefore, we are not about to make any complaint; but we are bound to confess, at the very outset, that, coming as we did to the perusal of this work with every expectation of finding it a worthy continuation of the greatest of annalists, we have been most grievously and bitterly disappointed. Putting aside the classical elegance of the Latinity, we can hardly conceive a more complete historical failure than these ponderous volumes. Having thus expressed a strong opinion, it is but fair that we should endeavour to make our assertions good.

We are not now called to consider the question, whether any history can be satisfactorily written in the shape of annals; whether a great work of art can condescend to be thus fettered by the trammels of chronology; whether of all histories, that of

the Church is not the most impatient of such restrictions, leaping, as it necessarily must do, from East to West, narrating a little event in Asia, and then another little event in America, and finishing off with an occurrence in Africa. Baronius had chosen the form of annals; Theiner had to continue his work. He professes to arrange his materials thus. He commences each year with the affairs of Germany; he proceeds to those nations, including Scandinavia, which are in any way connected with the German empire; next relates the events which occurred in France; then goes to Spain and Portugal, and to the American and Asiatic colonies of both. The plan would seem theoretically excellent; and as, on the avowed principles of the author, we are to expect no account of the Eastern, Russian, or English Churches, except so far as Roman missions to them may be concerned, we have no ground of complaint on that head. But what we do complain of is this: that instead of taking the trouble to cast the documents placed at his disposal into a history, to give the sense in his own words, to separate the dross from the gold, to evolve one lucid narrative from a *farago* of parchments, our annalist prints brief after brief, letter after letter, one official document after another, leaving the reader to find the grain, very often a single one, and sometimes not even that, if he can, in a heap of chaff. This is our first charge, and we will proceed to prove it.

The year 1572, the first of Gregory XIII., the ninth of the Emperor Maximilian II., occupies seventy-two pages. Let us see how they are composed. It commences thus:—

'The Piacular Sacrifices, which are commonly called *Novendialia*, having been, in the accustomed manner, offered to God for the Pontiff who had departed this life, and all things else having been well and wisely disposed, for the preservation of order, and the government of the city, the Cardinals, as many as were then present in Rome, to the number of forty-seven, entered the conclave on Monday, the 12th day of May, in order that, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they might decide on him whom it might be thought meet to elevate to the chair of S. Peter.'

Then follows a very long extract from the diary of Mucanzi, Master of the Ceremonies, as to the official proceedings of the occasion, including a list of all the cardinals, their titles at full length, as well those who were as those who were not in the conclave. The three pages which this account occupies might have been compressed into twice as many lines. Mucanzi is indignant, as well he may be, that, on account of the confusion and preparations, the first vespers of the Ascension and of Pentecost, as well as mass on Ascension-day, were entirely omitted by the cardinals. We may remark that their brother dignitaries

at S. Paul's seem to have a happy knack of imitating these proceedings, at least, at S. Peter's. Hugo Boncompagni, having been unanimously elected, assumed the title of Gregory XIII. And now see how M. Theiner overwhelms us with documents. First we have a letter from the Emperor Maximilian, commending his ambassador, Count Archis, to the new Pope. Take a literal translation of it as a specimen of the worth of such documents.

'To the most blessed Father in Christ, the Lord Gregory XIII., by Divine Providence Chief Pontiff of the Holy Roman and Universal Church, his most reverent Lord.

'Most blessed Father in Christ, most reverent Lord, after our most earnest commendation, accept the continual increase of our filial observance. When the most desirable and happy tidings were some days since brought to us, that your holiness was, on the late death of Pius V., Chief Pontiff, of happy memory, elected and assumed, by the unanimous consent of the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, as successor of the same, we entrusted our well-beloved cousin, Prosper Count Archis, of our council, and our ambassador to your Holiness, with the charge of making some communications to you in our name, as you will understand from himself. Therefore we earnestly request your Holiness, not only to give your favourable attention to our aforesaid ambassador on those subjects on which he is about to speak in our own words, and to honour him with the same credit which you would give to us; but also, since the affair committed to him is of such a kind as is of deep importance to the dignity of ourselves and of the holy Roman Empire, our authority and jurisdiction, and therefore naturally is very close to our heart, that your Holiness would adopt such a line of conduct as we have every reason to expect will be the case, from your Holiness's singular equanimity, of which we have heard from many witnesses, and your desire for the public quiet and tranquillity. In which your Holiness will pursue a line of conduct worthy of your own reputation, just in itself, and most acceptable to us, which on every occasion we will endeavour to merit, by the effort of our filial observance. For the rest we beseech God, best and greatest, that He may long vouchsafe to preserve your Holiness in health and safety, for the benefit of His Church.

'Given in our Castle of Ebersdorff, the 23d day of the month of May, in the year of our Lord 1572, and of our reigns, the Roman the tenth, the Hungarian the ninth, the Bohemian the twenty-fourth.

'And of your holiness

'The obedient Son,

'MAXIMILIAN.'

And can our annalist really have persuaded himself that to conglomerate documents of this kind is to write history? The one fact that Count Archis was accredited by the Emperor to the new Pope, might surely have been dismissed in one line. But if the reader thinks that he is to get off for this single letter, he is very much mistaken. M. Theiner unfortunately had at his elbow the thirty-sixth manuscript volume of the *Litteræ Principum*, in the Vatican Library, and the consequence

is, that after the word 'Maximilian,' as above, he proceeds thus:—

'He did the same thing in other letters, in which he informs the Pontiff, that the ambassadors who were to profess obedience to him in the Emperor's name, might soon be expected at Rome.'

"To the most blessed Father in Christ, the Lord Gregory XIII., by Divine Providence Chief Pontiff of the Holy Roman and Universal Church, his most reverent Lord.

"Most blessed Father in Christ, most reverent Lord: after our most earnest commendation, a perpetual increase of filial observance. In sending our present ambassadors, the noble and honourable and learned, trustworthy subjects of ourselves as of the holy empire, Seyfrid Preyner, Baron of Stubing, Hadnitz, and Rabenstein, and John Hegenmüller, doctor of both laws, our Aulic Counsellors to your Holiness, to express in our name the singular joy which we have received from the happy assumption of your holiness to the chief office and dignity of the Apostolate, and to declare also the desire of our filial observance to your Holiness, and our most sincere good-will, as your Holiness will learn from themselves—we again and again entreat your said Holiness to give your favourable attention to our aforesaid ambassadors, and not only to trust them, as regards those things which they will say in our name, with the same confidence with which you would honour us, but to vouchsafe in the same place, and at the same time, to embrace ourselves together with the holy empire, over which by Divine will we are placed in authority, and our hereditary kingdoms and dominions, with the same paternal benevolence which we fully expect from your Holiness. Your Holiness may, in return, promise yourself from us, all the duty of an obedient son. For the rest, we beseech God, best and greatest, that He would vouchsafe long to preserve your Holiness in health and safety, for the benefit of His Church.

"Given in our city of Vienna, the 28th day of the month of June, in the year of our Lord 1572, and of our reigns, the Roman the tenth, the Hungarian the ninth, and the Bohemian the twenty-fourth.

"And of your holiness

"The obedient Son,

"MAXIMILIAN."

Is that enough? By no means. Our indefatigable *historian* proceeds:—

'The Archdukes Rodolph and Ernest united themselves with their loving father in their illustrious testimony of affection to the Pontiff.

"To the most blessed lord and father in Christ, the Lord Gregory XIII., by Divine Providence Chief Pontiff of the Holy Roman and Universal Church, their venerable lord.

"Most blessed father and lord in Christ, our venerable lord: after our humble commendation, the continual increase of filial observance. Since his sacred Imperial Majesty, our ever-to-be-respected lord and father, has, for the manifesting his reverence to the Holy Apostolic See, despatched the noble and honourable and learned, our faithful and beloved Seyfrid Preyner, Baron in Stubing, Hadnitz, and Rabenstein, and John Hegenmüller, doctor in both laws, Aulic Counsellors of his Majesty to your Holiness, in order to express his congratulations—"

But we shall send our readers to sleep; and we can assure them that no more composing anodyne could be prescribed than

the perusal of twenty or thirty pages of such letters, the mere composition of secretaries, no more worth reprinting in a history of the Church than would be the writs for the assembling of a new parliament in a history of England. They did not even merit a place in a collection of documents at the end of the volume. Will the reader believe that, in this one year, there are more than sixty of this sort of documents, most of them of no more value than those which we have already noticed? But we must give one still more striking example of the same thing. The Jesuits, it appears—no very unusual thing with them—had cast longing eyes on the Augustinian Monastery at Augsburg, which they thought would be at least as convenient to themselves as to its existing possessors. The great banking-house of the Fuggers lent themselves to the views of the company, but addressed a letter as from themselves to Gregory, setting forth the relaxed state of discipline among the Augustinians, and requesting him to transfer their house to the Jesuits. Our author remarks at some length that, though writing in the form of annals, he ought not to say so much; yet, in the 38th section of the year 1574, all the accusations of the Fuggers will be found completely disproved. Having said thus much,—‘Behold,’ continues he, ‘the most impudent letters of the Fuggers, and the IIsungen.’ (*‘En demum impudentissimas Fuggerorum et IIsungorum literas.’*) As if any one in their senses, having just been informed that they contained nothing but falsehoods, could wish to behold them! However, they follow, and take up more than three folio pages. Then comes an epistle of Albert, Duke of Bavaria, in support of the Fuggers; next of William, son of Albert, in support of his father; then of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, in support of both Albert and William—for all the world like an ecclesiastical house that Jack built,—and all this about a miserable intrigue, which was not worth relating at all. And yet this wretched attempt to turn the Augustinian fathers out of their house occupies exactly double the space that is allotted to the history, or rather the non-history, of the massacre of S. Bartholomew. All we can say is, if this be to continue Baronius, the task is, as the advertisements say, ‘practicable by the meaneast capacity.’

One more example we must give. The year 1575 was that of the Jubilee. Here we are overwhelmed with letters from various potentates, requesting either for themselves or for some favoured servant, a participation in the indulgences to be acquired at Rome, although unable personally to visit the Eternal City. Nine wearisome sections are devoted to communications of this kind. One can only ask again, *is* this, in any sense of the word, ecclesiastical history?

It is fair, however, to let our author defend himself. He says, that it has been his aim to avoid copying, as Raynaldus and Laderchius did, passages from printed works, and not even to make use, except in a few rare instances, of documents that have already been printed. 'But,' says he, 'we have not thought it right to abbreviate the documents which we quote, but have transcribed them whole, and have endeavoured to remedy the lengthiness which may be occasioned by their extent, by adding the fewest possible words of our own in explanation of the event related. For we have considered that documents impressed with the very character of the times, and the men who put them forth, are of infinitely greater value than a history which may be polished, indeed, and elaborated, but which is composed in words of the present day.' That is, M. Theiner throws down before us his cart-load of bricks, and desires us to build his edifice for ourselves, just being kind enough, here and there, to point out where the materials thus furnished ought to go. But another difficulty remains to be solved. We find at the end of each volume, and taking up about a third of its bulk, a *manfissa documentorum*, containing a whole chaos of documents not interwoven into the history. What are these? Why, these are 'monuments which we found written in foreign languages, and which we did not think fit to turn into Latin, lest their native piquancy should perish.' Considering that many of these are documents of the most official and driest character, there is very little piquancy to be evaporated in the process of translation; add to which, that the letters of the Papal legates, which, if anything (containing as they do important matter), should have been worked into the history, are rejected here also. No; the reason is plain. It is a work of infinitely less labour to string together two or three hundred documents, for the most part containing but a grain of gold to a pound of dross, by a few conjunctive sentences, than to extract the precious metal, and to fuse it into one continuous historic chain. A remark of Baronius himself might well be quoted to the continuer of Baronius. Speaking of the vast but hurried labours of Origen, 'an inheritance,' says he, 'may be gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not be blessed.' It is a very easy thing for an historian, who is supplied with the funds, the amanuenses, and the library which are placed at M. Theiner's disposal, to bring out three, or, if the presses are large enough, thirty such folio volumes a-year; the difficulty is to find readers, or, we might say, a reader, when the work is published.

After all, it may be said, if you have the dross, you have the gold too; if the jewels are packed in bales of wool, there they

are, if you choose to hunt for them. Then here is our second charge: that to make room for page after page of the most formal matter-of-course documents, events of the greatest importance are not only slurred over, but are absolutely unmentioned. Of the massacre of S. Bartholomew we shall have to speak presently. But to take the year 1572 alone. This was remarkable in the annals of the Roman Church for the martyrs of Gorcum, in the composition of the acts of whom the celebrated Estius employed several years. It is scarcely credible that our historian should only have referred to this most interesting and edifying history accidentally, and as a kind of set-off to the massacre of S. Bartholomew. He simply reminds his reader of the cruelties exercised on certain unarmed Catholic priests at Gorcum and Briel, and refers to the work of Estius and the Bollandists. Does M. Theiner really think that an intrigue of the Fuggers ought to occupy more of his pages than an allusion to the sufferings of these servants of God does lines? Again, on the 10th of December in this same year, the justly celebrated Cornelius Musius suffered martyrdom at Leyden. *The martyrdom of Musius does not even occur in the annals.* But then Musius only died for the faith, and did not, like the little princes of Germany, write fulsome letters to the Pope, requesting the extension of Jubilee indulgences to his servants. Also the history of the martyrs of Gorcum and of Musius must have been written by the historian, and could not have been compiled by the mere stringing together of documents. This same year, also, may boast a considerable number of the sixty-five martyrs, whom Peter Opmeer has chronicled in his *Historia Martyrum Batavorum*. Not one of these does M. Theiner consider to merit the slightest commemoration. Again, the year 1575 is notorious, in the history of the Church of the Netherlands, for the savage massacre known by the name of the Nones of Haarlem. To this, again, not the slightest allusion is made. Once more, during the pontificate of Gregory XIII., the Church of Japan sent a multitude of martyrs to glory. The whole history of that Church, so far as M. Theiner is concerned, is embraced in a few sections, and those principally filled with Papal Briefs and the letters which elicited them.

Again, the singular apathy of our historian as regards Catholic literature and Catholic biography is perfectly astonishing. It has always been the custom, when history takes the form of annals, that the year of the death of any one who has distinguished himself in the service of the Church should be that in which some account is given of his life. M. Theiner, completely buried in his documents, seems to entertain a singular dislike to biography. The most pious and beautiful death-bed

of S. Pius V. is passed over without a single comment, except that his life has been written by Gabutius and Bzorius. That of S. Francis Borgia receives a like notice.

Nor would it be difficult to make out a list of celebrated men who, having died within the period embraced by the three volumes of our work, should have been mentioned, according to the standing rule of annals, in the year of their deaths, but have not received any notice whatever. Maldonatus, for example, who has acquired a world-wide fame for his admirable commentaries on Holy Scripture, and whose whole life was one long series of labours for the Church, only receives a single casual notice, and that in connexion with his opposition to the reception of the Immaculate Conception as an article of faith. Salmeron, again, one of the best and ablest of the early Jesuits, and who was employed in the most arduous and delicate negotiations and labours all over Europe, is not so much as mentioned. Simon Rodriguez, whose labours in Portugal were truly apostolic, who was the means, under God, of working a marvellous reformation in that country, and who was the first prop and stay of its early missions, is passed over with equal silence. He died in 1579.

Not one word, again, of Hubert Galtz, a Christian antiquary of no small fame, when Catholic archæology was very little understood. Nor of Covillon, a native of Lille, who assisted at the Council of Trent, and ended his life at Rome, and whose skill and gentleness in receiving confessions was such that the saying of some penitent passed into a proverb, 'I had rather be left without absolution by Covillon, than absolved by any other priest.' Nor of Molanus, one of the most distinguished writers of his age against Lutherans and Calvinists, and even more celebrated, among those who knew him, for his tenderness and liberality to the poor. His defence of pictures and images, his annals of Belgian Saints, his annotations on canonised physicians, his treatise that faith ought to be kept with heretics—works not without their value, even in our own day—surely deserved some little notice in a professed history of the Church. Again, one seeks in vain for any notice of Cornelius Jansenius, to be carefully distinguished from his more celebrated namesake, but who acquired for himself no small reputation by his *Evangelical Harmony*, his *Paraphrase on the Psalms*, on the *Canticles of the Old Testament* used by the Church, and on the *Proverbs and Ecclesiastes*, and by his annotations on the *Wisdom of Solomon*. He had been Vicar of S. Martin at Courtray, Dean of S. James at Louvain, Deputy to the Council of Trent, and finally died first Bishop of Ghent. Nor do we find any notice of Michael Debay, better known by his

name of Bains, further than his acquiescence in the condemnation of the articles extracted from his writings. Of him it is recorded, that he had read the works of S. Augustine nine times, and on a tenth perusal declared that he found more to interest and edify him than he had done at first. In the same manner we find not a word of Sonnius, first Bishop of Antwerp, whose treatise on the Sacraments, Confutation of the Calvinian sect, and Demonstration of the Christian Religion, are considered masterpieces of reasoning. And this list might be almost indefinitely extended. We may safely assert, that the biography of any one of the authors whom we have just named, even if given somewhat at length, would be far more interesting than the greater part of the documents which our author has collected with such labour, and reprinted with such tediousness.

Again, nothing can be more unimpassioned, more cold, more matter of fact, than the way in which M. Theiner relates the most thrilling incidents. It is as if his heart were not at all in his subject; he speaks of the trials and victories of the Church just as he might of any dry fact with which he had no possible concern. As to anything like sketches of character, trying to grasp a contemporary point of view, throwing himself into the place or person of which he is speaking, it never seems to enter his mind that this may be the duty of a historian. His phrases are stereotyped, and give you the impression of meaning nothing. All his Catholic bishops are 'vigilant and laborious;' all his heretics are 'crafty and impudent;' till the reader attaches no more meaning to his epithets than one does to the 'gallant,' or 'learned,' or 'honourable' member of parliamentary debate. That even among those heretics there were real and earnest men; that they sometimes erred rather from holding a truth not according to the analogy of the faith than in clinging to a falsehood; that the Church, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was suffering for the monstrous corruptions and schisms of the fifteenth—these things are quite kept out of sight. Of the worldliness, too, that clung to many of the most eminent bishops of the time, such men as Cardinal Granville, the Cardinal de Bourbon, and others, not one word, not one hint. Now Baronius, tedious though he may sometimes be, yet nevertheless writes as if the real internal life of the Church were the subject closest and dearest to his heart—as if he were not following a cunningly devised fable; and the consequence is, that every now and then he takes fire in his narrative, and his words glow and live. Who can forget that passage where, speaking of the horrors of the tenth persecution, he contrasts the present glory with the past sufferings of the martyrs? Or, in dwelling on the fearful corruption of the Roman See in the tenth century,

when abominations were openly practised by the Popes at which the very heathen would have blushed, his pathetic complaint, that the Lord was then asleep in the vessel of Peter? It once fell to our lot to be watching the sick-bed of one who was suffering from nervous fever. The physician in attendance strictly forbade all kind of exciting reading. 'I would not,' said he to the patient, 'if I were you, read anything which could possibly affect the feelings. Now, don't read the Bible, because 'I know it has that effect.' 'Indeed, I must ask you not to say that: I should never get on without it.' 'Well, then, if it must be so, it must; but suppose you confine yourself to the 'Book of Proverbs.' The history we are considering would have the same anodyne effect in a similar disease which the worthy physician attributed in that case to the Proverbs.

And yet if we look at it in a broad point of view, few periods of the history of the Western Church are more interesting and exciting than that pontificate of Gregory XIII. The barque of S. Peter was beginning to right itself after the storm of the Reformation; the Council of Trent, far short as it had fallen of reforming the Church in her head and members, had yet cut away her worst abuses; the see of Rome was no longer filled by monsters like Alexander VI., easy-living sceptics like Leo X., or indefatigable warriors like Julius II. She had learnt that she had a higher mission than by a long course of miserable intrigues to wrest a paltry town of starveling duchy from some other Italian potentate; that the successor of S. Peter should have higher aims than the depression of political enemies, or the exultation of the Cardinal nephew. The anti-Reformation had already set in, though the turn of the tide might not as yet be very visible, save to an experienced eye.

If we look round Europe, France, torn by intestine divisions, seemed to tremble between her ancient faith and the still increasing power of the Huguenots. Her three factions, afterwards to be more clearly developed; the strict Catholics, who looked to the House of Guise as their natural leaders; the Politics, who followed the fortunes of the king; and the Calvinists, still clinging to Henry of Navarre, had many a bloody battle to fight, before the marvellous removal, one after another, of the corrupt royal family. The victories of Henry IV., especially that crowning one of Ivry, and his return to the Roman Church, established at once his kingdom, strengthened his new faith, and sent down both unimpaired to his son and to his grandson. Spain, however, still formidable in external appearance, had already entered on her downward course; the gold of her western conquests amply avenging the cruelties of Pizarro and of Cortes. In the Low Countries, a great contest

with the seven United Provinces was about to commence; the league of liberty still professed to be for the maintenance of the Catholic faith, as well as for its other ends; and Requesens was about to enter on that career of victory which nearly terminated the projects of William of Orange. In Germany, Maximilian II. was only too anxious to leave the world quiet, if the world would let him alone; and his phlegmatic disposition, which descended to Rudolph II., staved off for a while that thirty years' war, which was even now inevitable; and which, commencing at the defenestration of Prague, and witnessing the whole career of the unconquered king, Gustavus Adolphus, terminated in the peace of Westphalia. Sweden showed great signs of desiring to return to the unity of the Church; and the Roman Catholic missionaries in England never ceased to flatter Gregory XIII. with the hope that the separation of this country was merely temporary, and that it would end at furthest with the death of Elizabeth. Rome was certainly beginning again to make head against her enemies; but it needed the convulsions of another half century to mark out clearly the limits of her regained influence, and to draw the strong line between her opponents and herself into which Europe has from that time been divided.

In turning away our eyes from the domain of the Roman Church, we find that of Constantinople already entering on that series of negotiations which ended in the establishment of a fifth patriarchate at Moscow; her own patriarchs groaning more and more under the prevalence of that simony which offered a larger and larger *charatzion* at each vacancy of the Œcumenical throne; which supplanted a Jeremiah by a Metrophanes, and a Metrophanes again by a Jeremiah. Negotiations—to end in nothing—were going on between the Lutheran party in Germany and the eastern patriarchs. In Russia, the last remains of the Tartaric invasion had been swept away; the subjugation of Siberia by Yermak was laying the foundations of her Asiatic greatness; the horde of the Crimea alone remained of the once mighty empire of the Mongols in Europe, John the Terrible was about to terminate his bloody career, after having disappointed the expectations of the West, belied the fair promises of his youth, and deluged his kingdom with blood; to become from the fearful Ivan the simple monk Jonah, that he might meet in the Angelic Habit the heavenly Judge of his terrible reign on earth. In England, the tide of Calvinism was beginning to turn; Andrewes was growing up to maturity; Land, and Montague, and Overall, and Neale, were yet in childhood. Scotland, torn into a thousand factions, still clung in part to her ancient faith; the last abbeyes were not as yet

destroyed then; and it yet hung in balance whether the party of the Queen or of the Regent would prevail.

Let us now see how some of the most important events of this period are treated by our historian; and let us commence with the massacre of S. Bartholomew. Three methods of treating that terrible history have been adopted by Roman Catholic historians. The first, to justify it. This, after the first few years, was scarcely attempted, till in the middle of the last century, the Abbé de Caveirac undertook to palliate if not to excuse it; and in this his example has been followed by De Falloux and Rohrbacher. The second, while deploring the event, to attribute it solely to politics, and not to religion. The third, while admitting all its atrocity, to remind the reader that the example had been set, and was afterwards followed, by the Protestants. It is to the second of these that our annalist attaches himself.

Let us hear what a most impartial writer, the Abbé Guettée, tells us of the complicity of Rome in the massacre of S. Bartholomew. His testimony is the more valuable, as rendering accessible to us, for the first time, many of those contemporary documents, on which M. Theiner professes to base his narrative, but of which he actually quotes so few. Speaking of the conveyance of the intelligence to Rome, he says:—

‘The first messenger sent to Rome, to carry to the Pope, and to the Cardinal of Lorraine, the news of S. Bartholomew, arrived there on the 6th of September. The cardinals immediately assembled in council; they read the letters brought by the messenger, and went the same day to the Church of S. Mark, to sing *Te Deum*. They decided that, the following Monday, a Mass of thanksgiving should be celebrated in the Church of Minerva. The evening of the same day, cannons were repeatedly fired from the castle of S. Angelo, and bonfires were lighted all over the city. It is said that the Cardinal of Lorraine gave a thousand crowns to him who first brought the news of the massacre. Two days after, that is to say, on the 8th of September, a grand solemnity was held in the Church of Saint Louis des Français, at which the Pope, the Cardinals, and the Ambassadors were present. The Cardinal of Lorraine caused this placard to be affixed to the great doors of the church.

‘Charles de Lorraine discharged with zeal the commission entrusted to him by Charles IX. He gave an account of his proceedings to the queen-mother, as may be seen by the following letter addressed to the king, on the 10th of September:—

“To the Sovereign Lord the King:

“Sire, the Sieur Beſuville having arrived with letters from your Majesty, which confirmed the news of the VERY CHRISTIAN AND HEROIC deliberations and EXECUTIONS made not only in Paris, but also THROUGHOUT YOUR PRINCIPAL CITIES, I am confident that it will please you thus to honour me, knowing my wishes and desires, to assure you that, among all your humble subjects, I am not the last to praise God and to rejoice for it.¹ And indeed,

¹ This is the meaning of the original; what the sense may be, it is less easy to discover.

Sire, IT IS QUITE THE BEST THAT I EVER COULD HAVE DESIRED OR HOPED. I am confident that, from the beginning, your Majesty's actions will increase every day the glory of God and the immortality of your name ; causing your empire to be enlarged, and making your power feared ; that the LORD GOD will so maintain it, that He will shortly manifest His grace and favour to you. Sire, kneeling on the ground, I humbly kiss the hands of your Majesty, whom, after God, and more than ever, I will faithfully serve, obey, and reverence, all my life, without intermission ; relying so much on the goodness and piety of your Majesty, as again to recommend to you the justice of the cause of the Abbey of Clairvaux.

"To conclude my letter, I will pray God that He may give your Majesty a happy and glorious reign, with long life, AS YOUR VERY CHRISTIAN AND GLORIOUS ACTIONS MERIT.

"From Rome, this 10th September. "C. CARDINAL DE LORRAINE."

Gregory XIII. wished to immortalize the remembrance of the massacre of the Huguenots ; and to this end he caused a medal to be struck, on which may be seen, on one side, the likeness of the Pontiff ; on the other, a destroying angel, who strikes the heretics. On the exergue are these words : *Hugonotorum strages.*

Bonanni, a Jesuit, after having exactly reproduced this medal, explains it in these words, in a book printed at Rome.

"This refers to the massacre of the Calvinist rebels, called Huguenots ; a massacre blamed by so many heretics, and approved by so many Catholic defenders ; a massacre which was received by the applause of Rome and Spain."

After having mentioned the battles where the Protestants were defeated, Bonanni adds :—

"Two years later, there was another kind of carnage at Paris, and in other places. . . . Charles IX., having resolved to exterminate the heretics, put to death a great number in different places, on a given day, which was that of the Feast of S. Bartholomew. This massacre began at Paris, on the 9th of the Calends of September (August 24), in the year 1572. During three days and nights, without interruption, sixty thousand men made a horrible butchery of the rebels and heretics. In short, six hundred houses were abandoned to pillage and fire, and four thousand men were killed. But the carnage was not confined to the single city of Paris ; it extended to several other cities, and by means of similar executions they got rid of twenty-five thousand individuals. This unhopèd-for change filled the Pope and Italy with a joy the more lively, from their having feared to see even the Peninsula itself infected with heresy."

The Pope ordered besides from George Vasari a picture representing the murder of Coligny. The picture was placed in the Vatican, with this inscription :—

"*Pontifex Colinii necem probat.*"

Charles IX. also wished to immortalize his glorious victory by causing two medals to be struck, of which Favier, master of the Mint, gave the following description :—

"To perpetuate, therefore, after the example of the ancient monarchs, in medals, the overthrow of Gaspard de Coligny, formerly admiral of France, and of his accomplices, and to leave the witness of it to posterity, the popular medal contains the likeness of King Charles the Ninth, sitting on his royal throne, holding his sceptre in one hand, and the naked sword in the other, surrounding which is the palm branch denoting victory, with the crown on his head, having under his feet the dead bodies

of the rebels. The legend is, *Virtus in rebelles*. On the reverse of this are the arms of France, with the two columns, and the device long taken by the king set on the front: *Pietas excitavit justitiam*. Over these two columns are two chaplets of olive, signifying the peace obtained by the subjugation of the rebels; and near, two branches of laurel, for the triumph of victory. Furthermore we have over the crown the letter T upright—a salutary sign, signifying the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the Jews a type of the end, as being their final letter, such as we hope this blow will be to the new sect. The cross also was, as the true token of the soldiers in the Christian Church, always carried, since the 24th of August, as a signal for the hats of good Catholics and true subjects of the king, as Ezekiel saw it marked by the angel on the foreheads of the faithful. The other medal, à l'antique, contains the effigy of the king, with his arms and French legend: *Charles IX., dompteur des rebelles, 24 Août, 1572*; on the reverse of this, Hercules is represented, covered with the lion's skin, his heavy club in one hand, a burning torch in the other, by the means of which he defeated the many-headed hydra, in which for every head that was crushed, another sprang up in its place; representing the faction of these rebels, who, for each chief that was killed, did not fail to supply his place, and three times to renew open war, and this clandestine war for the fourth; but to exterminate it, besides steel and fire, water and rope, added on the edge of the medal, have served as instruments."

'But no one was deceived; and France always preserved the horror that such an execution, cowardly as it was cruel and unworthy of the French character, ought to inspire in every generous heart. Thus all authors regard S. Bartholomew as an Italian crime. Catherine de Medicis, an Italian, conceived it with two Italians, Gondi de Retz, and Birague; the Italian, Gonzague, duke of Nevers, was one of its most earnest executors, and the Italians, Capilupis and Davila, were its warmest apologists. As to our French historians, they have made efforts too useless to efface from our annals this social crime, more worthy of a savage people than a Christian and civilized nation.'

The Abbé Theiner, as we have seen, considers this same history worthy of as much as half the space he allots to the intrigue of the Fuggers to get possession of the Church at Augsburg. 'Having thus briefly related the events which occurred in Germany, the order which we have prescribed to ourselves requires us to turn our attention to France. In going through the occurrences of that nation, we are first called to that savage and truly horrible deed by which, on the feast of S. Bartholomew, France polluted herself by the general and precipitate slaughter of the Huguenots. It is no duty of ours'—(but why not? for this massacre has, at least, as much to do with Church history as the intrigues of pettyfogging bankers, or the complimentary briefs of Popes)—'to enter minutely into the history of a cruel crime, which every one must abhor, unless devoid of all humanity. This is the duty of the profane, but more especially of the French, historian. It is impossible, however, not to express our thanks to God, that all the writers, not belonging to the Catholic Church in our own time, who have been celebrated for talent and eloquence, have,

' with a wonderful unanimity, confessed the Catholic Church and
 ' the Roman See to be free from all guilt, and neither to have
 ' counselled so wicked a deed, nor to have been an accomplice
 ' after the fact. We may, for the sake of doing them honour,
 ' refer more especially to Rauke, Reimer, and Solden, who have
 ' affirmed and proved, that the accusations of more ancient
 ' historians are worthless. On no historical action has more been
 ' written, or have more varying opinions passed, than on this
 ' celebrated slaughter of the Huguenots. Especially those who
 ' did not belong to the Catholic Church, and were desirous of
 ' attacking her, gladly seized the opportunity of dwelling on this
 ' act of violence, thinking it a fit occasion for vomiting forth the
 ' poison they had conceived in their mind.' It is needless to
 remind the reader with what limitations the testimonies which
 our historian alleges would serve his purpose, if quoted in full.
 He must have known that some French ultramontanes have
 been found, not only to allow, but to glory in the participation
 by the Roman See. He must have seen the Abbé Guettée's
 work, published three years before his own, with all the docu-
 ments which it contained; but he finds it convenient to ignore
 everything but what seemed to make for his own side of the
 question. And, after all, judged by his own evidence, his story
 is very lame. He continues—' Countless contemporary docu-
 ' ments, connected with this subject, have been dragged out from
 ' their hiding-places and made public; but only in our own time
 ' have those letters been published, which were written by the
 ' several ambassadors to their masters; in which, eye-witnesses
 ' themselves, they endeavoured to relate what had happened,
 ' with the most perfect good faith. These epistles are most
 ' proper to explain the whole course of the history. The most
 ' important among them are those addressed by Antony Maria
 ' Salviati, bishop of Saint Papoul, and legate from the Pontiff to
 ' Charles IX., first published by the celebrated Châteaubriand,
 ' then ambassador from France to the See of Rome, from the
 ' autographs in the Vatican. By him they were supplied to
 ' James Mackintosh, a celebrated English historian, who added
 ' them as an appendix to his work on English history. They
 ' have partly also been reprinted by Eugenio Alberi, in his life
 ' of Catherine de Medici. We may be allowed to reprint them
 ' again after collating them with the original autographs. With
 ' the assistance of these writings and some others which have,
 ' up to this time, remained hidden in the same Vatican
 ' library, we hope that we shall be able entirely to dispel every
 ' cloud of doubt, if any such remains, with respect to this
 ' slaughter of the Huguenots.'

Our historian then proceeds to argue: firstly, that the whole

affair was no long devised and organized conspiracy, but the mere hasty resolution of one or two days; secondly, that it was a mere political massacre, and no further connected with the Huguenots than as a faction ready to take up arms against their lawful sovereign; thirdly, that Gregory XIII., in characterising the massacre as a pious and laudable work, did so under the belief that it was a mere political execution of miscreants, as hostile to the established government as they were to the Church. 'No one,' says our historian, 'will wonder if on receiving the letters from his legates, which spoke of a detected conspiracy of the Huguenots, and the punishment of the guilty, the Pontiff should have rendered thanks to God for the preservation of the monarch's life in such danger.' We have already seen, however, by contemporary documents, that the massacre of the Huguenots throughout France had long before been contrived; and it needs only common sense to be assured that, though the facts of the case might have been distorted in the first accounts which reached Rome, the Pope must soon have received, as did the other sovereigns of Europe, truer intelligence. Did he ever retract what he had at first affirmed? Was not the medal which he struck distributed long after the facts had been clearly ascertained? Did not Vasari's picture, with its epigraph, 'the Pontiff approves the death of Coligni,' remain in the Vatican? Had Gregory XIII. really changed his mind? Why could not the successor of S. Peter do as the successor of the Roman Emperors did? In a very interesting letter, written by Maximilian to his ambassador at the Court of Paris, and reprinted by M. Theiner, he says:—

'With respect to that celebrated deed, which the French tyrannically perpetrated on the Admiral and his companions, I can in no respect approve it; and it gave me the greatest pain to be informed that my son-in-law suffered himself to be persuaded to consent to so foul a butchery. It is true, I know, that others have greater power than himself. But this is not sufficient to excuse the deed: it is not even enough to palliate the crime. Would that he had taken me into his counsel! I would have given him faithful and paternal advice, and never should he have acted as he has done through following my counsels. By this enormity he has marked himself with a stain which he will not easily be able to wash out, or to wipe off. God forgive those who have to bear the guilt of the proceeding! I greatly fear that, in process of time, they will learn what is the consequence of acting in this way. The fact is that, as you well and wisely write, religious affairs ought not to be settled by the sword. Nor can any one think differently who has any desire after piety and goodness, or even peace and tranquillity. Furthermore, Christ and His Apostles have taught us far differently. For their sword was their tongue, a doctrine worthy of the Word of God and the life of Christ; and their behaviour ought to invite and allure us to follow them as they did Christ. I say nothing on another subject; that that mad set of men ought, in the course of so many years, and from the nature and event of circum-

stances themselves, to have been persuaded, that this affair cannot be managed by cruel punishments, such as quartering and the stake. In brief, their actions do not please me at all; nor shall I ever be induced to praise them, unless (which I sincerely pray God may never happen) I should fall into raging madness. But I do not wish to hide from you that there are certain impudent and mendacious scoundrels, who do not blush to affirm, that whatever the Frenchman has done, he did not only with my complicity, but at my suggestion. In which assertion I call God to witness that an injustice is done to me, before Him and before all the world. But lies, and calumnies of this sort, are no new things to me; I have often had to put up with them before. I commit all these matters to my God, Who knows how, in his own time, to repel and to vindicate me from such injuries.'

With this letter M. Theiner closes his account of the massacre of S. Bartholomew. *Account* we call it by courtesy, for unless the reader were acquainted with the history before, all he could learn from the 'Annals' is, that a slaughter of some kind took place among the Huguenots in Paris, of which the author was extremely anxious to prove the Roman Church entirely innocent. But under what circumstances it was perpetrated; what was the number of victims; what was the organization of the murderers; what the resistance offered; what the feeling with which the intelligence was received throughout Christendom,—in fact, anything and everything about the whole history, M. Theiner does not tell us. It is impossible to conceive any pages more destitute of information than the six which he devotes to the subject. It is worthy, too, of notice, that there is not the slightest allusion to the general massacre throughout France, which followed that in Paris. One can only again ask in what sense can this work be called a history?

If ever there were an event in the annals of modern Europe which gave scope to, and which deserved, the best efforts of the historian, it was the fatal battle of Alcacer Quibir, and the virtual destruction of the Portuguese monarchy. The mystery which envelopes the whole of this last of the Crusades; the sudden fall from a glory never till that time attained by any European people to a miserable subjugation to a foreign power,—the warnings and portents which preceded the expedition. Now, let us see how M. Theiner treats this subject under the year 1578; and the following notices are all that he allots to one of the most remarkable occurrences of European history. 'Gregory also exhorted Catholic princes, and especially the Italians, to assist by advice and money, Sebastian, King of Portugal, then with juvenile ardour about to undertake a war against the Saracens of Africa. Here are his letters to the Genoese. [They follow.]. John, Duke of Bragança, who contributed not a little to this war, having sent João Tovar to condole with those princes who were relations of the deceased Maria, Duchess of Parma, entreated the Pontiff to bestow on

him some spiritual graces for the excitement of his own piety and that of his family.' Then follows a very long letter, referring the Pope to this Tovari for an explanation of what the Duke wanted: a letter which contains not one single line worth reprinting. 'Gregory bestowed on him that which he requested, on account of his laudable piety and care in sending his eldest son, yet a child, to the African war.' One should have thought that, had the war been desirable, the Duke's piety would have been still more laudable, had he gone himself, instead of sending a boy, eleven years old, as his proxy. However, the Duke's letter serves as a peg for Gregory's answer, which, of course, follows at length. Now we come to the war itself. 'But the inconvenience to which the Christian republic was then exposed from the event of that war is never sufficiently to be deplored. For Sebastian, a king most excellent, both from his piety and from his military courage, in the very flower of his age, for he was not yet twenty-four, and unmarried, fighting near the town of Alcacer Quibir in the foremost ranks, fell, pierced with many wounds: on which, nearly his whole army was destroyed. In which lamentable war, the son of the Duke of Bragança was taken prisoner; and the father, with many tears, gave information to the Pontiff of this unhappy event.' Then follows a long letter from the Duke, containing nothing further than the general statement of the king's death and of his son's captivity; and two briefs, the one to Cardinal Henrique, successor of Sebastian, the other to the Duke of Bragança, conclude all the notice which our author thinks fit to take of the event: he does not even refer to the much disputed question, whether Sebastian really fell in the battle or not. And this, again, is what it seems we are to call writing history. One might have thought that the very coldest imagination would have taken fire in relating the gradual approach and development of the fate which, like the avenging fury of the Greek tragedy, seemed to dog the kingdom of Portugal. The fabulous riches poured in from India and Brazil,—the romantic victories which seemed to make good the tales of knight errantry,—the rapid discoveries and as rapid conquests of regions whose wealth seemed boundless, and whose monarchs vied with each other in submitting to the Portuguese crown,—the magnificence of the courts of Dom Manoel, and Dom João III.,—the marvellous structures they reared,—especially the crowning glory of all, the Capella do Fundador at Batalha,—these things might well inflame the fancy of a hot-headed and ill-educated prince like Sebastian into ideas of universal monarchy. His very piety assisted in the delusion; it would be but little to make the whole of

Africa a Portuguese dependency, and a Catholic continent; when that was done, he proposed to wrest Constantinople from the Turks, to expel them from Asia Minor, and then to crush the Tartars in Central Asia. And this at a time when his little kingdom had over-exerted its strength, and squandered its resources; when there were not wanting tokens to men of political wisdom, that the prestige of Indian conquests was already on the wane; when the western settlements of Africa had some time previously been from necessity contracted; when other claimants of the dominion of the seas were rising up; when the very existence of the kingdom depended on the life of the monarch (the decrepit Cardinal Henrique being the only survivor of the ancient family in its male line); and, above all things, when the general corruption and dissoluteness of manners seemed to threaten that the transgressors were come to the full, and that a heavy retribution was in store for Portugal. Yet Sebastian, ascending the throne in early childhood, brooded over these wild dreams till the conquest of Africa became almost a monomania. Already, in the year 1574, he had made one inglorious, although safe, expedition thither; in which he had not only shown his destitution of every single quality necessary to a general, except personal courage; but had also proved that Portugal possessed not one single leader endowed with the talents necessary for such an expedition. Of this previous attempt, our historian scarcely says a word.¹

¹ While omitting all mention of this unfortunate monarch's first crusade, M. Theiner fills up the dreary annals of this same year with twaddle even more intolerable than usual. A certain doctor, a canon of Olmutz, by name Illicinus, having been accused of heresy, defends himself (as, poor man, it was only reasonable that he should) to his Bishop and to the Pope; on which he was honourably acquitted. But our author not only gives a most lengthened and weary correspondence, but actually prints a poem by which the accused man sought to propitiate his Bishop: it commences in this fashion—

'Non semper Boreas spirat in Alpibus
Nec semper nivibus celsa cacumina
Stant, nec semper hyems sævit in arbore;
Non et dira Jovis dextera fulminat,' &c. &c.

At all events, if M. Theiner will print such poetry, he might at least give us metre and sense, and not inflict upon us such lines as—

• • • 'Quem multis decorant Puerides rōsis,
Quom sacrata Themis, quem Diva pervehit.'

Or again:

'Qui usurpare tuum concupivit locum.'

Part of this long correspondence turns on the important question of a dinner. Illicinus, it seems, had accused his Bishop of spending five hundred florins on one meal. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*. 'It is not so,' writes the Bishop in the third column of his Epistle to Cardinal Commendone, 'there were but a hundred and thirty covers for the guests: and of these, forty were taken up by dessert, which

* In the early part of 1578 the preparations of Don Sebastian were complete. We have seen, in the archives at Coimbra, the letter written in his own bold dashing hand,—in which, however, a connoisseur might perhaps, see a trace of weakness, too,—by which he demands from the Prior of Santa Cruz the loan of the sword of Affonso Henriques, the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, and promises, on his return, to restore it to its owners, so that it may be preserved, with the veneration due to it, for ever. Then came the gathering at Lisbon. The fathers of then living men must have remembered how, with the benediction of the Church, and in the presence of an innumerable multitude, Vasco da Gama and his brave companions went forth from the pier of Belem to the discovery and the conquest of an unknown world. Nine thousand native troops were all that Portugal could now furnish; but Germans, Castilians, and other adventurers, swelled the number to nearly nineteen thousand. The Tagus was alive with boats; the nobility, about to embark in so arduous a campaign, vied with each other in the richness of their sails, which were made of the most expensive silks, while the boats themselves seemed, to use the expression of an eyewitness, turned into water-gardens by the profusion of tropical flowers, with which they were embellished. Those who could not procure natural plants from their 'Indian gardens' decked their balconies and their galleys with wax flowers. As to the banquets—the services of gold and silver—the richness of the throne occupied during the final benediction by the papal legate, covered with crimson velvet, and sparkling with innumerable diamonds—the historians of the period seemed to find words fail them to describe the scene. It was after hearing mass on S. John the Baptist's Day in 1578, that Sebastian the Regretted embarked from the steps of Belem in his own galley; and as it passed slowly down the Tagus—its gold and enamels glittering in all the radiance of a Portuguese midsummer sun—the cannon

came from my own gardens at Viscoff and Cremisir. On what dishes then,' says the Prelate, becoming eloquent, 'could five hundred dollars have been expended, when nothing was served up except beef (*ferinam bubulam*), veal, chickens, and other domestic matters, which my farms of Cremisir and Viscoff supplied? But the matter may be set in a perfectly clear light, if the ordinary account books of my chef-de-cuisine be examined. How much is set down for my support, and what for that of my family? My table is frequently without wine, because on account of the state of my health, I am content with but little wine, and drink beer.' It is worth while to quote this passage as another specimen of the art of book-making which has swelled these volumes to so unreadable an extent. A Christian kingdom may be in the last struggle of its effort for empire, and for the propagation of the faith—not one word from the historian; but let Canon This say of Bishop That that he kept too expensive a table, and the Bishop must by all means, in these *Annales Ecclesiastici*, tell you what he ate, and where it came from; what he drank, what he did not drink, and why he did not drink it.

at each port saluting the royal vessel as she passed—his favourite page began, with universal applause, to sing the ballad—

‘Ayer fuisteis rei de España :
Oy no tenéis un castello?’

a fact afterwards remembered and dwelt upon by many a chronicler. At that very same period, moreover, (one of those remarkable examples in which, as Schiller says—

— ‘The spirits
Of great events pass on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow,’)

a rumour had spread through the mountain district of central Beira, that the armament had already perished, that the king had fallen, and that Ichabod might be written on all the glory of Portugal.

It was toward the end of July that the armament disembarked on the coast of Africa. Its professed design was to restore Muley Ahmed to the throne of Morocco, then occupied by Muley Moluc. Bishops, abbats, and priors, accompanied the expedition; but could not avert the judicial infatuation which, from the beginning, seemed alike to possess king, generals, and soldiers. In the first place, no one, but by a species of madness, would have chosen the very fiercest height of summer for an African expedition. Then it so happened that that particular summer was hot beyond any within the memory of man. The Moors who accompanied the Christian army affirmed that they had never known anything at all equal to the awful power of the heat. The words of the chroniclers are expressed almost in the very phrase of Coleridge—

‘All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.’

It was determined to make a pounce upon Larache, as the Portuguese call it,—that is, Al Araish. In spite of the opposition of some of the inferior officers, the infatuated king persisted in loading his soldiers with five days’ provisions, and marching them across the burning plain, while he ordered his fleet to sail round the coast and rejoin them opposite the fortress which was to be attacked. As soon as the scouts of Muley Moluc saw the Christian army fairly committed to its advance across the desert, they returned to their master, himself in the last stage of a mortal disease, and informed him that he had little to do but to allow the heat to fight for him, and then to step in and reap the triumph. Accordingly, he moved his vast army of a hundred

and fifty thousand men slowly forward, and took up a position on the vast plain of Alcacer Quibir. On the night of the 3d of August, Don Sebastian had, by mere chance, taken up on his part a position almost impregnable: his right wing resting on the river Makkzan; his left on extensive marshes. With the same infatuation which distinguished his whole proceedings, he voluntarily deserted this camp, intrenched for him, as it were, by nature; and, himself taking the command of his left wing, and entrusting the right to the Duke of Aveiro, marched out upon the plain itself. He had thirty-six pieces of artillery, but it was so placed as to be unable to do any execution on the enemy without inflicting greater injury on his own troops. That of the Moors, on the contrary, under the direction of some Italian renegades, was well served, and reserved till the very moment at which it could be most effective. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, it is allowed by all the eye-witnesses who wrote on the subject, that at the first onset the battle was almost won on both wings; and that it probably must have been gained, had not the Duke of Aveiro—with the fatal impetuosity which in our own country lost Naseby and Marston Moor—pursued the flying enemy so far, that the main body of the army was, in his absence, overpowered. It was never known how the panic began which seized the Portuguese troops. Some considered it the work of a traitor: some believed it to arise from a mistaken order; but certain it is, that the Christian army began to give way just at the very moment that, worn out by his own exertion, Muley Moluc expired in his litter. His attendants, keeping his death a secret, carried the corpse up and down the ranks, till the victory was secure. Three thousand Christians perished on the field of battle; almost as many more died in the river or in the marsh, or were destroyed by hunger, thirst, and wild beasts. The fate of Sebastian himself, as is well known, was never ascertained; his return to Portugal and his universal empire was fondly believed in for two centuries and a half after his death, and is clung to, even now, by the mountain peasants of Beira and the remoter inhabitants of Brazil. Whether he did indeed perish at Alcacer Quibir; or was consigned to the dungeons of Madrid by his rival and successor Philip II.; or entered a monastery; or took arms in the East, and was the veritable monarch whom Europe, some thirty years later, believed to be a pretender—will never be known till the end of all things.

Surely the history of this last of the Crusades had, in itself, been more worthy of a relation by M. Theiner than the bill of fare of the bishop of Olmutz, or the wearisome and complimentary letters of the fifth-rate potentates of Europe. But

even more worthy of the relation of any one who professed to write the history of the Church, were the heroic actions and sufferings of the captives. Chief among these was Father Thomas de Jésus, an Augustinian hermit. He had been taken prisoner in the battle, but had been ransomed, and might have returned. He resolved, however, to devote his life to the service of those who had no hope of ever again revisiting their country. With a large company of these he was closely imprisoned in a dungeon in Morocco, where he composed his celebrated work, *The Labours of Jesus*. The prison was so dark that he could only write for about two hours in the middle of each day, at which time the light came in more strongly from an aperture in the roof. On the title-page it is said to be composed 'by a captive in Barbary, in the fiftieth year of his exile from the celestial country.' It is not wonderful that a work so written should have been so much blessed as this has been. It commences with a letter to the Portuguese nation on the subject of the disasters consequent on Alcacer Quibir, and more especially addressed to his fellow-sufferers:—'A heart,' says he, 'afflicted with the labours which encircle it, must fix the eyes of the soul on the Labours of Jesus, and acquire new strength, and live in more certain and consolatory hopes of its true remedy. And—which is greater still—if it persists in this company and conversation, it receives from God such grace as to find that afflictions by degrees become sweet, and to account that to be the best part of life which was troubled as our Lord was troubled. For this reason our Lord raised the seals and signs of His labours to heaven in His five wounds; that when we saw how he vouchsafed to live a life full of afflictions, and to end it with a death of matchless sufferings, not for Himself, but for us; and that He raised the tokens of them to heaven, we might understand that He left tribulations and crosses to us upon earth for secure treasures of the soul, of the gifts of grace and of heaven: and that in heaven He has set for us five most rich pledges, that from them and by them, we might securely hope for true consolations; which He will not deny to the Portuguese, if they will only bear those wounds in their hearts, which they glory to carry in their shields and banners.' The work consists of fifty 'Labours': each meditation being followed by an 'exercise' to be offered to God. The five-and-twenty contained in the first volume refer to the sufferings of our Lord's life; those in the second, to the sufferings of His death. It is to us a matter of great surprise, that this most pious and edifying book has never been translated into English; and that those who cannot read Portuguese can only peruse it in a miserable French translation, itself hard to be procured.

Yet this devoted servant of God is not regarded by our author as worthy of a single line; nor does he vouchsafe the slightest allusion to the innumerable other confessors and martyrs who suffered in the same captivity. Yet it is exactly these and such-like deeds to which a true historian of the Church would so gladly turn aside from the wearisome, though necessary, details of worldly intrigues and mere earthly victories. Such traces, in the midst of the drier annals of successions, whether of bishops or princes, speaking so clearly to the continual presence of our Blessed Lord with His Church to the end, by no means appear to the taste of M. Theiner, who, if ever he unwillingly finds himself in such an oasis, loses no time in getting back to the desert of dates, documents, and intrigues.

One naturally turns to see what our author says of the state of the Roman Catholics in England during the earlier years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. If we might not expect a very fair account of the general state of affairs, at least the hairbreadth escapes and almost superhuman exertions which distinguished those ecclesiastics who had the courage to remain in this country, notwithstanding the savage persecution excited against them, might have afforded great scope for a very interesting history.

But M. Theiner seems entirely to have discarded the labours of those who have treated of this subject: of the most interesting work of their chief analyst, writing under the name of Dod, and its new edition by Mr. Tierney, he has made no use, but has confined himself to a few letters extracted from the Vatican documents, which throw very little light on the real history, and are principally concerned with the political intrigues connected with the deposition of Elizabeth and the substitution of Mary, Queen of Scots. In 1573, we have a long letter from James Boyd (M. Theiner does not seem to have been aware of his surname), Archbishop of Glasgow, who resided at Paris, on the state of Scotland; but it is rather taken up with the first conversion of that country and the Pelagian heresy, than any later events. In the next year John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, and James Irving, a Knight of Malta, address the Pope on the same subject, but give not one fact of the slightest interest. In 1575, our author thus writes:—

'In England there was no end to the vexation of the Catholics. The Earl of Kildare, in Ireland, with his two sons, was carried captive into England. As many as had incurred any suspicion of writing or hearing from the Queen of Scots, whether only on domestic affairs, or concerning the Catholic Church, were thrown into prison or exiled. To give one example of the miserable condition of the Catholics, it is sufficient to observe that Gord and Atsley, Catholic physicians, were imprisoned in the Tower of London, only for this cause, that they had given medical advice, and that very brief, to that unhappy queen, for the recovery of her health.'

Of the labours and escapes of Percy, Bennett, Stevenson, Pearson, Weston, Hayward, and Worthington, he has not one syllable to say. In 1584, our historian enters at somewhat greater length on the subject, and prints some letters of the Archbishop of Glasgow, Seyton, and others, which might, interwoven in a history, be read with interest and profit; but standing as they do by themselves, they simply convey the impression that M. Theiner had no very clear idea of the state of affairs in England at that time. Even, however, from the account given by him, we see how miserably the exaggerated pretensions of the Papal See were mixed up with questions of faith in the sufferings of the Roman Catholic priests, and more especially of the Jesuits. To the following questions there is probably now no Roman Catholic who would not unhesitatingly answer in the negative; as indeed was done at the end of the last century, when the penal laws were relaxed or abrogated. Yet, hampered as they were, by confused ideas of the Pope's temporal supremacy over kings, it was for these, and not for their faith, that the priests in question—however unjustly and cruelly—were put to death. One cannot but feel, with respect to them, that which is also true with regard to the followers of the Stuarts, the Church of Scotland—that, in admiring their courage, and self-devotion in the support of a dogma which they firmly held, they were not the less mistaken in embracing it as a part of the faith; and that their lives and sufferings, except so far as they themselves were concerned, were thrown away in vain.

'You have,' writes M. Theiner, 'the questions by which the Queen of England persuaded herself that she could tempt and prevail upon the conscience of Catholic priests.

'Questions or articles proposed by order of the Queen, to those presbyters who had lain under sentence of death for some months; to which had they replied according to the wish and intention of the said Queen, they would have been exempted from capital punishment, notwithstanding the profession of the Catholic faith in other respects.'

Notice the captious manner in which this statement is made, as if to have given a negative answer to the questions would have been to deny a part of the Catholic faith.

'1. Whether the bull of Pius V., by which he excommunicated and deposed the Queen, is valid, and contains a legitimate sentence, and whether the subjects of the English kingdom are bound to obey it?

'2. Whether the Queen, notwithstanding that sentence, or any other pronounced against her, or hereafter to be pronounced against her by the Pope, does not justly and legitimately reign; and whether her subjects do not owe her all obedience?

'3. Whether the Pope has any power or authority to command or give licence to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, or other Englishmen, to rebel and take arms against her Majesty; or of giving power to Dr. Saunders and others to invade the kingdom of Ireland and other

possessions of her Majesty; and whether Saunders and others did so rightly or not?

'4. Whether the Pope has the power of absolving the subjects of her Majesty or of any other prince, from their oath of allegiance, or their duty of obedience and submission, for any cause whatever?

'5. Whether Dr. Saunders, in his book on the *Visible Monarchy of the Church*, and Bristow, in his *Motives*, when they write in commendation and approval of the bull of Pius V., have taught, as regards the aforesaid matters, the truth, or not?

'6. If it happens that the Pope, by any bull or sentence, should declare and pronounce that her Majesty was deprived of all right of reigning, and exercised her authority illegitimately, and that her subjects were absolved from all duty and obedience to her; and after that, by the command or authority of the Pope, the kingdom were attacked by a foreign army, which side would you then take, and to which would you exhort the people?

This last question was most effectively and conclusively answered by Lord Howard of Effingham in his resistance to the Spanish Armada; a piece of history which it will be curious to see how our historian will treat. These questions, having been proposed to seven priests under sentence of death for high treason, Luke Chirby, Thomas Scottam, Laurence Richardson, Thomas Ford, John Short, Robert Johnson, and William Filby, seemed to have perplexed them as to the right reply. Some of them answered that they were Catholics, and held on these points with the Catholic Church; others, that they were ready to render to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, while they gave to God the things that were God's. These answers not proving satisfactory, sentence was executed on all. It is to be observed that M. Theiner expresses no direct opinion as to the hesitation of these priests in denying the temporal power of the Pope over sovereigns. Writing at Rome, he could not well blame it; dedicating his volume to the Emperor Napoleon, he could not well praise it; and therefore he prudently, so far, preserves silence on the subject. Nor, indeed, could he have justified the doubts of these priests without virtually condemning the ultimately successful party of French Catholics who acknowledged Henri IV. as their legitimate sovereign, notwithstanding his excommunication and deposition by the Pope; and who eventually forced that acknowledgment on the court of Rome itself.

A subject on which our author dwells with considerable length, and on which he has already published a separate work, is the attempted reconciliation, by John III., of the Swedish Communion with the Roman Church. It is thus that he enters on his account of a very interesting period of history.

'Among the Protestant princes of that age was John III., king of Sweden, who, abhorring the doctrine of the Protestants, had set his mind on reconciling the Swedish Church, purified from the errors of Luther, with the Catholic Church. To gain his end with the greater ease, he determined to

proceed cautiously and gradually, so that neither popular murmurs, nor open tumults, nor the disputations of the learned, might cause any impediments to his design. In the carrying out of that design, it occurred to him that the easiest method would be to change the liturgy of the Swedish Church, retaining as it did some vestiges of the ancient faith, into that form which the liturgy of the Catholic Church, especially in the Mass, exhibits. This labour was undertaken by the pious king as early as the year 1572. To forward the accomplishment of his design, he procured with great expense, from Germany and Belgium, and introduced into Sweden, correct editions of the works of the holy fathers, and of the writings of modern authors who had defended the venerable rites of the Catholic Church against the mad attacks of Luther, Calvin, and their followers. Cardinal Hosius, bishop of Varna, had presented several elegant copies of these works to the king, through Queen Catherine, his wife. With the assistance of these, John III. undertook a work of immense difficulty, with the assistance of the illustrious Fechten, his secretary, a man versed in every kind of literature, but especially that of the Church, and who, having long been dissatisfied with the impious doctrines of the innovators, had, a short time before, secretly joined the Catholic Church. That, however, which principally troubled the king's mind was, that the Swedish Church was in the same position with the Anglican and Danish Churches, which have retained, as all know, and to this day profess a certain form of episcopal government, but are without any true and legitimate priesthood. For Gustavus Vasa, who with incredible and savage fury had persecuted the faith of his forefathers among the Swedes (who, with wonderful constancy, held fast to it), and with the greatest wickedness endeavoured to uproot it by sword and fire, when the Catholic bishops were either slain or banished, had substituted in their place laymen, partizans of the new doctrine. To cajole his Swedes, in the Assembly of Aros, in 1527, he had caused them to be consecrated bishops, with the old rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. And for the rectification of the defect of the true and legitimate priesthood, King John considered that the right opportunity had arrived, when Laurentius Petri, of the school of Luther, who, under King Gustavus, in the year 1531, had been appointed Archbishop of Upsala and Primate of the Church of Sweden, died in 1573.

John III. was the James II. of Sweden. At the same time, his Liturgy is a very curious and important, as well as rare, document, and M. Theiner has done well to reprint it in the *mantissa* to his volume.

We have thus touched on some of the principal topics which the present portion of the *Annales Ecclesiastici* embraces. Of M. Theiner's learning, no one can doubt: his great opportunities of research are equally unquestionable. He has everything on his side,—funds, time, libraries, associates, knowledge,—but all these will not make a historian. He, like a poet, *nascitur, non fit*. Energy of description, vivid apprehension of character, graphic colouring, M. Theiner cannot acquire. But he might, at all events, write, instead of compiling; fuse, instead of conglomerating; give us a history, instead of a pile of documents; he might be a not unworthy continuator of the *Annales Ecclesiastici*, instead of merely leaving behind him *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire particulière de l'Eglise Romaine*.

NOTICES.

'Holy Communion,' (Lumley,) is a well conceived and thoroughly sound addition to our books of private Eucharistic devotion, as supplementing, *in loco*, the points in which our Office is less expressive and full than could be desired: giving, *e.g.* the old Psalm 'Judica,' with its antiphon, at the beginning; suitable prayers at the Oblation, Consecration, and Reception; and also a 'Collect,' 'Introit,' 'Secreta' (*i.e.* oblationary prayer), 'Communion,' and 'Post-Communion,' varying with the Sunday or Festival. These supplementary features are drawn from the Revised Gallican Office of the seventeenth century, which has been often and justly commended in this Review for its adaptation of Scripture to ritual uses. And though the Sarum and other English uses have a prior claim on the attention of English Churchmen for this purpose, they have this disadvantage, that they cannot be adapted exactly as they stand; whereas, as the editor of this work observes, 'the peculiar doctrines of the Church of Rome, respecting the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Real Presence, never appear in these devotions; but, on the contrary, the doctrines taught by the English Church appear brought out in almost every page. And it will be no small source of satisfaction to the members of our communion, to find that the language of another branch of Christ's Church agrees so well with the doctrines which have been preserved to us.' The editor ought to explain, in a future edition, the manner of using the book. Ordinary readers would never guess that the varying antiphon is to be used (as we presume it is) with the Psalm 'Judica;' or that 'prayer' means a supplementary collect; or 'secret' a prayer at oblation. We must not omit to point out one weak point in this resort to our Gallican sister. On all the Sundays after Trinity, Rome and her affiliated Churches have thrown the entire system of Epistles and Gospels into confusion, while the English Church alone has retained the ancient order and combination of them. The Gallican Collects, Introits, &c. therefore do not apply to our Eucharistic Scriptures.

'The Path of the Just,' (Masters,) is the title of a pretty collection of hagiological narratives, or legendary tales, generally relating to youthful martyrs of the faith. When, as in this case, it is rather the practical than the historical object which is in view, we need not be over-scrupulous as to the exact authority of these narratives. The author, Mr. Baring Gould, of Hurstpierpoint, exhibits a good deal of reading and considerable powers of description.

Mr. Trench, late of Reading, and now of Islip, has published, in an extremely handsome form, three volumes of his 'Works.' (Wertheim & Mackintosh.) We can commend the printing much more than the theology. There are evident traces of a life of study and great earnestness of character, as well as considerable taste, in this writer; but his gifts, natural

and acquired, have been crippled and his energies paralysed by the narrowest and dullest views of doctrine.

In a small volume of 'Sermons,' by Mr. Burrows, of Christ Church, S. Pancras, (J. H. Parker,) we recognise a very refined and careful style, but, what is far more important, a depth of practical application, which makes them very nearly models of written sermons.

Mr. Fox, of Morley, has added to his previous services to the younger members of the Church, a pretty sketch of 'The Early Church.' (Masters.)

'Quiet Hours,' by the Rev. John Pulsford. (Edinburgh: Jack.) We have here an imitation of Elizabethan thought and manner: there is in it originality, not seldom, however, forced and unnatural. But there are many striking and many extraordinary thoughts in it. In doctrine, Mr. Pulsford is occasionally high, and occasionally heretical, because original. We are utterly at a loss to conjecture to what Christian body this author belongs. He is evidently in a transitional, developing state; but he has in him what may come to great good, if he is not wrecked on affectation. A book, so curious in many ways, so suggestive, and so perplexing, we have not often seen.

Mr. Sadler's tract, 'The Second Adam and the New Birth,' (Bell & Daldy,) is in some respects a continuation and in some an expansion of a tract well known and valued, 'The Sacrament of Responsibility,' published a few years ago. Taken together, these tracts may almost be considered a treatise, so full are they both on the Scripture evidence of the Baptismal Regeneration, of Infants, and on what may be called the philosophy of the subject. In his recent work, 'Mr. Mozley contends that the Church's notion of regeneration must be hypothetical, because Holy Scripture addressed all in the Church as 'holy;' and that as apostles and prophets evidently spoke in this particular hypothetically, therefore the Church must do the same. The present tract meets this view, by proving that the prophets did treat the Jews as really and substantially in favour and covenant with God—*pro tanto*, therefore, as really, and not hypothetically, holy; and that therefore, admitting Mr. Mozley's analogy, the Church takes up the prophetic method of speech, and as did the prophets, argues the duty of responsibility from the fact of a real, not assumed, state of grace, just as the Old Testament writers exaggerated the sinfulness of Israel from the fact of their favour and adoption by God. We can recommend these tracts very heartily.

'Caste and Christianity,' by Temple Christian Faber, (Hardwicke,) is by no means what its title indicates, but a coarse and ill-written, as well as ignorant, attack on the Church. In vulgarity of language, Mr. Faber nearly equals the *Morning Advertiser*, and in general stupidity, he is not far behind the *Record*.

Lord Lyttelton has printed two highly creditable Essays,—one on 'Infant Baptism,' and one on the 'Athanasian Creed.' (Rivingtons.) The former exhibits not only sound theology, but is evidently the result of much thought; its conclusions have been fairly reasoned out, not taken at second-hand.

'Pictures of the Heavens,' (Mozley,) is the title of a manual of practical astronomy, which for simplicity, cheapness, and an unaffected attractiveness of style, we consider to be very suitable for school purposes. From the nature of the case, it has much of the character of an index but it is all as well as compendious, and brings down the catalogue of planets and planetoids to the latest announcements in the *Times* from Mr. Hind.

From the same publishers we have received a careful and unpretending 'Concordance on the Psalms,'—in the Prayer-book version, of course. And it is in all respects a cheering sign to find the Psalms assuming so generally among ourselves that character which they have ever maintained in the Church of Christ, and entering into all manuals of our private and, of course, of family devotion. Mr. Ernest Hawkins, in his 'Book of Psalms, with Notes,' (Bell & Daldy,) has contributed to this good result and we are thankful to find one to whom the Church owes so much, and has paid so little, employing what is not his leisure in this simple and affectionate work of ministering in so practical a manner to schools and the poor, for whom this unpretending manual is designed.

'Warnings and Consolations,' by Mr Skinner, of S Barnabas, (Mozley,) is a selection of passages from sermons, of an awakening and warm character. The direct object of this publication is, perhaps, as a memorial of one whose ministrations were singularly happy and useful, but it has a further value, and will be found an excellent example of what in parish work is much needed—something to deepen and feed religious impression. It is just the sort of book to place in the hands of a sick person, who cannot be persuaded to think systematically of the past.

'The Last Judgment a Poem, in Twelve Books' (Longman) Anybody who attempts an epic in length, and especially in the good old English rhyming heroic, deserves some amount of sympathy. Nothing but earnestness and, in its way, a conscientious sense of duty, could have prompted any writer to a task like this, for pleasure in such a composition we cannot attribute even to the author. But good intentions, an undoubted piety, and the capacity of counting ten syllables, do not make a poet. These twelve books are as long, and as dull and monotonous, as the old Bath road without a spark of genius, but throughout displaying a most provoking mediocrity. The writer's forte is synonym, and when he gets hold of a thought he certainly exhausts it. For instance, he has to say that the world is destroyed, and immediately he ransacks and exhausts the whole *Gazetteer*, and describes in detail what countries the world consists of. The subject brings him to say that the end of all things has arrived, and straightway he goes through his *Universal History*, and observes, 'No more shall Cæsar die, &c. No more shall Napoleon conquer, &c.' But here is a specimen the nations of the earth are summoned to the day of doom —

'All nations now come forth. the tribes of Shem, &c.

All they who bore the great Assyrian name,
Romans renown'd, and Greeks of ancient fame.

Chaldeans, Syrians, Saracens, and Jews;
 Chinese, Egyptians, Tartars, and Hindoos;
 Numidians, Phrygians, Parthians, Persians, Medes;
 Libyans, Phœnicians, Saxons, Normans, Swedes;
 Slavonians, Thracians, Vandals, Goths, and Huns;
 Hispania's, Gaul's, and Lusitania's sons;
 Italians, Austrians, Cossacks, Turks, and Moors,
 And all who peopled Afric's torrid shores;
 Hibernians, Caledonians, Britons brave,
 And they who sleep in Australasia's grave:
 Columbia's sons, of every shade and hue,
 From Patagonia, Chili, and Peru.'

'Stories for Young Servants,' (Masters,) answers well its object; which is to form part of the kitchen library. If we used the fine language of most of our religious story-books, we should, perhaps, say 'the Servants' Hall:' but in our opinion the servants in large establishments are much less open to impressions of good than in smaller households. For these last the present four stories are designed: and they exhibit in their characters and little hints of domestic economy and scenery considerable and perhaps practised powers.

'A Few Hints to Mothers,' (Rivingtons,) is a translation from the German. We can speak of it in terms of unhesitating approval: and were it constantly in a parent's hands, that is, in her practice, it would perhaps anticipate half the school work. The practical wisdom and minute knowledge of infant character which it displays are as rare as valuable.

'Considerations on Divorce, *a vinculo matrimonii*, in connexion with Holy Scripture.' By a Barrister. (C. J. Stewart.) The mention of this tract—it is a very good one, and deals with great ability with the Scriptural argument, as well as with that particular application of it which is unfortunately sheltered by Bishop Cosin's name—reminds us to notice with great regret, the general apathy which the Church has exhibited on a matter which far more than any Jew bill affects not only the Christianity of the country, but the relations of the Church and State, in a very direct manner. Unhappily, the amendments successively proposed in the House of Lords, to relieve the Clergy from the snare in which they will be placed, have been rejected. There is nothing for it but to await the issue. A direct conflict must arise. Adulterers will of course in some cases demand the Church's office of marriage, which the Clergy, if they pay any deference to the Church's law, must refuse to administer. A single case or two of this sort will, it is not too much to believe, break away many of those links, small enough at present, which we would fain see preserved. Meanwhile, one of that most mischievous of all mischief-makers, an ignorant 'friend of the Church,' Lord Robert Grosvenor, has given notice of a motion for an address for a Royal Commission to alter our Prayer-book. Lord Robert Grosvenor is the tool of deeper heads than his own; and although with an indolent Government, whose largest ambition is to keep things quiet, it is not likely that this motion will receive encouragement from Downing Street, yet it is just the sort of thing which, being to a certain extent iden-

tified with what is thought or represented to be popular, may be left to its own chances; and those chances, in the present state of the House of Commons, are not matters of calculation. Anyhow, this sort of motion is likely enough to be repeated. Strictly speaking, it is the especial function of what is called 'the High Church party' to resist a move of this sort; but from this phase of opinion we have of late years merely received negations, and protests, and reclamations against their friends. A move of this sort may possibly remind some of them that they have positive duties; and in the extant separations and suspicions among ourselves, it may be a matter of congratulation that anything occurs tending to reunite Churchmen on the basis of the Prayer-book. Meantime, here is an opportunity such as Mr. William Palmer is understood to think as practicable and desirable now, as it was in the crisis of the last mania for Church Reform, to engage in a General Church Defence Association; or, at any rate, we may observe that addresses and petitions against the appointment of Lord R. Grosvenor's Commission are most suitable to an occasion which, if neglected, may become one of serious gravity.

• 'Public Offices and Metropolitan Improvements,' (Ridgway,) is the title of a pamphlet by Mr. Beresford Hope. This gentleman's pains-taking and conscientious study of the question gives great weight to everything that he says on the subject of the future of London; and though at first some of the suggestions made by Mr. Hope may seem to savour of the imperial, and something besides taste, which belongs rather to an Augustus Napoleon than to the Committee of Supply, yet we are certain that at least one of the suggestions in this able pamphlet is the truest economy. Sooner or later the parks must be brought down to the river, and must inclose in their *enceinte* the Palace and Abbey of Westminster. Here we are certainly at one with the present writer. His second suggestion, that the site of the new National Galleries should be the inner circle of the Regent's Park, loses much of its importance by the recent report, with which we cordially agree, in favour of retaining them at Charing Cross. But, apart from the originality and boldness of the thought, its feasibility grows upon us; and without adopting the recommendation, we may say distinctly that the plan of radiating galleries alone fulfils the scientific purposes of such a gallery. We must add that this publication displays great neatness and force of style.

Mr. Nugee has printed—we are not aware that it has been published—a sensible and well considered 'Letter to the Bishop of London, on the subject of a London Church Mission.' There is nothing in the plan which has not been recommended before, and it has been recommended before because it combines both common sense and Church principles, which, perhaps, is the reason that it has not been adopted. We trust that as soon as the present chief overseer of the great diocese of London has had time to test both the men and schemes which are offered to him by other than their own estimate of themselves, he will learn that something like Mr. Nugee's substantial scheme is alone fitted to cope with the spiritual necessities of such a place as the metropolis. We respect earnestness wherever it exists; but it is a strange sign of the age that six sane persons can believe that the Exeter Hall sermons, standing alone—that is, not connected with any ma-

chinery for following up the impression, if any, which is made on the hearers—are of any other use than to satisfy the Puritanising tendencies of those who, while they have a zeal for souls, have a zeal for their own dissenting principles at least as sincere and certainly more active.

A brief but complete synopsis of the evidence which confutes 'the putid fable' of the Nag's Head consecration, has been brought together by Mr. Fisher, of Hillmarton, under the title, 'The Validity of English Orders.' (Rivingtons.)

The Bishop of Exeter's 'Pastoral Letter' has been published. (Murray.) It is a document full of accurate learning, and is dedicated to a melancholy subject, exposing something which, by an euphemism, we must call the respected Bishop Kaye's unhappy solution of the Gorham case.

Mr. W. E. Heygate has added to his many services to the Church, a full manual of hints to the Clergy, a real and practical guide to the ministry, in his 'Ember Hours.' (Masters.) That such books are among us and of us is a sign of good; but that such principles are at work, and that they must be influential, is more than a sign. They cannot be for nothing; and if we are right in forecasting days which will try men's theories and principles, we may be sure of this, that the signs of evil, and they were never more and more menacing in the Church, are only earnest of a final triumph.

At the last moment before going to press, we have received, and both from the same publisher, Mr. J. H. Parker, what certainly are the two most important books of the quarter,—1. Dr. Pusey's 'Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord the Doctrine of the English Church; with a Vindication of the Reception by the Wicked, and of the Adoration of our Lord truly present;' and; 2. the second volume of Mr. Philip Freeman's 'Principles of Divine Service.' The value of Dr. Pusey's volume, in common with its predecessor, it is impossible to overrate.

Of changes, we have to acknowledge,—1. One by the Archdeacon of Exeter, (Masters,) advocating, but not very clearly, the necessity of utilising the Archidiaconal Visitation. 2. One by Archdeacon Dodgson, (Rivingtons,) which, we trust, will have at least one advantage, that of teaching the Bishop of Ripon that he is called upon to rule over those from whose knowledge in theology and soundness in the faith Dr. Bickersteth, judging from his own publications, has something to learn.

And of Sermons,—1. 'David's Grief for Absalom,' the Anniversary Sermon, and a deep and pathetic one, preached before the Church Penitentiary Association, by the Bishop of Salisbury. 2. 'The Progress of the Church,' (Masters,) by Mr. F. G. Lee. 3. 'Christian Zeal and Holy Places,' (Masters,) by Mr. Bennett, of Frome. 4. 'Primitive Church Polity,' (Moxley,) by Mr. Trevor, of York. 5. 'The Home at Nazareth,' (Moxley,) by Mr. Menzies. 6. 'The Offertory and the Church Rates,' (Masters,) by Mr. H. Newland. 7. 'Working Life,' (Rivingtons,) by Mr. Fearon, of Northborough. 8. 'An Assize Sermon,' (Rivingtons,) by Mr. J. Wayland Joyce. 9. 'Our Saviour's Love,' (Masters,) an Easter Sermon, by Mr. T. P. Nunn. 10. 'Eternal Life,' (Masters,) also an Easter Sermon, by Mr. Heath, of Enfield; and 'Unity among Church Members,' (Hepburn & Head,) a Visitation Sermon, by Mr. H. W. Phillott.

